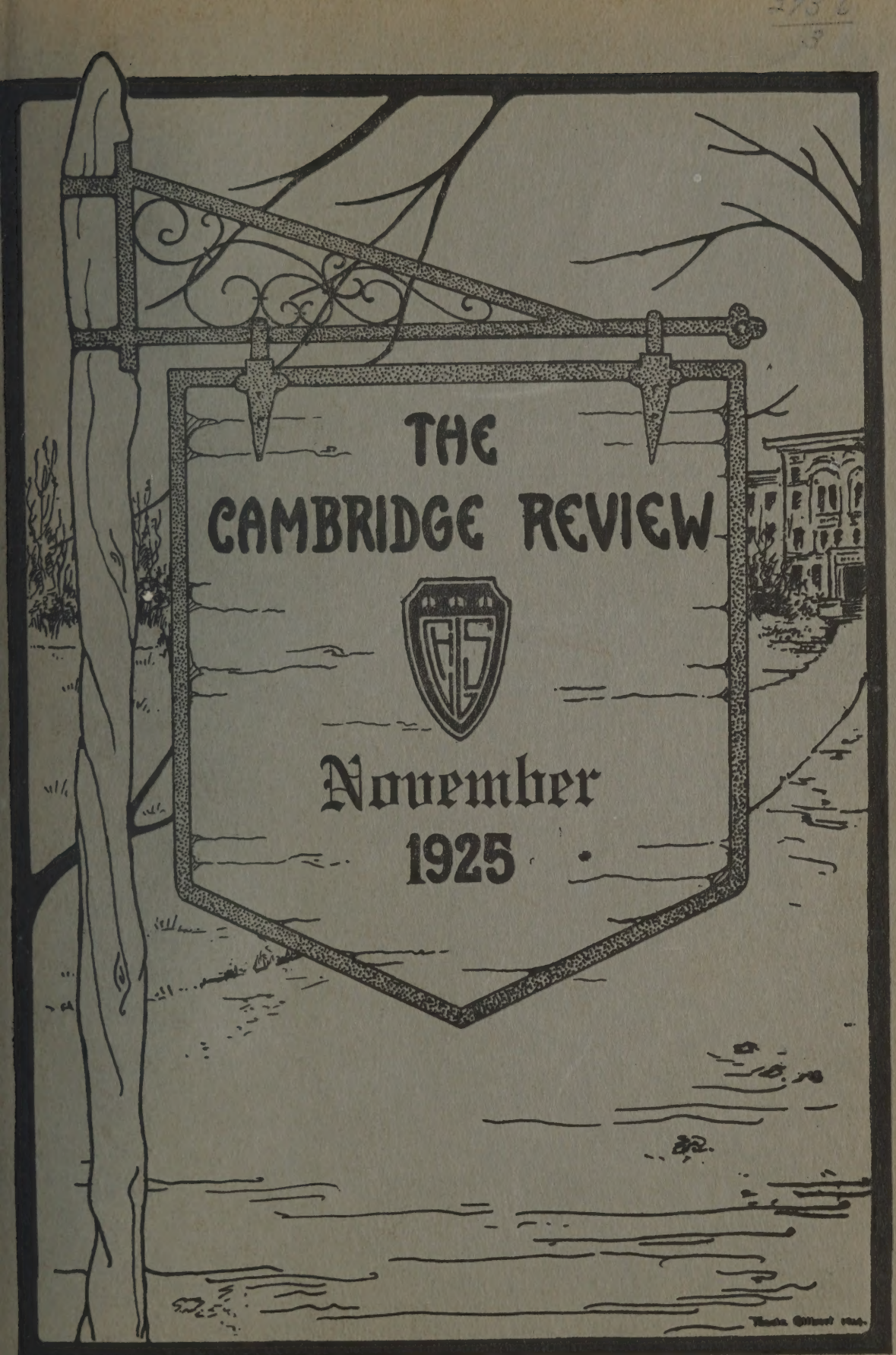
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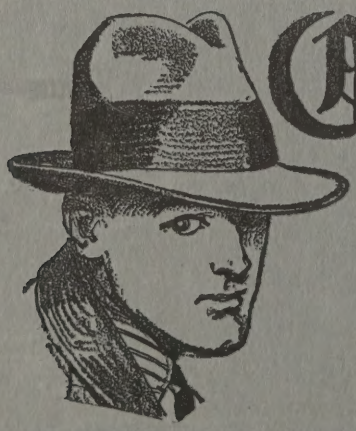

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MO. 1925-1926

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Vita sine litteris mors est.

Volume 40 Number 1

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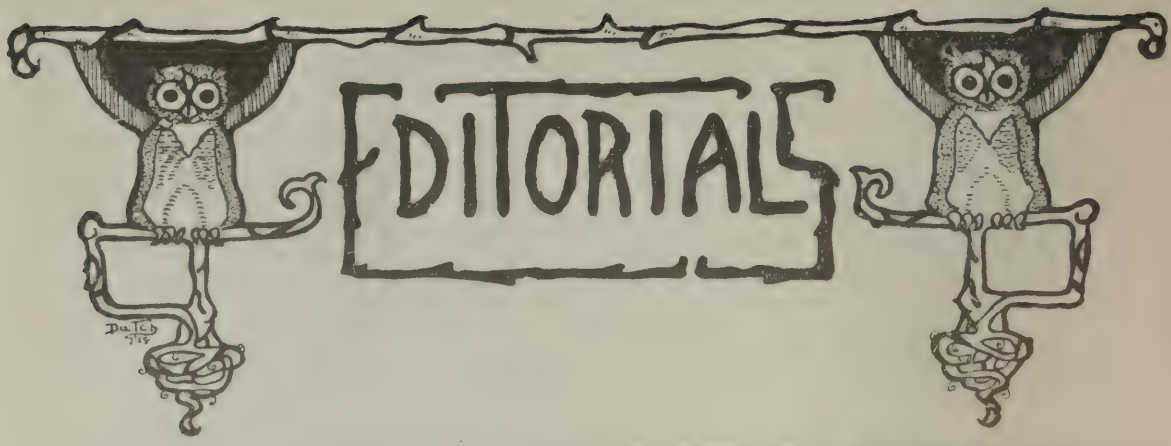
Printed 19 at the Gilbert



THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

HAVE AN AIM

If there is a student in this school who has no aim, no purpose in being here, he should leave. Each and every one of us should have a definite purpose in coming to school. We should be aiming at college, or at a position in the commercial world, or at acquiring whatever knowledge we can in order to make better men and women. To come to school to pass away time is a disgrace; to come merely for the social or athletic activities which are intended for the recreation of the deserving is dishonest. Those who come for the former reason are loafers, drones, who are a continual drawback to the city, state, and nation. Those who come for the latter reason are cheating the students who come to school with a worthy aim, cheating them out of the opportunity to take their earned places in the social or athletic groups.

It is in high school that we should learn to set a mark and then struggle to reach it. No pleasure is greater than to reach a goal toward which one has been struggling. Success is the most pleasing thing in the world. To achieve it one must work diligently for years.

That is why we should start to build our system in high school. An aim should be decided upon which will move us up a rung in the ladder of progress. When that aim is reached, another still further up the ladder should be determined upon. This system should be carried on through high school, and then on through life. Success is the ultimate goal.

Such reasoning should be obvious to every student. Therefore, let each one set a goal for the year and strive to reach it.

THE REVIEW

With this issue of the Review our school paper embarks upon its fortieth voyage. Forty years ago a group of students of the Cambridge Latin School organized a Board of Directors for the management of a magazine to be called the Cambridge Review. An Editorial Board was chosen headed by Horace A. Davis. In the following years many students were chosen for this Board who are now prominent citizens of Cambridge. The editor during the second and third years was Judge Arthur P. Stone. In the following years Frederick W. Dallinger, George Dow, Hugh Bancroft, Frederick Bonney and many others were on the Editorial Board. The Review has had an excellent standing in the past both as to literary merit and general character.

This year it is the hope of the staff to publish a volume which shall take its place with the best of former years. To do this the co-operation of the entire student body is essential. Subscriptions, contributions, and co-operative spirit are the means by which the students of this school can make the Review a successful publication.

CAROLINE A. SAWYER

With the opening of school this year, we learned of the resignation of Miss Caroline Sawyer. Many are the regrets expressed at the loss of such a conscientious, tireless worker as Miss Sawyer was widely known to be. Her place will be taken by someone presumably capable of continuing her work. But many citizens of Cambridge, will undoubtedly hold to the opinion that none but Miss Sawyer herself can ever fill the place which she has resigned.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT

The Business Manager of the Review wishes to thank publicly the students of the school for their help in overcoming the financial obstacles of starting the Review for the year. The following pupils collected over fifteen dollars in subscriptions for the Review:

Edward Carlson	Joseph Horton
Dorothy Conant	Marion Evers
Eleanor Roche	Joseph Olivo
Charles Stephenson	Lillian Novak
Joseph Maloney	James Jennison
Hymen Olken	Louis Conant, Jr.
Mary Riese	William Flynn
Ira Rubin	Margaret Culhane
Hilda Norman	M. Beauchamp
Dorothy Egan	Harriet Parker
Jane Grace	Edith Mugridge

About 40% of the pupils of the school have subscribed; this is a poor showing. If any students desire to subscribe to the Review for the remaining four issues they can do so by bringing sixty cents to the Review office.

D. A. N.

HI-Y NOTES

The Hi-Y Club opened the school year with their business meeting Friday, September twenty-fifth. Of last year's club ten members are left, and six of the Junior Hi-Y have entered the Senior Club.

On October twenty-fifth the Rindge Hi-Y Club were the guests of the Hi-Y Club at the first supper of the year. Hollis Gerrish, who succeeds Ray Pearl as Hi-Y President, presided. The main speaker of the evening was Mr. Roy Coombs, State Y.M.C.A. High School Secretary, who spoke of the growth and work of some of the two thousand Hi-Y Clubs which are scattered throughout the country. In closing his talk he placed emphasis on the purpose of the Hi-Y Club: "To create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community a high standard of Christian character."

A meeting was held on October ninth and six new members were admitted. Four others were proposed for membership, and action will be taken on them at the next meeting.

J. M.

AGNES L. TRACY

In the passing of Miss Agnes L. Tracy the Cambridge High and Latin School suffered a great loss. The pupils lost a sympathetic keeper, the teachers an esteemed fellow-worker, and the school a loyal and active supporter.

The qualities we admired in her were many. The most outstanding was her calm eveness of temperament, a poise attained from deep-rooted repose,—repose in conscious religious principles that guided her life, in definite, clearly conceived amibition for accomplished helpfulness, in professional zeal characterized by keen intelligence and constructive aim. From these invisible sources of power came the sweet womanliness we knew, the natural result of conduct long a habit.

Sympathy was another distinctive trait. She had the capacity, to noticeable degree, of calling forth the best qualities of whomever she came near. Pupils found their initiative and will stirred and kindled under her quiet patience. The teachers realized a valued friend.

Where strength, mind, and soul are thus engaged, what wonder that Miss Tracy's friends glory in her life of usefulness and quiet influence.

E. M.

THE FATE OF THE "MARY E. WATSON"

George E. Norton, '26

The sea was calm and serene as the "Mary E. Watson" sailed out of Provincetown harbor, bound for a southern cruise near South America. Two days previous, the little town at the end of Cape Cod had witnessed the most severe gale of the season. A high northeasterly wind blew through the narrow streets that add to the antiquity of the fishing town.

Captain Dix, once a famous "sea-dog," but who had now retired from all nautical pursuits because of his rheumatism and old age, stood with Sam Mayo, also sea captain, watching the "Mary E. Watson" sail out of the harbor, past Long Point Light.

"Sam," he said, "I have a queer feeling that we shall never see that ship again."

"Nonsense," replied his companion, "Why she is one of the sturdiest crafts that ever sailed out of this harbor."

"That may be so, Sam, but still something tells me this is her last trip out of this harbor, in fact, out of any harbor."

"What do you mean, Dix? You don't suppose that she'll meet any rough weather, and will go down to 'Davy Jones' Locker,' do you?"

"Well, I can't say just what she will do, but somehow, we'll never see her again."

When she was three days out from the Leeward Islands, which form a part of the West Indies, the barometer began to fall. It kept dropping steadily for eighteen hours. This is a bad sign to all mariners, for it means stormy weather, and stormy weather is the one thing that is dreaded by every sailor. The storm came, and raged for four days without showing any sign of abating; but on the morning of the fifth, blue sky could once more be seen, and gradually the wind died down to a mere breeze. At first this was a great relief to the storm-tossed sailors, but when it continued for two weeks or so, the crew began to grow anxious because the food supplies were getting low, and with no wind to blow them to any port, the affair began to look very gloomy. On the morning commencing the third week of no wind, Captain Anderson called his men together in front of the forward hatch.

"Men," he said, "you see all the food there is to be had on this ship right before you. You also see that we're in a pretty bad way. I have decided to cut the rations of all food in half. Perhaps in that way, we can last out another week, and please God, I hope we get some wind or find some island where we can get food. That is all."

Another week passed and no wind or relief came. A second time the men were called, and Captain Anderson addressed his down-hearted crew.

"Men," he said, "all that is left in the way of provisions is a box of crackers and two half-barrels of water. Nobody could be worse off than we are now. Much against my will, I have decided to abandon the ship and seek food. As it is now, we are drifting south with no sign of wind. In the boats, we can at least row off this course, and maybe, remember, maybe, we can find something. The question is: to leave or not. Which will it be? Those who agree say, aye!"

The entire crew responded, "aye!"

"Those opposed say, nay!"

Nobody answered.

"All right, men, lower the boats!"

Two large dories went over the side of the ship. Above the din of the lowering of the boats and the preparation for leaving, could be heard the voice of Captain Anderson faintly calling: "Just one more word, men. Up to this time we have been captain and crew. Now, when we enter the boats, it will be every man for himself. Abandon the ship!"

With tears in their eyes, the men meekly obeyed; and on looking back, they could see the captain sadly bidding eternal farewell to the first ship that he had ever been forced to abandon.

With the words, "Heave to!" the two boats of starving humanity pulled away from the ship. On and on they rowed, with crackers and water their only nourishment.

During the second night after leaving the

ship, a heavy fog set in, causing a separation of the two boats. In the morning the fog lifted, but the two boats had unfortunately drifted apart. That same day, the boat in which the captain was drifting was picked up by a United Fruit steamer bound for New York.

The next day, fate visited the other boat; for an island, which later proved to be one of the Martin Vaz Islands, about 400 miles northeast of Rio de Janeiro, was seen. The sight of this island encouraged the rapidly-starving crew. It was not long before they landed; and oh, what a feast they had devouring cocoanuts and bananas.

When they had eaten about all they safely could, they began to explore the island. To their great surprise and joy, wild goats were found. These animals were one of the main factors in helping the little colony to survive, as they furnished milk, the substitute for water, there being no springs on the island.

While this fight against starvation was going on on the island, Captain Anderson, aided by his wealthy brother-in-law, was fitting out a ship in which he hoped to rescue his crew, if they were not all drowned. At last the day that the rescue party was to leave Provincetown harbor dawned.

As she sailed out of the harbor, old Captain Dix and Sam Mayo were sitting down, talking of the fate of the "Mary E. Watson" and her crew.

"What did I tell you, Sam?" spoke up Captain Dix.

"Right you were, Dix, but her crew had to abandon her to keep from starving, rather than to keep from drowning," replied Sam.

"Well, Sam, old boy, we were both right, but now let's see what becomes of the rescue party."

After many weeks of sailing, Captain Anderson remarked that they must be near the island toward which they were heading when they were separated in the fog. It was not long afterward that the lookout rushed in shouting, "Land to the starboard!" Sure enough, this was the island on which the crew was marooned. In a few hours, there was the greatest reunion that mortal eye ever witnessed. The captain of a ship rescued his storm-tossed, weather-beaten crew.

There was no time lost in boarding the ship and bidding farewell to that memorable island which made the reunion possible. Just eleven months after the "Mary E. Watson" sailed out of Provincetown harbor on her last voyage, the rescue ship sailed in. As can be imagined, old Captain Dix and Sam Mayo were among the first to welcome the long-lost crew home, and to hear all about their experiences.

FOOTBALL BRAINS

William Flynn, '26

The game had begun, and Coach Manning meditated upon what he had done. He had sent in Morgan to quarter, and Lee was sitting on the sideline. That was his problem! Morgan was the better player; he could kick, punt, forward pass, rush and drive the team hard, but what he lacked Lee had. That was brains! He could think. He used strategy and found the weak spots in the opponent's defense, yet, Manning trusted Morgan and sent him in, for Hilton needed all the yardage she could get, and Lee couldn't run the ball to any extent. Whether it was a dangerous risk or not, it couldn't be helped. It was the last game of the year, and Wayland must be beaten to atone for last year's defeat. If only—but his thoughts were interrupted.

A cheer rang out. Wayland blocked a Hilton punt, and the Wayland end, Captain Jefferson, had scooped up the ball on a fortunate bounce and was running down the field like a scared rabbit. At last Morgan pulled him down on the fifteen yard stripe of Hilton. Manning groaned inwardly and watched the next play with fear. The ball was passed, and straight through center flashed the Wayland fullback, and was downed on the eight yard line. Manning blamed Morgan for not playing in near enough.

Again the ball was passed, and around the left end dashed a fleet halfback who went all the way for the first score of the game. The try for point after touchdown was successful and the quarter ended with the score standing in Wayland's favor 7-0.

In the second period Wayland added two.

more points to her score when Morgan tried an end run when but five yards away from his goal. He ran back too far while trying to circle the end, and he was thrown over his own goal line for a safety. That ended all scoring for the first half.

Manning raved between the halves. He found fault with everything and everyone.

The second half started with Lee at quarter. He was determined to make good. He drove his charges furiously. He sensed the opponent's place of attack, and outwitted them in the exchange of punts. In all, Hilton held her own that quarter.

The final period opened with the ball in midfield. It was Wayland's ball, third down. Wayland proposed to punt but Lee was not to be deceived. He noticed the eyes of Captain Jefferson of Wayland. He seemed anxious to start off suggesting a forward. It came, and Lee was ready. Just as Jefferson was about to catch the pigskin, a form jumped in front of him and intercepted the pass. It was Lee. He ran the ball back to Wayland's forty yard mark. Wayland was nervous, and Lee knew it. Around the end sped Harris, the Hilton halfback, for ten yards. Stetson, the husky fullback, added five more on an off-tackle play. Jenkins was stopped. Then a forward pass right into the opponent's midst was unsuccessful, and all the people were wondering what would come next. A field goal? It looked like it.

"Signals!" cried Lee. "Stetson back."

It meant a field goal attempt surely. Jenkins was on his knees ready to hold the ball for Stetson to kick. The ball was passed. Wayland came charging in. Jenkins caught the ball, held it ready, and Stetson advanced to kick it. But his foot did not touch the ball. Just as he was about to kick it, Jenkins straightened up and hurled the ball straight towards the same spot where the last attempt at a forward pass was made. It caught Wayland off guard. Left end Maguire caught the ball and eluded the opponent's quarterback for the first Hilton score. Even after the try for point after touchdown was successful, the crowd of people and the Wayland players couldn't believe what had happened. Manning could have kissed Lee right then. Brains? Yes, Lee had them,—all players have them, but Lee used his.

That practically took the life out of Wayland, and Lee exchanged punts until Hilton had the ball in midfield with about two minutes to go. He rushed the ball, but lost a foot. Jenkins sprinted forward for seven yards. Harris bucked guard for three yards, and when Stetson made two more, Hilton stood on Wayland's thirty-eight yard line, first down, and one minute to go. Again the same formation occurred. But the Wayland players were slow to charge in, and were fooled again. Stetson really kicked and the ball cleared the bars by a comfortable margin, making Hilton the victor, 10-9.

After the game Manning said, "Yes, sir, brawn is all right, but let me tell you, it takes BRAINS to win a game. FOOTBALL BRAINS! What's that? Oh, yes, I am lucky. Lee's back next year, and there's a rumor that a fellow by that name will be our next captain."

THE BIG ONE

A Fish Story

There lived, a few years ago, in a small town in Ohio, a boy of about fourteen summers. His name was Reggy Brent. He lived with his mother in a small cottage not far from a fairly large stream, where every year, in the early spring, the great silver "horde" would swim up to the falls to spawn. Reggy loved to fish, but, somehow the fish did not like him. He was always unsuccessful when he went fishing. He would go day after day to the stream and wade up and down trying to get a "catch". After getting tired of fishing, he would sit on an old bridge, where he could look down into the waters and see the great, finny creatures make their way up the stream.

The water was about six feet deep under the bridge, but became more shallow a few rods down-stream. Reggy would wade in the water for hours, trying to get a good-sized salmon, but in vain.

One day in early March, if you had been walking through the little town where Reggy lived, you would have seen quite a large group of people standing looking at a billboard on the front of a store. On the

sign were the words: $10 Prize to the person who catches the Big One.

The visitor who caused much comment in the town was rightfully named the Big One. He had been discovered by a traveler who had just happened to look over the side of the bridge a few mornings ago.

Reggy had seen the sign and was already on his way to the stream with his rod slung over his right shoulder and a can of bait over the other. He was going to try and get the Big One. His hopes were small, very small, on account of past failures. But he thought it worth while trying. Reggy soon reached the bridge. Sitting down, he looked over the side. He could see nothing at first; then, he saw a huge form come swimming into view. What a big one! sure enough, the great fish had arrived. It was the sign of spring. His large head and jaws, his beautiful, symmetrically-formed body, which stretched out nearly three feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, was a sight to behold. Reggy watched with a beating heart; and a face filled with wonderment and surprise. Suddenly, Reggy saw the great head turn quicker than a flash, the mouth open, then close! There was a gulp, a pause—then peace reigned once more. The Big One had swallowed a six-inch trout for breakfast.

The boy prepared his line and rod. He fastened a squirming worm on a big hook and let the line drop into the water. Seconds passed. Minutes passed. Still there was no bite! Reggy began to pull in the line to rebate it, when—a swelling mound of water seemed to rise into the air! There was a flash of silver, a pull of the cord, and then another splash of water. Reggy had been pulled into the stream! The boy quickly swam to the surface, still grasping the fishing rod. He started swimming down-stream, the Big One a few rods in front of him. At last Reggy stopped swimming, for he had reached shallow water. The great fish struggled on before him, splashing, dashing, pulling, jerking, twisting, and scattering spray in every direction. If the hook would only hold! Reggy began to play the big fellow out. An hour passed quickly. The fish showed signs of weariness. But Reggy soon lost hope again, for, just a few feet away, he came across a piece of barbed wire, about eight inches above water, stretched across the stream. The Big One drew nearer and nearer. Now he was under it! Then, he took the last remaining chance to free himself. And Reggy witnessed something that he would never forget as long as he lived. The great, silver form of the Big One rose clear out of the water, curved his gleaming body into a beautiful arc, hung poised for a moment in mid-air, and then dropped back into the water with a mighty splash—on the other side of the wire! Would the now badly worn line still hold him, or would the cord be cut in two by the weight of the fish or the sharp edge of the wire? It was the finest and the cleverest move that a fish could play—but the line held! A few moments later the fish was caught.

Reggy never sold the fish, but kept him as a trophy. And if one should go to visit this boy, now a man, he would see, on the wall in Reggy's study, the beautiful stuffed form of the gamest fish in the whole state of Ohio—the Big One.

R. Whitney Pierce, '26.

CHESS CLUB

The Cambridge Latin chess team last year won the Interscholastic League cup, and the greater Boston championship. The Interscholastic League is composed of Cambridge Latin, Rindge Tech., Brookline, and Somerville. The Cambridge team defeated Rindge and Brookline each three times, Somerville twice. Later Somerville managed to get a draw, the closest thing to a defeat that Cambridge received. Boston Latin was beaten 5-0, and Boston English High 4-2. I. Hermandez was re-elected captain of the team, S. Fishman was elected secretary, and S. Andelman and P. Pertzoff were chosen to run for president and secretary of the league.

Every member of last year's team is available and Mr. Sullivan expects his team to win this year also.

A TRAMP'S ROMANCE

Mabel White '26

A long, dusty road, void of houses on either side, stretched its length before the weary travelers. A scorching sun beat down mercilessly upon the world below. The one human in sight shifted his pack and drew a begrimed bandana across his aching face, and then whistled to a small dog patiently following in his master's footsteps. At last, finding a partly shaded spot, the man flung himself down on the grass, and tossed his tattered head-covering across the turf. The act revealed a rumpled thatch of rather bright red hair. For a few minutes the tramp lay perfectly still. He was aroused by the dog pushing an inquisitive nose into the pack which had been thrown down. Jerry Collins raised his head and looked at the animal affectionately.

"Hungry? Well, if there's anything left I guess we'd better eat." He was a tall, good-looking chap of healthy appearance, his smile displaying a row of even white teeth.

After finishing their meal, the two resumed their journey. The fellow seemed to have been cheered considerably by the food, for he whistled a merry tune, threw sticks for his companion to chase, ate the rich berries which grew by the side of the road, and in short, was quite happy and contented.

"Wonder where we're going to sleep tonight? About time we thought of finding a place." This remark was addressed to the dog who was busily engaged in chasing a dignified white hen which he had sighted coming down the road.

"There must be a house somewhere along here where that hen came from." An idea came into the speaker's mind, and he gave chase to the wrathful fowl. After a great deal of running and a few explosive remarks from the angry Mr. Collins, and also much excited cackling from the poor hen, who ran distractedly here and there, the feathered object of the hunt was captured.

Sometime later a shabby and dusty young man knocked at the door of a grey, weather-beaten farmhouse with an indignant bird tucked under his arm. The door opened, and to the surprise and astonishment of Jerry, a young and exceedingly pretty girl stood in the doorway.

The foot traveler was speechless for an instant, and then, "I—I—beg your pardon, Miss, but does this—er—hen belong here?"

With a delightful smile the young lady replied that it did. She relieved her visitor of his burden and then glanced at the dog who barked hopefully.

Jerry cleared his throat and asked, "May I see your father or mother a minute, please?"

The questioner was informed that the young woman who stood before him was the sole proprietor of the farm. "But won't I do just as well?" A faint gleam of laughter shown in the girl's grey eyes.

The greatly embarrassed young man asked permission to spend the night in the barn. "Of course I expect to do some work for it," he added.

Jean Copeland regarded him for an instant, and then nodded her head. "You'll have to help the men with the haying," she replied, and pointed in the direction of the field. With this she disappeared into the house, leaving a dazed person behind her.

"Some luck! I wonder who she is? She sure is a peach," he confided to the animal who still trotted beside him.

Several times during the day he saw his employer walking about. Once he saw a little old woman puttering about in the garden behind the house, and later learned that she was Miss Copeland's old nurse who had been with her ever since Jerry's employer had been a little girl.

That night Jerry thought over the events of the day. He found his thoughts dwelling more or less on the girl in the house. What clear grey eyes she had, and how they twinkled when she smiled! Suddenly something occurred to the tramp. He communicated it to his comrade snuggled in the hay.

"Say, I wonder if I could get work here? I'm tired of tramping around." To himself he admitted the real reason for wishing to secure employment at the farm, namely, the unexplainable attachment which he felt towards the mistress of the farm.

(Continued on page 14)

Miss P.: "What kind of sentence is the following? O, what a mistake!"

Pupil: Exclamatory sentence."

Miss P.: "And this one is what? What are you chewing?

Another Pupil: "Gum."

Confidential Book Guide

Wild Animals I Have Known—Donald Whittemore.

The Constant Nymph—Phil Lawrence.

The Brains of the Family—Charlie Good.

Days I Have Known—Mae McClosky.

My Life—Edith Kettel.

The Believing Years—Barbara Dailey.

The Long Roll—Rene Maurice.

That Reminds Me—Joe Maloney.

Utterances That Would Amaze You

Mr. Derry: "I have absolutely no idea what time the bell rings for the close of recess. But don't hurry boys, just stand around until you finish those peanuts."

Miss Baldwin: "The front board is very poor this year and I shall not be able to write the home work assignment on it as has been my custom. There will be no assignments for a few weeks until it is fixed."

Miss Hardy: "O don't think of stopping! Your name? No I didn't want that. I just wanted to remind you to see me before school."

The Faculty, to the pupils: "The staircases of the school are too crowded for safety at recess. Hereafter use the elevators provided for you from the first to the third floor."

Miss Ford: "This is a French class. Please speak English."

Heard in Freshman Latin

Teacher: "Give an English derivative from lingua."

Pupil: "Lingerie."

Her Face, Her Fortune

"My sister is awfully lucky," said one little boy to another.

"Why?"

"She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the man either had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates."

"Well, how was your sister lucky?"

"She came home with thirteen boxes of chocolates."

Famous Sayings of Famous People

Mr. Sullivan: "And now write the Declaration of Independence."

Popular Tunes

"Rose Marie"—The Rooney Sisters.

"Raymond," (overture)—Dorothy Gray.

"Collegiate"—"Dot" Calahan.

"Dear One"—Ray Toothaker.

"Ah Ha"—Evelyn Brennan.

"Big Boy"—George Larsen.

"Oh Say Can I See You To-night?"—Myles Coates.

"Isn't She the Sweetest Thing"—Helen Dunbar.

"You and I"—"Dolly" Warden.

"Waiting for the Moon"—Nan Nelligan.

"The Only One"—"Dot" Groden.

"I Want to Be Happy"—Billie Paynter.

"My Radio Man"—"Doc" Gorton.

"S' Long"—Lawrence Gibson.

"You look very tired, young man; are you overworked?"

"I'm studying for a minister, sir."

"Gracious, why under the sun don't you let him study for himself?"

SIGNS

Placard at a moving picture show—"Young children must have parents."

A tailor's shop sign—"We dye for others, why not let us dye for you?"

Sign in a Harvard Square shop—"Empty boxes—suitable for Christmas presents."

In a barber's shop—"While alterations are going on patrons will be shaved in the back."

Smith: "How is your little daughter's musical education progressing?"

Jones: "Finely. At first she could only play classical stunts, but now she can do ragtime."

Mr. Jacobs: "This is the second time you've missed my class, Darrow."

Darrow: "Oh, no, I didn't miss it at all."

There isn't much difference between an editor and a janitor. The editor fills the waste basket and the janitor empties it.

Logic

Mr. J.: "Why is Annapolis so called?"

Miss B.: "It was named after Queen Anne, and means Ann's city."

Mr. J.: "Yes, just like Minneapolis, Minnie's city."

A General Science Saying

A fossil is a thing on a pipe. When you want the water to come, you turn the fossil.

A Dilema

"I hear that your son Dick is through college. What are you going to make of him?"

"I won't be able to tell for a couple of years. He went to a co-ed college, and he's booked up solid for two years to act as an usher at weddings."

Senior (to Freshman): "Where have I seen your face before?"

Fresh Freshman: "Well, I'm sure you never saw it behind."

"Just think, three thousand seals were used to make fur coats last year!"

"Isn't it wonderful that they can teach animals to do such work?"

He looked down at her coldly, almost mockingly. Her worshipful gaze left him unmoved. Not by the quiver of an eye lid did he betray that he even saw her. Slowly, timidly, she reached up a hand and touched his shoulder.

"Oh, Mayme," she whispered to her chum," this is the best looking statue in the whole museum!"

A Latin Student, when asked in a test to translate "Pax in bello," wrote "Fredom from indigestion."

Al: "I hear you were arrested for voting three times."

Alice: "Yes, I don't see why, either, I was only changing my mind."

Teacher: "Where does sugar come from?"

Bright Student: "From the sugar bowl."

Lady: "Did you notice that pile of wood in the yard?"

Tramp: "Yes'm, I seen it."

Lady: "You should mind your grammar. You mean you saw it."

Tramp: "No'm. You saw me see it, but you ain't see me saw it."

Tourist: "How far is it to Pleasant Views?"

Native: "One thousand, three hundred and forty-six signboards."

They called their new dog "Sandwich" because he was half-bred (bread).

Teacher: "Hazel, what is a satire?"

Hazel (suddenly returning to earth): "Why-er-a satire is a very precious stone."

Stude: "Do you like Lamb's Tales?"
Prunes: "No, but I can eat beef tongue."

Little Girl (disturbed at her prayers by her young brother): "Dear God, pardon me a minute while I kick Herbie."

Teacher: "What were the different ages in history?"
Willie: "The stone age, bronze age, and iron age."
Teacher: "What age are we living in now?"
Willie: "The hard-boiled age."

Gladys: "My, but your roommate dresses well!"
Molly: "Yes, she always gets up before I do."

WANTED: A dentist to pull out a sweet tooth.

Miss P.: "What is the future of 'Idiagnose?'"
Pupil: "Ioperate."

He: "Does your father mind if I stay so late?"
She: "No. He says it serves me right for being in when you call."

Funny Jokes!

Too many jokes passed in for the Review.

Maid: "Madame, there's a man at the door with a bill."
Mrs. Wiseacre: "Tell him that we are well supplied."

What if babies were christened as boats are?

Teacher: What is the axis of the earth?"
Bright Boy: "It is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to another, and on which the earth revolves."
Teacher: "And could you hang clothes on this line?"
B. B.: "Yes sir."
Teacher: "Really, what sort of clothes?"
B. B.: "Imaginary clothes, sir."

A Witty Saying

O would some power the gift t' gi'v us,
To see ourselves as our teachers see us.

Miss Flanders: "Give that figure of speech literally."
Pupil: "I don't know what you mean."
Miss Flanders: "You've been studying figures for three years, haven't you?"
Barnes (in a stage whisper): "He's no Flo Ziegfeld."

Miss Dumber: "We call our cat Accelerator."
Miss Dumb: "Why?"
Miss Dumber: "Because we step on him so often."

Miss H.: "Give me the future active participle of occids."
B.: "Occ is us."

Miss D.: "What do you mean by saying Benedict Arnold was a janitor?"
Pupil: "The book says that after his exile he spent the rest of his life in a basement."

Teacher: "Take this sentence: Lead the cow from the pasture. What mood?"
Johnny: "The cow did."

On mules we find two legs behind
and two we find before:
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for.

Senior: "Charlie, please hand me that book on that table."
Fresh: "There he is."
Senior: "Don't say, there he is, but there it is."
Fresh: "It's a hymn book, isn't it?"

Counsel: "You live?"
Witness: "With my sister."
Counsel: "And your sister lives?"
Witness: "With me."
Counsel: "But you both live?"
Witness: "Together."

To High School Students

Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And we'll give you something you think
is wise.

K. Johnson: "Say, can you keep a secret?'
H. Donovan: "You bet!"
K. Johnson: "Good, so can I."

Teacher: "What is a hypocrite?"
Freshman: "A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."

Wildflowers fade quickly except the blooming idiots.

Scientists have found a skull half an inch thick in Arizona. But why go as far as Arizona?

Brains

"I certainly am smart," said a young doctor to his assistant. "I've put my name in the column 'cause of death' on this death certificate."

Bashful Poet: "This is my birthday, si-rr."
Harsh editor (returning manuscript): "Well, many happy returns."

Edison says that we sleep too much. Surely it wasn't his fault; he has invented enough things to keep us awake.

Under the swinging street-car strap
The homely co-ed stands.
And stands, and stands, and stands and
stands,
And stands, and stands, and stands.

First student: "I wonder how old Mrs. Jones is?"
Second student: "Quite old, I imagine. They say she used to teach Caesar."

Teacher: "Donald, who was Cyclops?"
Donald: "Cyclops was the man who wrote the encyclopedia.

A TRAMP'S ROMANCE—

(Continued from page 10)

He was successful and worked on the Copeland estate. Of course he tried in every way to make himself liked by every one, especially by one certain young lady. At first he missed the liberty of his former life, but the three generous meals a day and the comfortable place to sleep at night more than repaid him.

However, there was a note of mystery which sometimes puzzled the reformed hobo. Was it his imagination or did he really see a perplexed light in the dim eyes of the nurse which he so often saw regarding him sharply? Many times of late he had turned to see her peering at him in a wondering fashion. But he did not pay much attention to this as most of his thoughts were with the charming Miss Copeland, with whom he was in love (or believed himself to be).

Finally, the climax came! Striding determinedly toward the house, where he hoped to meet the object of his affections, he was met by Jean's nurse.

"Wait," the aged woman's voice quavered. "I have something to tell you."

"Yes?" impatiently questioned the man.

"I have felt it ever since you have been here, but I never fully realized until a few minutes ago. . . . . You are our lost Jerry! I have told Jean and she believes it to be true, but there is still much to be explained. Come, your sister is waiting," and she gave the bewildered Jerry a gentle tug.

I will not waste time to relate how Jerry Collins was really Jerry Copeland, as that is not of this story. Needless to say, however, the old nurse was right. The wanderer had indeed found a sister. Anyway, Jerry Copeland, alias Mr. Collins the hobo, remained at the farm until he went forth into the world a second time accompanied by a young lady who was not his sister.

TRACK
FOOT-BALL
CROSS COUNTRY
EAT WU
JAKE
CALL TROMBEY
GIRLS
OUR-MGR'S.
VERY WHITE W
PERCEFUL SCENES FROM NEWBURYPORT
TROWBRIDGE ST EXIT AT 1 45 WHY NOT ?!
A BRIEF HISTORY OF COMMING TO SCHOOL
VOL. I-5000 B.C.
HOME WORK
DITTO
HIGH NOON ON BROADWAY
BROADWAY
TROWBRIDGE ST.
LUNCH
AT LAST!
ARTHUR THOMPSON.
MEUSE
MALONEY
WHERE DID YOU GET
THOSE HAT ?

ARGENTINA BOLIVIA COLOMBIA CHILE PERU COSTA RICA VENEZUELA PANAMA
MEXICO CUBA
NICARAGUA
Los Españoles
H. Uvacsovich
PARAGUAY HONDURAS ECUADOR GUATEMALA SALVADOR ESPAÑA PUERTO RICO

Recuerdos de Puerto Rico

Salimos de Nueva York en el barco Carabobo, de la línea "Red D," el primero de julio, y la mañana del 6 podíamos discernir, en la distancia, delineados contra el cielo, las montañas de Puerto Rico.

Al entrar al mediodia en la bahía de San Juan, flanqueada por fortalezas y altas murallas de piedra, nos dimos cuenta por primera vez de que Puerto Rico, en tiempos antiguos, había sido un pueblo de importancia en la historia del continente americano.

En el muelle tropezamos con una multitud de gente gritandoa, ya en español, ya en ingles, "Coche?" "Automóvil?" Escogimos un automovilista que a nuestro parecer era hombre de bien e inteligente. Sin mucho regatear subimos, siete americanas, eu su "Fordito" y nos pusimos en marcha para Rio Piedras, sitio de la universidad.

Pasamos lentamente por las estrechas y tortuosas calles de la vieja ciudad, medio española, medio americana. Pronto nos hallamos en la carretera principal y como no hay "speed laws" en Puerto Rico vamos a toda velocidad, dejando detrás, sin escharles más que una ojeada, magníficos edificios como los del Casino, el Ataneo, la Biblioteca Carnegie, la Escuela Graduada, la Asociación Chrisionan de Jovenes, la Iglesia de San Agustín, el Hospital Presbiteriano y un sin numero de casitas hermosas, sus paredes cubiertas de trinitaria.

En menos tiempo que canta un gallo, estamos al fin de nuestro paseo de unas diez millas y en el pricioso "campus" de la universidad. Por todas partes los ojos encuentran palmas, flambayantes, bambúes y grupos de estudiantes, los jovenes vestidos de hilo blanco, las jovenes de etamina en todos los colores del arco iris, brillante e inolvidable espectáculo para dar la bienvenida a las estudiantes extranjeras.

En la oficina sabemos que la universidad cuenta este verano con unos 1200 estudiantes, incluyendo 52 continentales, nombre dado a los norte americanos. La mayoria de estos estudiantes son profesores de las escuelas públicas de la isla y están trabajando por el grado de A. B., o por un certificado de ensenanza más avanzada. Por eso el departamento de educacion supera en cuanto al número de matriculados, y tan inade cuadas son las facilidales que se dan clases desde las siett y media la mañana, hasta las nueve de la noche.

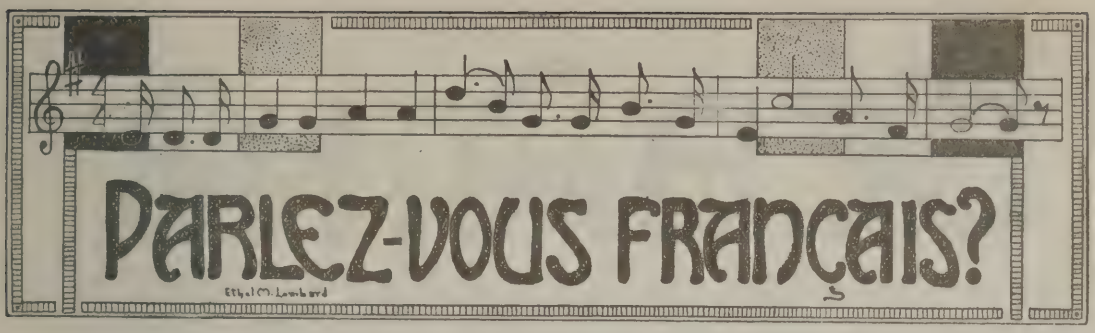
La escuela española, en que los americanos tienen interes, ofreca una gran variedad de cursos desde los para principiantes, hasta los de la fonética, la novela moderna, la novela clásica ya la poesía lírica.

El Señor Tomás Navarro Tomás, famoso catedrático, fiólogo, y fonético español sin par, del Centro de Estudios Históricos de Madrid, condujo dos cursos, el de fonética y el de poesía lírica.

Tan popular era éste que la directora, por compasión del señor profesor, trató de disuadir a algunos para que no siguiesen el curso, pero el Señor Navarro Tomás no quería consentirlo y todos iban asistiendo cada día.

El curso consistió en treinta conferencias sumamente interesantes, muchas de ellas ilustradas pos vistas estereoscópicas. En estas conferencias el Señor profesor explicó la influencia que la vida y costumbres de una época ejercía sobre la lirica del período, la manera que tenía dicha influencia de colorear el pensamiento y modificar el ritmo de los versos. El Señor Navarro Tomás

(Continued on page 19)



RENNES

Allons nous promener, ce beau jour, dans la vielle capitale de Bretagne, ou on peut encore voir des blocs de pierre dure d'autrefois, par lesquels des rois anciens et des reines anciennes montèrent. C'est a travers la ville de Rennes que je désire vous conduire.

Remarquez les entrées de la porte si fantasques, les rues étroites et tortueuses, la petite gare avec le chemin de fer qui passe tout droit par le milieu de la ville. Celle-ci a vu beaucoup de vicissitudes pendant les années, qui sont depuis peu passées; mais les habitants ne changent pas, hormis les plus jeunes qui se mettent à la mode de Paris.

Les grands-pères et les grand 'mères conservent sans altération les costumes du temps jadis; les sabots, les bonnets recherchés, les jupes longues qui descendent de la ceinture jusqu'aux talons.

Oh! quel divertissement, samedi, d'aller au marché! Les paysans montent de la campagne dans les voitures à un âne et mème on peut voir de petites voitures à un ou deux chiens; ceux-ci sont maintenant défendus, selon les droits nouveaux.

Voir des oies, des canetons, des poulets, des lapereaux, des cochons, des bestiaux de toute sorte, vous seriez d'avis qu'ils étaient morts. Ils ne savent pas à quel moment on les tuera, un fait qui est puet-être bien, en effet.

Les habitants sont justement fiers de l'Université, du Musée, du Palais de Justice, de l'Hôtel de Ville et à bon droit, parce qu'ils ont des trésors anciens et merveilleux, tous ceux qui sont précieux.

La ville peut se vanter un théâtre pour des ouvrages dramatiques et trois cinémas.

La ville a de beaux jardins, avec des serres, des fontaines, des cascades, des ponts rustiques et beaucoup d'églises, dont la vieille cathédrale est naturellement la plus importante.

Nous allons voir plusieur noces et quelques funérailles. Pour les noces, nous voyons les époux qui vont à l'Hôtel de Ville pour le mariage civil et alors nous les suivons à l'église ou aura lieu le mariage religieux. La voiture pour les époux aura un fouet orné d'un grand noeud du ruban blanc pour être distincte des voitures des invités.

Quand on va de vie à trépas un rideau est suspendu à la porte de la maison du défunt; blanc, avec une lettre noire, pour celui qui n'était jamais marié; noir, avec une lettre blanche, pour celui qui avait été marié. On suspend à l'église aussi chose pareille.

A la campagne, il y a des localites d'une beauté ravissante, surtout où on trouve des châteaux.

Un canal coule au milieu de la ville ou les grandes barques sont tirées le long des bords. Des chevaux ou meme des hommes quelquefois, sont attachés à la corde.

Bien des paysans descendent les marches au canal pour laver le linge. Ils ou elles le frappent avec le plat d'un morceau de bois. Alors ils le plongent dans les eaux froides du canal.

Montons un petit tram. Nous trouverons comme mécanicienne et conductrice des femmes au lieu des hommes et le prix de la course sera moins cher que chez nous.

Venez avec moi, maintenant, à la galerie des beaux-arts et je vous montrerai le tableau du Sauveur des hommes sur la croix, avec une pleureuse sur les joues de qui glissent de vraies larmes, on pourrait dire, et dans une autre salle on doit regarder des sculptures en bois, des têtes des paysans, si belles, si véritables.

Il y a tant de trésors cachés dans cette ville ancienne qu'on aurait besoin de beaucoup plus d'espace de les traiter comme ils le méritent.

N. Browning.

Plans for the coming debating season are practically completed, and, if the debating material only asserts itself, a good entertaining program is assured for the coming school term.

Besides the usual annual Durrell Debate, there may be debates with Rindge, Somerville, Quincy, and Arlington. The Freshman-Sophomore series of debates will be held in late October, the winner to debate a possible Junior team. Next May, or perhaps earlier, the annual Liberty Prize Speaking Contest will take place. To be brief, if some real interest in debating shows itself, a good schedule will be given to the students of this school.

The new Debating Council held its initial session October 13th, and it elected William Flynn, 1926, president, and Samuel Fishman, 1927, secretary. The other three members of the council are George Foley and Vernon Thomas from the Sophomore class, and Charles Folsom from the Freshman class.

The council adopted the following constitution:

ARTICLE I. THE COUNCIL

Section 1. This council shall be called the Cambridge High and Latin School Debating Council.

Section 2. Its purpose shall be to promote debating and the interest in debating in this school.

Section 3. This council shall be composed of five members—one representative from each class, and a fifth member to be chosen at large.

Section 4. This council shall meet on the first and third Wednesdays of every month.

ARTICLE II. ITS OFFICERS

Section 1. This council shall have two officers—a president and a secretary-treasurer.

Section 2. The president must have the rank of a Junior or Senior.

Section 3. The secretary-treasurer must have reached the rank of a Sophomore.

Section 4. The president may call a special meeting if he so desires. He shall preside at all meetings.

ARTICLE III. ITS POWERS

Section 1. This council shall decide upon the elegibility of debaters.

Section 2. This council shall decide upon the subjects to be used in debates in this school.

Section 3. This council shall form a debating club and shall decide upon the members to be admitted to this society.

Section 4. This council shall have general supervision over debating.

Section 5. Any act passed by this council may be revoked by the coach of the debating team.

Section 6. Any amendments to this constitution must be made through a three-fourth' vote favoring that change.

(Signed) William J. Flynn, '26, president.
Samuel Fishman, '27, secretary.
George H. Foley, '28.
Vernon Thomas, '28.
Charles E. Folsom, '29.

W. F. '26.

DEBATING NOTES

Last year was an exceedingly poor one for C. H. L. S. in debating. Let us make up for it by cooperating and by producing a real team that is worthy of our school and that can compare with the marvelous teams of the past. "A real team and a real hard schedule" is our motto for the coming year.

"Debating is one of the steps in the 'Ladder of Success,'" said a noted New York editorial writer, "for without it where would this world be now?"

"Without the art of debating how can a man establish himself in society? He is constantly arguing today, and without knowledge of debating, is like a 'ship without a rudder'", said another writer in a Des Moines newspaper.

Underclassmen, support your class teams!

Any questions or suggestions pertaining to debating will receive prompt attention in this department.

W. F. '26.

G. A. A.

The Girls' Athletic Association is for girls who take Gym, and who are interested in athletics. The officers are all sophomores and juniors with the exception of the President, Marianne Carney, who is a senior.

The first meeting of the G. A. A. this year was held in the hall on October 16 during the first recess. On that same day after school the freshmen were initiated in the Gym.

The annual freshman party is to be held as usual, but the date has not yet been set. The attendance will be limited to G. A. A. members.

The basket ball practice will begin soon, and it is hoped that there will be teams from the junior and senior classes this year.

The G. A. A. wants to have a band, and any girls who play the ukelele will be eligible for membership.

(SPANISH—Continued from page 16)

hizo hincapié en la canción popular y demostró como el sentido poético domina al español aun el más humilde. No hay ocupación, sea en el campo, sea en la fábrica, sea en la casa de comercio que no tiene sus canciones, muchas de eclas preciosas.

Es el sueño de los puertorriquenos, fundado tal vez en este mismo sentido poetico, hacer de su universidad una universidad pan-americana, a la cual los norte-americanos vendrán por el idioma español, los sudamericanos por el inglés, mientras los puertorriqueños, asociándose íntimamente con la gente culta de los dos continentes sacarán beneficio de ambos. Los más progresivos de la isla dicen que no son ni latinos, ni sajones, que viven entre dos continentes representativos el uno de la civilización latina, el otro de la civilización sajona. También dicen que lo que han de hacer ellos, lós puertorrigueños es escoger los mejores elementos de las dos y formar una civilización nueva, que será una vinculación entre las dos antiguas, para hacerlas entenderse, apreciarse, y ser amigos verdaderos.

La isla tiene un sistema de educación pública basado en principios americanos, ocho años de escuela elemental, sequidos por un curso secundario de cuatre años. Durante los últimos años se ha prestado especial atención a las escuelas rurales, y hoy día no hay barrio alguno que no tenga a lo menos una escuela, mientras muchas cuentan con tres, cuatro o cinco.

Los progresos de la isla realizados bajo la soberanía americana en la educación, en la agricultura, en el comercio, en medios de comunicación han sido enormes, debidos en gran parte a la inicitiva y dirección de los Estados Unidos, pero "la mayor parte de estos adelantos la debe el pueblo puertorriqueño a sus propios esfuerzos, a su apoyo decidido a todo lo que significa progreso," dice Paul G. Miller, Comisionado de Instrucción de Puerto Rico, 1915-1921.

Que viva y siga haciendo progresos Puerto Rico!

Fifty boys reported to Coach MacDonald in response to his call for candidates for the football team. This is one of the largest groups of players that has ever reported to try out for the team. The letter men of last year's team who reported are Captain Jerry Sullivan and Hugh McCusker, ends, Ray Toothaker, tackle, Sperry Shea, center, and Gibson, Parker, Fitzgerald, and O'Connell, backfield men. Of the new crop of candidates, Koreymo, Cook, John Sullivan, Popoli, Barber, Walsh, R. Hilliard, and Reardon show promise of being outstanding players on the team.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN WINS FROM NEWBURYPORT

Cambridge Latin opened its season successfully by defeating Newburyport High School, 7-0. This was a well contested game, and Cambridge Latin showed that it is going to have a very good team this season. Latin managed to keep the ball in Newburyport's territory the greater part of the game. The touchdown was scored in the first period on a forward pass from Koreymo to Captain Jerry Sullivan and a series of line plunges by Ray Parker. Captain Jerry Sullivan was the individual star of the game. Time and time again, he threw the opposing backs for losses. Koreymo, a former Worcester Academy star, L. Fitzgerald, McCusker, Shea, and Gibson played well for Latin School. Page, Taylor, Avery, Kimball, and Connors excelled for Newburyport. The line-up:

Cambridge Latin	Newburyport
Capt. Sullivan r.e.	l.e. Connors
Koreymo r. t.	l.t. Page
	l.t. Fogg
Popoli r.g.	l.g. K. Stratton
Cook	
Shea c.	c. Gulazian
	Bruce
Barber l.g.	r.g. Collis
J. Sullivan	
Walsh l.t.	r.t. Kimball
Hayes	Coffey
McCusker l.e.	r.e. Plouff
Fitzgerald q.b.	q.b. Graf
Gibson r.h.b.	l.h.b. Taylor
Reardon r.h.b.	
R. Hilliard l.h.b.	r.h.b. Erickson
Brewer	
Parker f.b.	f.b. Avery
Penniman	Lynch

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0—DEAN 0

In a fast, hard-fought game, Cambridge Latin held Dean seconds to a scoreless tie. The game was full of thrills in the form of end runs, forward passes, and hard tackling by both sides. Latin held Dean on the five-yard line once for downs. This was the nearest either team came to scoring. Latin School played a wonderful defensive game, and displayed its power in the line. The play of Latin was brilliant. McCusker and Captain Jerry Sullivan are proving that they are two of the best ends in the Suburban League.

Toothaker, Shea, Hilliard, Walsh, and Parker starred for Latin. Mitchell, Newman, Beverlyn, and Dom did well for Dean.

The line-up:

Cambridge	Dean
McCusker l.e.	r.e. Carey
Toothaker l.t.	r.t. Dom
Walsh	
Popoli l.g.	r.g. Davidson
Barber	
Shea c.	c Thay
Cook r.g.	l.g. Peterson
Hayes	Welsh
Brooks	
Sullivan	
Koreymo r.t.	l.t. Beverlyn
Capt. Sullivan r.e.	l.e. Dekrei

	Thompson
Fitzgerald q.b.	q.b. Mitchell
Hilliard l.h.b.	r.h.b. Danney
Harlow	
Gibson r.h.b.	l.h.b. Newman
Parker f.b.	f.b. Dottare
Crowley	

RINDGE BOWS IN DEFEAT TO CAMBRIDGE LATIN, 6-0

Cambridge Latin, by virtue of her victory over Rindge, is Champion of Cambridge. Latin tallied in the third stanza. It was a sensational catch of a long forward pass by Joe O'Connell that put the Cantabs in scoring position and allowed Gibson to plow through the right side of the line a few plays later for the only score of the game. Both teams were fumbling badly but these misplays were more than offset by the strong tackling. Latin School used a dazzling forward pass attack that Rindge was unable to stop. McCusker received many forwards from Koreymo. Captain Sullivan played a good game, getting a great many tackles.

Shea, Gibson, Brooks, and Barber also played well for Latin School. Harlow, Enquist, Anderson, and Captain Elcewicz excelled for Rindge.

The line-up:

Cambridge	Rindge
McCusker l.e. ,	r.e. Harlow
Toothaker l|t.	r.t. Enquist
Sullivan l.g.	r.g. G. A. Anderson
Popoli	
Hayes	
Shea c.	c. Fay
Brooks r.g.	l.g. Battaglia
Cook	Lutz
Walsh	
Barber	
Koreymo r.t.	l.t. Anderson
Captain Sullivan r.e.	l.e. Hinds
	Cleary
Fitzgerald q.b.	q.b. Trodden
Harlow	
Gibson l.h.b.	r.h.b. McKee
	Devine
O'Connell r.h.b.	l.h.b. Mazmanian
	Devine
Hilliard f.b.	f.b. CaptainElcewicz
Reardon	

CAMBRIDGE LATIN GOES DOWN TO DEFEAT TO NEWTON 12-7

Newton High won from Cambridge Latin 12-7 in one of the most closely contested Suburban League games so far this season. This was the first defeat for Latin this year. Although Newton High was the aggressor throughout, it was forced to exert itself to the utmost in order to win over the Cantabs. Cambridge Latin however gained more ground against Newton through its wonderful aerial attack which Newton could not seem to check in the second period. Newton High registered touchdowns in the first and second periods before the Latin eleven let loose. Newton had a chance in the first period to score a touchdown when it succeeded in bringing the ball to Latin's three-yard line but it failed after four unsuccessful attempts to put the ball over. Joe O'Connell was injured in the first period and this mishap weakened Latin's chances because O'Connell is a powerful player. In the second period Latin uncorked a series of forward passes which for a time baffled the Newton team. A long forward pass, Koreymo to Captain Jerry Sullivan, gave Latin School its touchdown. A series of brilliant dashes by Captain Gilligan of Newton gave Newton its two touchdowns. The fact that Gibson was injured and was unable to play also weakened Latin's chances.

Captain Gilligan, Clarke, and Holbrook starred for Newton. Captain Jerry Sullivan, McCusker, Koreymo, and Ray Parker starred for the Latin School.

The lineup:

Cambridge Latin	Newton
Captain Sullivan r.e.	l.e. McCullough
Koreymo r.t.	l.t. Littlefield
	Pratt
Cook r.g.	l.g. Porter
John Sullivan	Eames
Popoli	
Hayes	
Barber	
Shea c.	c. Andres
	Brown
Popoli l.g.	r.g. Johnson
Barber	Hayes
Walsh	
Thoothaker l.t.	r.t. Hapgood
	Forestall

McCusker l.e.	r.e. Ramsdon
	Murphy
	Bennett
Fitzgerald q.b.	q.b. Clark
Hilliard r.h.b.	l.h.b Gilligan
	Lyons
O'Connell l.h.b.	r.h.b. Holbrook
Reardon	Berbaum
Harlow	Macy
Parker f.b.	f.b. W. Proctor
	J. Proctor
	Hall

CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

The Cross-Country Team started the season well, when seventy-five candidates reported in answer to Coach Smith's call. The letter men of last year's team to report were Captain Joe Maloney, Charles Murray, Patsy Dente, Joe Trainor, Russ Wood, and Henry Adelson. Fred Meuse, Peter Beshgetur, Higgins, and Mitchell of last year's squad also came out. Of the new boys Oliver, Sandler, and McGilvray show the most promise of making the team. With this wonderful material Coach Smith looks forward to a victorious season and possibly a championship team.

LATIN CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM DEFEATS STONEHAM

The Cambridge Latin cross-country team defeated Stoneham 16-68 on October 12th over the Stoneham course. The time for two and one-half mile course was 13 minutes and 13 seconds. Captain Maloney of Latin was first, followed by Beshgetur, Meuse, and Trainor of Latin. Chase of Stoneham was fifth and Murray, Adelson, Dente, Higgins, and Mitchell, all of Latin, finished in that order. Latin obtained 1-2-3-4 and 6th places, while Stoneham finished in 5-11-15-16 and 21st places.

LATIN CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM DEFEATS ST. JOHN'S PREP

On Friday, October 16th, the Latin hill-and-dalers travelled to Danvers where they easily defeated St. John's Prep 15-48. The time for the three and one-half mile course was 19 minutes and 40 seconds. Captain Maloney of Latin won the race, followed by Murray, Beshgetur, Meuse, and Trainor of Latin. Howard of St. John's was fifth followed by Adelson and Dente of Latin. This is the second victory for the Latin School boys who are looking forward to a very successful season.

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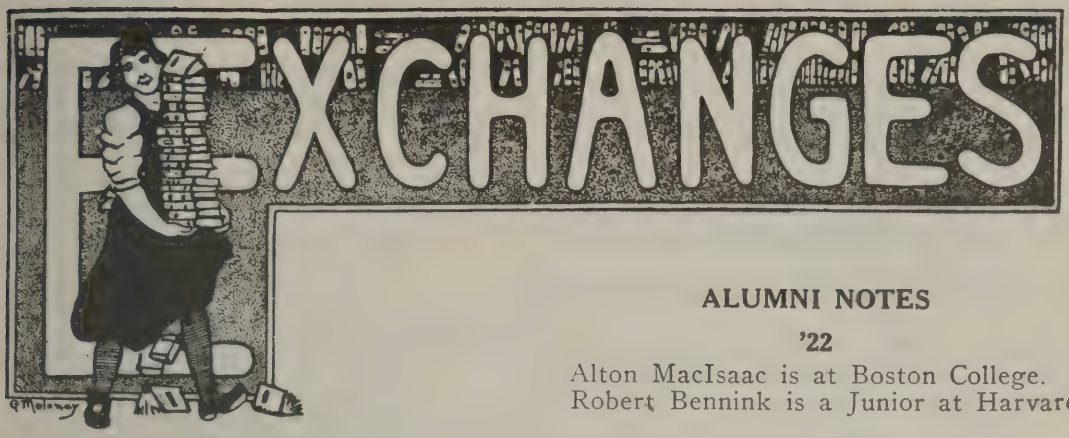

Two exchanges are our limit for this month, but this is easily explained. As with our Review, the first edition of a school paper is usually late in being issued.

Our friend of former years is with us again in the form of the "Bowdoin Orient" from Brunswick, Maine. The athletic department is worthy of considerable praise, but the literary division seems entirely lacking.

Beloit, Kansas, favors us with a new contribution, the "B. H. S. Life." They show a fine interest in their faculty; they have excellent editorials; their "Do You Know That" column is intensely interesting; and they are to be heartily congratulated on possessing a staff which is boosting for a better paper. We sincerely hope to hear more from them.

For the benefit of those who are new to the Review, we would like to state that all exchange papers are kept on file in the Review office. They make very interesting reading, and could be of much value to anyone looking for ideas on school organization in varied parts of the country.

EXCHANGE JOKES

"There goes a man who thinks in terms of millions."

"He doesn't look like a great financier."

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"Is he a go-getter?"

"No, a have-it-brunger."

Speeches at public dinners in Japan are made before the dinner begins. Now we know what is meant by the wise men of the East.

ALUMNI NOTES

'22

Alton MacIsaac is at Boston College.

Robert Bennink is a Junior at Harvard.

'23

Louise Hall is a Junior at Wellesley.

Hortense Wetherbee is working in the office of the Harvard Business School.

"Don" Moreland is a Sophomore at Harvard.

Jerry Sullivan is at Boston College.

"Tubber" Cronin is a Junior at B. C.

Katherine Connell is a Sophomore at Emmanuel.

Elizabeth Putnam is at Sargent School.

"Bob" Swezey is a Junior at Harvard.

George Glasheen has transferred from Amherst to Harvard.

'24

Paul Mather and Paul Hanson room together at Harvard in George Smith Hall.

Frances Gross is a Sophomore at the College of Practical Arts and Letters.

Stanley Ganz is a Sophomore at Harvard.

Barbara Brigham is at Radcliffe.

Burke Rivers and Bradford Cannon are also at Harvard.

"Connie" Rouillon is at Barnard College.

Elizabeth Gerould is in the Sophomore class at Radcliffe.

Dorothy Roys is attending Boston University.

Kinsley Hooker and Pete Burns are at Harvard.

Roy Lamson and Wellman Roys are Freshmen at Harvard.

Wilma Cannon is spending the winter in New Mexico.

Don Kroell is out for the Harvard football team.

Marion Dobbins is at the Lowell Normal School.

Helen Gould is at Boston University.

Evelyn Frost is at the Perry Kindergarten Normal School.

"Red" Finlayson is at Hebron Academy.

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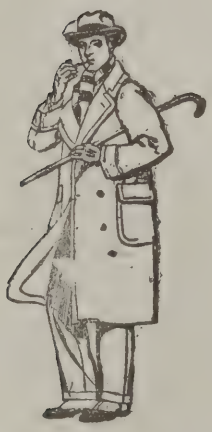

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Volume 40 Number 2

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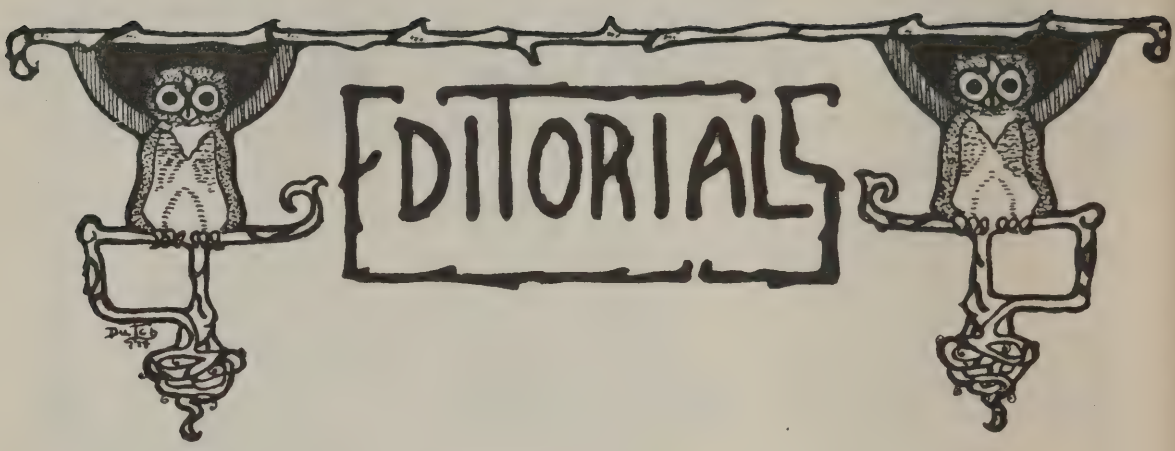

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BOOKS — SUCCESS

The cultivation of the mind is an acknowledged necessity to success of any sort in this modern world. No one who does not know a smattering of general information has a chance of advancement either in commercial or social lines. A person must be familiar with almost every subject which is likely to form a topic of everyday conversation. And to gain this general, superficial knowledge of nearly every subject of learning that is discussed in educated circles, there is no better method than to regularly read good books; books of romance, adventure and mystery, not tiresome treatises on the various "ologies" but books of entertainment—and education.

No well written book can fail to cultivate the mind. A good author is marked not only by literary style or imaginative power but by a certain knowledge of a large variety of subjects. This knowledge, incorporated in a book, is transferred to the reader.

Dr. Samuel Johnson once said, "Read anything five hours a day and you will soon be learned." The statement may be considered rather sweeping because of the use of the word "anything," but one must suppose that the remainder of his conversation would have shown that he meant anything that is well written. It may be argued, however, that reading anything at all will educate one. It is true. But to read books promiscuously will undoubtedly give an education partly desirable and partly undesirable. Why not then exercise care in the selection of reading matter and gain only a desirable education?

The greatest of educators, Ralph Waldo Emerson, offered these practical rules for reading:

"1. Never read any book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any but what you like."

The value of reading books that one likes is immeasurable. The learning which they contain is imbibed unconsciously; and such self-education is a pleasure not a labor. Knowing that few students in high school are interested in reading a subject in its bald state, we suggest that good novels or romances be read in their place. In the good fiction of the world is found a vast amount of general information.

Then the effect of reading the works of brilliant thinkers is to sharpen the mind and make it more receptive of knowledge. It makes one think; and thinking is the greatest method of mind development known. We, therefore, advise all the students of the High and Latin School to read regularly the good books of the English language and well written translations of the works of famous foreign authors. The advice of the

greatest men the world has produced is to read and to read widely.

We recommend the following works as extremely entertaining and profitable reading:

1. *Don Juan*—Lord Byron. A romantic poem.
2. *The Virginians*—William M. Thackeray. An historical novel.
3. *Jane Eyre*—Charlotte Bronte. A novel.
4. *The Ambassadors*—Henry James. Historical novel—adventure.
5. *Youth*—Joseph Conrad. A novel.
6. *Plain Tales from the Hills*—Rudyard Kipling. Short stories.
7. *The Crisis*—Winston Churchill. Novel of the Civil War.
8. *Prisoner of Zenda*—Anthony Hope. Romance—adventure.
8. *Scarhaven Keep*—J. S. Fletcher. Mystery.
10. *Captain Blood*—Rafael Sabatini. Historical romance—adventure.
11. *Count of Monte Cristo*—Alexander Dumas. Romance—adventure.
12. *Don Quixote*—Cervantes. An ironical romantic poem.

SENIORS' ELECTION

The Senior Class held its election on the thirteenth of November.

The following students were elected to office:

Lawrence Gibson, president.
Dorothy Gray, vice-president.
Joseph Maloney, treasurer.
Frances Donovan, secretary.

These officers need the support of the entire Senior Class to insure a successful year. Much is expected of the graduating class in any school, and the officers are elected to lead the class in doing what is expected of it. But they can do nothing without active support. Seniors, stand back of your officers!

The following committees were also chosen:

Drama—William Flynn, Margery Gerould, Helen Haley, Lea Leahy, Julia Nelligan.

Reception—Haskell Freedman, George Norton, Ray Parker, Robert Daley, Mary Plunkett.

—J. S. J.

A FORCEFUL LESSON

One cannot recall without a smile the indignation and feeling of outraged liberty with which the students received the change in the system of lunch periods during the last scholastic year. Great were the denunciations of the new plan. Many were the protesting petitions which circulated from pupil to pupil, and finally to the waste basket. The prevalent question was, "What do you think of the new lunch system?" The universal answer was, "Rotten!" Very, very few saw any good in the new plan.

Yet how many are there in the school who do not today see the great benefits of the system? None. We all are now aware that a study period in the middle of the day is at the best possible time to enjoy it to the utmost. That is the best time to consult our teachers. We now have time to visit home rooms when necessary. Our classes are not any longer shortened to our detriment that a certain canvass may take place or an assembly be held. In fact, there are innumerable benefits from the plan.

What does this show? It shows that those who are in charge of us know best what we need and what we should have. It shows that we in our small sphere of school life do not see the state of the school as a whole nor realize its needs. It clearly demonstrates that we should not attempt to resist the inauguration of a new system until it has been proven a failure and a drawback. At no time was the system of two lunch periods in the position of a failure or a detriment to the advance of the student body. J. S. J.

The Review at this time wishes to publicly acknowledge the assistance of the following students who are not members of the staff:

Lillian Novak — Marguerite Beauchamp
Edward Carlson — Dorothy Conant
Joseph Horton — Frances Callahan

The Review is very grateful for their help in the advertising and typewriting departments. J. S. J.

All students who would be interested in forming a Literary Club will please write their names and home rooms on a slip of paper marked "Literary Club," and drop them into the Review box. J. S. J.

THRIFT

We think we ought to mention the fact that thrift in the school has deteriorated immensely. This has been shown in the difference from receipts of this and last years in the thrift machines in the school. Let's see if we can't punch the machines to make a record for thrift in our school!

CHESS TEAM NOTES

The C. H. L. S. chess team will soon play its first match of the season, the Interscholastic League being now in session. Capt. Hernandez of C. H. L. S. was elected president of the league, and L. Douglas of Rindge was chosen secretary. All of last year's team are available, and many new prospects are threatening to displace last year's regulars who were Capt. Hernandez, S. Andelman, N. Long, P. Pertzoff, M. Andelman, and S. Sishman. At present a tournament is being held with only Capt. Hernandez, S. Andelman, and N. Long in the running. Hernandez is favored to win and he will play the winner of the S. Andelman—N. Long match, in the finals.

The team will first play nine League matches with Somerville, Brookline, and Rindge. Then arrangements will be made to secure matches with other schools, including Boston Latin, Boston English High School (both of whom were defeated by C. H. L. S. last year), Arlington, Newton, Medford, Everett, and Tech Freshman.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT

With the second issue of the Review published, the Business Manager feels that he ought to tell the pupils of the school that the Review depends a great deal upon its advertisers. If the students do not patronize our advertisers, they shall cease to advertise because it will be unprofitable for them. Therefore, every student should boost our advertisers, and by doing so boost the Review! D. A. N. '26.

HI-Y NOTES

On October 23rd the Hi-Y held its regular meeting at the "Y". After the meeting there was an interesting discussion on "Fair Play".

The Sixth Annual Father and Son Banquet was held at the "Y" on November 9th. The purpose of this affair was to bring about closer relations between fathers and sons. After the banquet the "Dads" defeated the "Sons" in a hotly contested session in the bowling alleys.

The second annual supper to the letter men of the C. H. L. S. football team was held on the evening of December ninth. The Hon. Frederick W. Dallinger presided; and former Latin School stars who are winning fame on college gridirons, were the speakers of the evening.

ALUMNI NOTES

'25

Rhea Webb is attending the Lowell Normal School.

Gertrude Eldridge is a Freshman at the University of Vermont.

"Peggy" Persons is at the Cambridge Haskell School.

Alison Marks is studying in Vevey, Switzerland.

Ruth Dieffenbach is at Miss Johnson's School.

Eunice Hager is at the Framingham Normal School.

Rose Borzakian is taking a Business Course at Boston University.

Catherine Sears and Doris Buker are at Bishop Hopkins Hall in Vermont.

Helen McLaughlin and Ethel Sullivan are at Lowell Normal School.

Elsie Field is travelling in China. She is making a tour of the world.

Maynord Allard is a Freshman at Harvard.

Leroy Anderson is a member of the Harvard Band.

Robert Davis and Joseph De Guglielmo are also at Harvard.

Margaret Sullivan is a Freshman at Radcliffe.

(Continued on Page 16)

MY FIRST BIG CASE

Harold P. Dow, '26

"And," continued Cleek as he leaned over my desk, "they say he has a very pretty daughter who isn't even engaged to be married. There may be an opening for you, Mot, old boy."

"No danger," I replied nonchalantly. "But tell me more about the facts in the case."

"Well," began Cleek, "in the first place the old man is as rich as any king. His estate, in the vicinity of New York, is ideally situated for the revelry that forms the chief interest in his life. The house is far from any main thoroughfare and the estate is surrounded by a high wall and overgrown with trees."

"How about servants?" I interrupted. It was my first big detective case and I hoped to make a success of it.

"There are many servants on the estate," replied Cleek, "but they all live in a small building detached from the main structure. However, Mr. Maverick has one trusted servant who lives in the house with him. This man, I am told, used to be in the employ of Mr. Maverick's father. He boasts of having fought in the Spanish War and shows his wooden leg as proof of it. Rather an odd specimen I imagine."

"I presume Mr. Maverick's wife is living," I again interrupted.

"No," replied Cleek, "she died several years ago with heart failure.

"Now, Mr. Maverick complains that for several nights running his daughter, Ruth, awakens with an unearthly yell. Upon investigation, Mr. Maverick finds nothing out of the ordinary; but Ruth insists she hears someone in the room. Mr. Maverick can see no cause whatsoever for this event, for his daughter has no love affairs and no acknowledged enemies."

"And I am to find the solution of why she cries out?" I asked.

"Exactly," replied Cleek. "When Mr. Maverick telephoned, he was quite emphatic that you be sent immediately. You will take the next train for New York. It leaves in an hour, so you had better get ready now. Remember your training and remember he's rich. Goodbye and good luck."

"Goodbye," I called as I started to leave, but I was interrupted by him.

"Oh, Mot!" he said.

"Yes," I answered.

"Remember,—she's not engaged."

That touched my sensitive spot and I retreated quickly.

I was met at the station by one of Mr. Maverick's servants and taken to the house in a high-powered motor car.

Mr. Maverick greeted me in the hall after the door had been opened by his trustworthy servant, Tyler. He led me into his private den and locked the door.

"I presume you have been informed of the circumstances," he began.

"Yes," I quickly put in, "they told me at headquarters."

"Very good," was his abrupt answer. "Now you are to be a guest to everyone except my daughter and me. You will have the room across from Ruth's so that you will be near at all times. I wish to say here that the room in which Ruth sleeps is the room in which my father died. Perhaps that might help you in solving the mystery; perhaps not. Ruth is out at present but when she comes in I will present you to her. If you wish to wash I think you will find the conveniences in your room. Just a minute, and I'll have Tyler show you the way."

He pressed a button and unlocked the door. Presently Tyler hobbled in.

"Show Mr. Benton to his room," ordered Maverick.

My room was fairly good sized, and furnished unsparingly. I washed and decided to take a look at Miss Maverick's room, thinking, thereby, to find some clue on which to work. But unfortunately the dinner bell rang just then, and I was forced to postpone my investigation until some more opportune time.

As I entered the dining room, I came face to face with the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She was wonderfully pretty and vivacious. Her bobbed hair shone like gold in the sun; her brows grew in a beautiful penciled line; her lashes, long and curved, framed sparkling blue eyes. Her

alluring dimpled cheeks competed in color with her puckering red lips. I thought, for a moment, I was in love with her, but I quickly banished the thought.

"Ruth, may I present Mr. Benton," said her father. "He is our guest whom we have been expecting."

"I'm very glad to know you," I replied, blushing a little. And indeed I was.

The dinner was the best I had ever tasted. Mr. Maverick surely did know how to employ cooks.

After we had finished our meal and retreated into the living room, I laid forth my plans for the evening. I would stay in my own room, and if Miss Maverick called, I would quickly go to her aid. The plan was agreed upon, and we settled down for a pleasant chat.

At eleven Miss Maverick prepared to retire and so accordingly I went to my room. Every now and then I could hear her moving about and I knew she would soon be ready for slumberland. Downstairs Mr. Maverick was rocking back and forth in his chair, but finally he climbed slowly up the stairs to his room. At last I heard him snoring loudly and knew at least the night marauder would not be he. Across the hall all was dark. Evidently Miss Maverick had retired. I looked at my watch. It was quarter to twelve. I sat down on the edge of my bed and thought it over. It seemed an easy matter to go into her room and grab the intruder when she should scream. What mystery could there be to it? I looked at my watch again. Now it was five minutes to twelve. Nearly time to pre——! I did not finish the sentence. At that moment the most unearthly yell I had ever heard came to my ears from the vicinity of Miss Maverick's room. In an instant I was across the hall and in her room, playing my flashlight around, with my pistol within easy reach. I caught one glimpse of a man disappearing through the wall. That was all. But when I looked for a door or opening I found nothing but blank wall.

I switched on the lights and looked toward Miss Maverick. She was huddled up in bed, looking quite frightened.

"Did he hurt you?" I asked.

"No," she said in a trembling voice, but he took my diamond ring. The one that grandpa used to wear."

"Tell me about it," I quickly demanded.

I learned that her grandfather used to wear it before he had died, but at his death the ring had come into Miss Maverick's possession by his wish.

Why the intruder should care to molest Miss Maverick or what he should want the ring for was still to be solved. I had found the cause of her screaming but the greatest mystery was still before me.

However, there was nothing to be done that night, so I returned to my room promising to be at hand if she should call.

Next morning I awoke with the first rays of the sun and upon dressing myself went downstairs into the living room. Tyler, the trustworthy servant, was hobbling around, and I noticed that he looked quite sleepy. In fact, so sleepy that I began to suspect and form opinions. Tyler would bear watching, I decided, even though he was Mr. Maverick's trusted servant.

At an opportune time during the day I began the exploration of Miss Maverick's room that I was forced to postpone the first day. I made a careful examination of the windows, doors, and the walls; but I could find nothing to serve as a clue. I decided that the best thing to do would be to station myself inside her room that night and make an attempt, at least, to capture the intruder if he should return.

At dinner that evening I proposed my idea which was readily accepted. Miss Maverick would sleep in my room and think nothing whatsoever of the midnight visitor.

I was quite excited all the evening inwardly but put on a bold front and waited 'till half-past eleven. At that time I went quietly upstairs and into Miss Maverick's room. I placed myself in a convenient position and awaited the expected visit of the nocturnal marauder.

Meanwhile all members of the household had retired. The room was pitch dark, and I could hardly see my hand before me.

I waited. I glanced at my radium wristwatch. The minutes had run on to twelve o'clock. At that moment I saw a form of a man crawling slowly in my direction. I was just about to make a leap for him when he

made a quick gesture with his hand which made me dodge, and then he disappeared as quickly as he had come. I switched on the lights and looked around. There on the wall were the stains of vitriol which would have disfigured me for life had I not dodged. Evidently the intruder suspected my mission and sought to mark me for life.

Other than that there were no clues.

Miss Maverick, having been quite nervous, had not gone to sleep, and naturally she was thoroughly frightened at the noises which she had heard. I assured her that all was safe; a very natural thing to do. But deep down in my heart I felt quite concerned over this affair: Evidently it was no amateur who was performing. I spent the remainder of the night in the same room but nothing out of the ordinary occurred.

The next day I did some deep thinking. It would stand to reason, I decided, that the intruder, having almost been caught the night before, would not, therefore attempt to enter the next night. He would, most likely, choose some advantageous time when the family was out, perhaps that day. Accordingly I shadowed Mr. Tyler, the one I suspected of the theft.

Mr. Maverick and his daughter had gone out quite early so it was easier for me. At about four o'clock in the afternoon I had lost track of Tyler. He had just naturally vanished. I took it for granted that he was in Miss Maverick's room and I quietly went upstairs. Cautiously I opened the door of Miss Maverick's room and there on the floor near the wall was Tyler, his wooden leg off and Miss Maverick's ring poised in his hand ready to be dropped in a crack in the wall. The leg was hollowed out, and several papers were in it.

"You are under arrest," I said as I walked over to him and took him by the collar, at the same time showing my badge. "Give me an explanation of this ridiculous performance immediately."

He saw it would be useless to fight under the circumstances so he gave himself up with the following story.

He had been in the employ of Mr. Maverick's father for many years, and when Mr. Maverick, Sr., was about to die, he gave Tyler some papers showing certain secret passages and vaults where much in stocks and bonds was to be found. When he died he trusted Tyler to give the papers to his son, but Tyler, unable to combat the temptation, placed the papers in his wooden leg hollowed out for the purpose. Mr. Maverick, Sr., had given his granddaughter the ring which he had always worn, requesting her to guard it carefully.

It was this ring that served as a key to unlock the vault in which were the stocks and bonds. Tyler wished to get possession of this ring. Hence, the midnight visits to Miss Maverick's room. He had suspected me from the first and therefore had bought the vitriol with which to disfigure me.

The story was very plausible and I believed him. I ordered one of the servants to take him to the jail and see that he was securely locked up until justice should deal with him. I then went back to the house and awaited the return of the family. They arrived shortly and upon hearing my story congratulated me upon my success and thanked me many times. They doubled my usual fee and cordially invited me to visit them as often as possible. Miss Maverick, especially, seemed to press the invitation.

As I had to return to headquarters and report my case I made reservations for the next train, promising to make my first visit in the near future.

When I arrived at headquarters the first thing Cleek greeted me with, was:

"Is she still unengaged?"

"Yes, but she won't be long," I replied meaningly.

Pike: "Why are you wearing so many coats on such a hot day?"

Mike, carrying a paint can: "I'm goin' to paint me fence, and it sez on the can, 'To obtain best results put on at least three coats.'"

THE CLASH OF THE BLADES

William J. Flynn, '26

There was much excitement on the campus of Hilton College of the State of Vermont. The cause of the excitement was hockey. Hilton had already won eleven games, lost one, and tied one. The next game was to take place in two days and the opponent was to be Wayland, Hilton's ancient rival in athletics.

In Doyle Hall, a group of students was gathered near a bulletin board commenting upon the approaching game.

"It's a shame," stated Hal Royce, one of the group, "the way Wayland stalled Hilton off for so long a time. Wayland has a perfect record and fears defeat at Hilton's hands."

"Sure!" exclaimed another. "Why, that French-Canadian, Jean Murat, received a scholarship there because of his ability to play hockey."

"Yes, he's the whole team," still another added.

"Bet he'll have a tough time to get a goal on 'Win' Stetson though. 'Stet' just fills the bill as a goal tender. But I guess I'd rather watch him play football and wreck Wayland's line instead," Royce declared.

"Say, just who *is* going to start for Hilton tomorrow night?"

"Oh, I guess Charlie Rosecrans will play center with "Mud" Harris and "Mitchy" Madden as wingmen. McGlone is sure to start at defense, but who will be his mate there, I can't seem to make out. Of course Stetson will be goalie," explained Royce.

"I hear Jack Jenkins will play at defense. He's good but rather light," another student added.

"Well, let's forget hockey and get back to our rooms. Big test in 'trig' tomorrow," warned another and the group scattered in different directions.

On January 24th, at 7.45 P.M., Hobson's Arena was filled to its capacity. The crowd of four thousand people was there in anticipation of a good hard battle.

Shortly afterwards, six Wayland players appeared and practised on the rink. Then came six Hilton players followed by the referee and goal umpires. In less than five minutes the players skated to their positions and the game began.

Jean Murat got control of the disk and sent it skimming over the ice to Wilson, a Wayland forward. Wilson dribbled it and lost it to Rosecrans of Hilton. But before Rosecrans could get started, a Wayland streak flashed past Rosecrans carrying the puck with him, away from the bewildered Rosecrans.

"Murat!" screamed the delighted Wayland supporters.

Sure enough it was the Canadian flash. He safely eluded Harris and Madden, the Hilton wingmen. Before McGlone could brace himself to meet Murat, the flash had passed him and sidetracked the other defenseman, Jenkins, and sped unmolested towards the goal. Shifting, dribbling, and feinting, Murat drew Stetson out of position and shot the rubber disk into the netted cage while the amazed spectators looked on.

Cheers greeted the Canadian and he smiled in acknowledgement.

Again the players took their positions. Again the puck was dropped between Murat and Rosecrans. Again came the clash of the hockey blades. Out of the whirling mass, the brilliant Canadian was seen skating away with the puck. One man, two men, three men he passed! McGlone was passed, Jenkins was eluded, and, like a shell from a cannon, the rubber disk left Murat's hockey blade for another goal!

Then Hilton tried to steady herself. She had to contend with a one-man team. This man was overconfident and Hilton felt positive he would eventually weaken. He was playing at too great a pace, and it was impossible to maintain that pace for the rest of the game.

Play was resumed and the puck went

back and forth until Murat would happen to get control of it and a goal would be the ultimate result.

When the period ended, the score stood 4-0 in Wayland's favor.

During the short intermission, Hilton found a leader in the substitute Jenkins. He cheered up the players. He told them to tire out Murat and advised them as to how to go about it. He then told jokes which took them away from the strain of the game and steadied their nerves.

It was a new Hilton team that faced Wayland in the second period. Murat was yet good. He was still flashy. His shiftiness, his classy dribbling, and his speed had not left him—but he was tired. Jenkins realized it and communicated it to the team. The players used team work and heeded Jenkins' advice. They completely covered Murat. Rosecrans, in the meantime, shot two goals, while Harris also tallied one, but yet Murat added another counter for Wayland.

The period ended with the score standing 5-3, still favoring Wayland.

Hilton now had a fighting chance. Panting and gasping for breath, Murat again started on a long dash in the first part of the third period. But Jenkins provided the unexpected. He came up from the rear and hooked the disk away from the astonished Canadian. Turning around with the puck in his possession, Jenkins started out towards the Wayland goal. He dribbled past Wilson, who was off balance, and by shifting from one side to another, he evaded the other Wayland forward. Then, as a defenseman charged towards him, he passed the puck to Rosecrans, who returned it when he was free again. He then feinted, drew the Wayland goalie out of position, and shot the disk past him. Wayland lost heart at this burst of speed. Before she could recover her wits, Harris had added another goal for Hilton, tying the score at five all.

Then came the whirlwind finish. Manners and etiquette of the rink were quickly forgotten. Vehement tongues were not easily suppressed. The clash of the blades resounded more strongly. Victory and defeat hinged on the playing in these last few minutes. Five players were in a group slashing one another's hockey blades in an effort to secure control of the puck in the middle of the group. Then some one hit the puck clear across the rink and Jenkins skated towards it with full speed. Murat, who was also free of the group, did likewise. The two sped onwards towards each other at full speed. About five yards from the puck Jenkins stopped short, in order to avoid a serious collision, while Murat sped past. But Murat had overskated the puck and failed to obtain control of it as he passed it. Jenkins seized the opportunity and started dribbling the puck down the rink toward the Wayland net, Jenkins saw the tender shift over towards him on the right side of the cage. Jenkins went straight towards him and then skated behind the goal leaving the goal-tender bewildered and astonished. Jenkins skated around the cage, came out in front, and, before the goalie could shift over to the left side of the net, he caged the winning goal. A minute later a whistle blew signifying the close of the game, Hilton being the victor, by a score of 6-5.

At the annual hockey supper, two days later, Coach "Charlie" Borden, who had not attended the game because of illness, was addressing those present:

"Yes, I'm greatly pleased with your well earned result, boys. You used your brains when you tried to tire out and *did* tire out their only star, Murat. Jenkins' work was brought before my attention. He did well. He proved that skill alone doesn't win a hockey game. He proved the value of thinking in athletics. He showed the team the path to victory through the application of common sense. It is too bad that he is a Senior; we could use him next year. Fellows of his type are always welcome in athletics. He received, by the way, a ninety-eight in his trigonometry examination——"

SEQUOHAH

Margery Gerould

This story is founded on the fact that exactly one hundred years ago in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-five, a few Creek chiefs signed a treaty with some white men in which they promised to give up to them their lands. These Creeks, or Muscogees, belonged to a powerful tribe of American Indians, of the Appalachian stock. The treaty was signed without the authority or consent of the U. S. government. It caused considerable trouble in later years.

A mountain cast its shadow across the low plateau on which lay the farm of Sequohah. It was only a temporary shade. The Georgian sun blotted out the shadow, and the green bottle-flies buzzed louder about the low out-buildings squatted on the sluggish river. A fly alighted on a horse tied in front of one of these shelters. The horse switched his tail. It went into the eyes of a man who was saddling him. Blinded, the man stopped his work for a moment.

A door opened just then in a large house which stood some distance from the smaller, meaner huts. Sequohah stood motionless; the door closed behind him. A huge hat shaded his dark, solemn face. He held close about him a light gray blanket edged with bright red figures. His feet were clad in heavy black mocasins. There was about him an indescribable air, half savage, half civilized. The door opened once more and a woman joined him in silent Indian fashion. Sequohah bent down and kissed the bronze face of the dark-eyed woman standing beside him.

Suddenly he turned. Without a word he left the quiet figure and walked toward the river. Stopping once, he spoke gently to a small boy, half naked, who, with his hand raised in the air, was beating with a stick two black crows, which were stealing corn from a bowl in front of him.

"Only beasts hurt others, Menoko. The son of Sequohah should not raise his hand to punish thieving birds."

With a kind farewell to the Indians gathered about his horse, Sequohah mounted and turned to the north, whither his journey was to lead him.

For days he traveled, sometimes over passes of the Appalachians, sometimes over great plateaus like his own. At night he often sought shelter with friendly tribes. He told them of his mission. Born a chief, he lived a chief among men. His destination was a little settlement in the north, where he was to meet the whites and give up to them the land of his fathers. His spirit was sad, but he went freely. He bore no malice against the pale faces as did his Indian brothers. They said, "The land is ours; why give up our farms to skulking whites? Rather bring war against them." Many meetings were held. Sequohah, solemn and dominant, spoke to them, saying, "Only animals hurt others. Give them our lands; we can move across the mountains." Because he was a chief, he prevailed.

It was in a cold winter month that Sequohah finally came to the settlement. He found his Indian brothers there before him. The white men met the Indians in a little church. The spoke low and hurriedly. The white men knew that what they did was without the consent or authority of the government. Avarice led them, greed for the rich mines and fertile plateaus. The treaty was signed.

Sequohah left his brothers. Some white had stolen his horse. Sadness clouded his peaceful face. He must find a new home for his wife and Menoko. He was tired. No, he would not buy a horse.

When he reached the mountains, a cold wind blew, and soon the snow fell in great flurries. Pulling his light blanket about him, he found a sheltered rock on which to sleep. As he became warm, he saw the sunny plateau, his farm, his wife, his baby.

Sequohah never returned. Menoko grew to manhood with none of his father's gentle spirit in his breast. Driven from his home, bitter against the white men, he led the Creeks, with the neighboring Cherokees, in a terrible attack against the pale faces.

A LUCKY STROKE

Joseph Brennan, '27

Young Tom Barnes placed the receiver on the hook and, mopping his brow, turned away from the telephone booth. The day was very warm; and he was more so, having just broken a dinner engagement with Lucille Snow, his fiancée, her family, and an uncle from the West whom he had not yet seen.

Lucille had an adorable manner of coaxing that made Tom feel like a beast to oppose. Business is business, however; and, though as he strode up the avenue he half wished he had succumbed to her soft tones, he knew that he must not lose the opportunity that was knocking. As the head salesman of the United Packing Company, he had his eye upon a pending vacancy in the Assistant Sales Manager's chair; and he was aware that the Salesmanager had an eye on him as well as two others.

An hour ago Tom had been detailed to "land" a contract for semi-annual shipments of beef from a cattle king who had just arrived in the city. This was Mr. Lewis, whose cattle and acreage composed one of the largest ranches in the West. He knew this assignment was given him because Medcroft, the Salesmanager, had him in mind for the vacancy, and wanted to try his worth on a big contract. If he could succeed, he knew that the position would be practically assured him; but if he failed, his chances would be slight.

Looking at his watch as he entered the station, he gave a gasp of dismay and held the timepiece to his ear. It had stopped! The station clock confirmed his suspicion that the train had already arrived. He dashed out and hailed a taxi to make a tour of the principal hotels. It was essential that he secure an interview before the glib tongued agents of rival companies got on the job.

He first drove to the Lincoln House; but an examination of the register failed to reveal any T. J. Lewis. He drove to all the principal hotels, but all were as unproductive as the Lincoln House. It seemed useless to search further, so, after paying a big taxi bill, he returned to his rooms. While pacing up and down with an anxious, worried countenance, he was interrupted by the buzz of the telephone. It was Lucille, who again entreated him to come.

"Especially," she coaxed, "because Uncle Thad wants to meet you. I have spoken so much about you, Tom."

"Why not?" thought Tom. "I have lost the contract." Yet he remained firm, clinging to a vain hope that he might somehow see Mr. Lewis.

As nothing better came to his mind, he set out on a tour of the less pretentious hotels and rooming-houses. His heart sank lower at each place he left; and, when he had completed the circuit, he was still as much in the dark as to the whereabouts of a certain T. J. Lewis.

The clock in the city hall was striking six as he disconsolately wended his way toward his rooms. He reflected moodily on his chances of securing the assistant managership.

How comfortable was that chair at the Assistant Manager's desk! He had often seen him lean back in a way that made his own back ache; especially when his own back had not rested on any kind of chair since morning. There were other attractive features, too, including the use of a private stenographer, and a much larger desk in a room with the neat gilt letters, "Assistant Sales Manager," on the front glass of the door. Besides these advantages, he would no longer have to chase from one end of town to the other, trying to convince unconvincible prospects; and last, but not least, it would definitely settle the elusive marriage date.

As he turned into his street, he concluded that he might just as well spend the rest of the evening at Lucille's home. He reached the house and was admitted by Lucille who had seen him coming up the walk.

"Come, Tom," she whispered when he had divested himself of his hat, "and meet Uncle Thad."

Tom entered the living-room; and introduced, he soon chatted merrily away, forgetting for the moment his defeat. Encour-

aged by Uncle Thad, he was soon telling his hopes and aspirations, and happened to mention the afternoon's failure.

He passed a pleasant evening, and laughingly told Uncle Thad, who had passed into the hall with him, that he feared he had bored him with his discussion on the merits of the United Packing Company. He was assured, however, that the lecture had been very interesting. Then Uncle Thad casually asked him the name of the man for whom he had been searching. Tom gave his prospect's name, wondering as he did so why Lucille's uncle had wanted to know the man's name. He concluded that it was mere curiosity.

His mind again turned to the contract. Thinking that some rival house had secured it, he thought that his chances for the Assistant Managership were accordingly nil. After spending a sorry night, he directed his lagging feet toward the office. Upon reaching it, he was called in by the Sales Manager. Wondering whether he would be discharged, he obeyed the summons.

The executive beamed on him.

"Great work, my boy, great work," he chuckled. "That Lewis is one hard bird to land. To tell the truth, I really didn't expect you to get the contract."

Tom was astonished, and bewilderedly tried to collect his thoughts. The manager continued in a jovial tone, "I've had my eye on you for some time, my boy, and I knew you'd make good if you had the chance. This contract, you know, was really a test. You have passed with flying colors. Beginning Monday," he went on, "there will be a new Assistant Sales Manager. I wouldn't be a bit surprised, if I were you, to hear that his name is Tom Barnes. Oh, bye the bye, Tom, Mr. Lewis spoke very highly of you; and that certainly did not lessen your chances."

He returned to his work, and Tom trod forth in a dream. Reaching his desk, he dazzedly tried to collect his thoughts.

"Either Mr. Smith or I have been affected by the heat," was his first thought. But after reviewing his experience of the previous day, he could find no explanation for the present situation. Suddenly a dawning suspicion broke upon hm. He jumped as if electrified, and grabbed the telephone. In a moment Lucille's voice fell upon his ear.

"Hello dearest. This is Tom. Say, what is your uncle's full name?"

"Why, Theodore Julius Lewis," came the answer.

THE MODERN MATADOR

Charles J. Mahady

In a sunny western hamlet, which is noted for its steers and cowboys, lived two real boys—Jim Crawford and Leon Martin. They were brought up on a ranch where there was no rest and where monotony prevailed. Like most boys of eighteen, they craved freedom and life and longed to see more of the world.

"Jim," said Leon one day, "the best thing we can do is to shake this ranch and join the navy; what do you say?"

"Well," exclaimed Leon, "that is the best thing you have said since we've been punching cattle!"

The next morning the young adventurers left the quiet sleeping village. What a pretty sight it was! The green meadows sloped down to meet a picturesque settlement at the bottom of the valley. It really required a great deal of courage to leave, but before them lay life, the world, and real adventure.

They had no trouble in joining the marines and were stationed on the S. S. Texas, which was bound for Spain.

"Just imagine a poor cow-puncher going to Spain," exclaimed Leon, as he mopped the ever-dirty deck. But why should he mind a dirty deck; he was through with cattle forever and this surely was a diversion.

But where is Jim? Oh, here he is in the kitchen, paring potatoes. However, "paring potatoes and chasing cows are a bit different," as he declared.

After a week or so had passed (which seemed like an hour to our heroes), the ship landed on the sunny, almond-scented shores of Spain. Here Jim and Leon were

given five days shore-leave. They made their way like unleashed hounds to Seville, the city "famous for oranges and women," as Byron wrote.

Upon their arrival Leon noticed a general stir and commotion among the people.

"What's all the rumpus about?", asked Jim.

"I guess there's a bull-fight," replied Leon. "Come on and we'll find out."

The annual bull-fight for the King's Trophy, a golden cup, was being held. It surely was a gala event for Old Spain. There was the modern Don Juan with his deep black sash and haughty step, and the demure, shy Spanish girl with her gorgeous lace mantilla. What a vivid spectacle it presented for the observant artist!

For a moment the boys looked over the throng with unmistakable awe. Then they wended their way to the huge arena.

"Looks something like the round-up back home," commented Jim.

"And I was just beginning to forget cattle," sighed Leon when the fight was announced.

The event was about half over when the boys had manoeuvered to gain the front row and were cheering lustily for the new style cowboy. Jim was especially enchanted by the new sport and was joining in the cry of "Adios Caballo" for a poor old horse, when he suddenly tumbled into the arena himself.

Jim called to Leon to help him out, but poor Leon was far out of reach. As the crowd yelled for him to get out of the way, he became fairly frantic. Finally Leon, the ever-calm Leon, bade him keep still for he could handle this bull as he had others at home.

Bleeding at the neck and nose, its eyes wild with fear, the bull dashed at Jim. Just as the bull was within a hundred feet of Jim, Leon jumped on his back in true cowboy fashion and rode the bull amidst the scattered cheers of "Ride 'em cowboy, ride 'em!" of the few Americans attending the novel bull-fight.

Having a firm grasp on its horns, Leon "bull-dogged" the animal to ground in a few seconds. Then they ran from the arena as fast as they could to regain their boat in order to forget bulls, cow-punching, and Spain forever.

WHEN I BOARDED THE WRONG TRAIN

Anna Burack, '26

Last summer, I was asked by a very dear friend to spend Christmas week at her house. I started out Christmas Eve, and arriving at the station, boarded a train for Plymouth, or so I thought. As the train ride from Boston to Plymouth is very long, I took a number of magazines to read. But in spite of these I began to feel very sleepy, and was soon nodding away in my chair.

Very faintly in my sleep, I heard a voice calling, "Last stop, all out." I was wide awake in a moment. Had I heard aright, or had my ears deceived me? Alas, I had heard correctly. Everyone was leaving the train, and I did likewise.

The moment I stepped out on the platform, I was surrounded by a group of young people who grasped my hands eagerly, some hugging me, some kissing me, and all exclaiming, "Oh, you dear thing, we had almost given up hope of your coming." Before I could draw my breath, I was bundled into a large machine that was standing near the station. Although I could not have spoken a word, there was no need to do so, for everyone was talking at once and waiting for no answer, I could now and then make out certain sentences like this: "Cousin Jane described you so well that I recognized you at once. We waited so long for you. I was dying to meet you. I thought you would never come, etc."

In a short time, we drew up before a large house which was lighted from top to bottom. I was hurried into the building, taken upstairs and had my wraps drawn off, and then I was brought downstairs again. There was a large crowd down there, most of whom seemed to be dancing. My arrival appeared to be the signal for a great deal of excitement. I was introduced to one person after another, but I was too dazed to catch any names. In a few minutes I was asked to dance; and after that, I was not left alone

for a minute, until suddenly, my partner was called away to the telephone, and I stood alone trying to think.

Just then, I noticed that a newcomer had entered the room and was causing a great commotion. To my horror, I saw her advance toward me with a very disagreeable look on her face, and heard her exclaim, "You imposter. So you would impersonate me, would you?" She then grabbed my shoulders and began shaking me very hard. When I finally could look up, it was only the porter in the train. He told me that my ticket was checked for Plymouth; that I was on the wrong train and must change cars at the next station.

You can imagine my relief when I realized that my experience was only a dream. I got off the train at the next station and took the train for Plymouth, and arrived there without further incidents occurring. But I am convinced that if it had not been for the wrong train, I should never have had that dream.

ALUMNI NOTES—(Continued from Page 6)

Gladys Howarth and Mildred Lusk are at Framingham Normal School.

Louis Cohen is at Middlesex College.

'24

Margaret Dow is at Miss Johnson's.

Beatrice McDonald is attending the Copley Art School.

Celina Morin is at the Fitchburg Normal School.

Eleanor Holmes is a Sophomore at Vassar College.

Wilfred Nightingale is a Sophomore at Harvard.

"Al" Garner is also a Sophomore at Harvard.

Edmund Casey was a candidate for City Councillor from Ward 4. He is attending Wentworth Institute.

Edward Spike is a Freshman at Harvard.

Marie Lusk is at Framingham Normal School.

'22

Louise Hall, Wellesley '27, was recently elected Song leader of her class. She is also Junior Chorister in the College Choir.

David Dow is a Junior at Harvard.

Fred Darrow has returned to Harvard after several years in business.

Eleanor Hopkins is a Junior at Wellesley.

Henry Groden is captain of the Boston College Hockey Team.

Priscilla Callan is attending Architectural School.

Beth Whiting is at Miss Johnson's.

Philip Rutledge is a Junior at Harvard.

Joseph Guertin is at Technology. He is a Sophomore.

'22

Mill Anderson has entered Harvard after a year in business. He plays center on the Freshman Football Team.

Miriam Putnam is Assistant Librarian at the Newton Center Library.

Eliot B. Spalding has been elected to the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa.

'21

John Fitzgerald is at the Harvard Law School.

'92

Robert D. Wrenn, at one time national tennis champion, died on Nov. 13 at his home in New York. He was a member of the famous committee that reorganized the game of football and eliminated many of the rougher features of this game.

NEWMAN H. BRAMBERG

It is with great sorrow that we hear of the untimely death of Newman H. Bramberg. He was one of our dearest classmates and friends. He excelled in drawing and has often drawn cartoons and sketches for the enjoyment of the pupils of the school.

Even as time passes on, we shall not forget him as we saw him in the classroom, or in the corridors, always with his smile for all. He has answered the Great Call, and has left behind, memories which we shall not forget. D. A. N.

For Higher Education

Sing a song of students
Cramming for exams.
Flocking to the library
Like a bunch of lambs.
When exams are over
Students begin to sing
And put away the text books
At least until next spring.

* * *

L. Bows: Well, I've gott'a go. I've gott'a read Idylls of the King by Friday.

J. Turnball: What do you mean? I thought Tennyson wrote that.

* * *

Miss F.: "How many of you want to go to college? Please stand,—those that do."

Miss F.: "Why Maloney, what's the matter with you? Why don't you stand up? Don't you want to go?"

Maloney: "Not if that bunch is going!"

* * *

What!

Mr. Derry's name left out of the Review.

Chaffee not talking.

Edith Kettell misbehaving.

K. Johnson without a smile.

Cards out on time.

Miss Hardy minus a little note book and pencil.

No unexcused tardiness.

* * *

"Well, who's been waiting the longest?" asked the doctor cheerfully as he opened the door of his office.

"I think I have doctor," said the smiling tailor as he presented a bill for twenty dollars. "I delivered your clothes three years ago."

Definitions

Bread—two thirds majority of a sandwich.

Death—Patrick Henry's second choice.

Beauty—An attribute formerly skin deep before the invention of powder and rouge.

Raffle—A scheme that gives you a chance to get nothing for something.

Knickerbockers—A long name for short trousers.

* * *

First soldier: "And to think that the bullet went right through my chest and came out of my back."

Second soldier: "But it would have gone through your heart and killed you, I should have thought."

First soldier, very earnestly: "Well my heart was in my mouth at the time."

Joke No. 0530421M

Little boy: "Your pa will lick you if he knows you are out here skating on this thin ice."

Big boy: "Oh, but he won't know. He's busy writing my composition and doing my home lessons for me."

* * *

Genuine—We read funny papers and joke magazines, too!

Obey that impulse—If you laugh, why shouldn't we?

Observe what's going on about you. It may be funny!

Don't debate on whether it is clever enough—Pass it in and let us begin under debate.

A Suggestion

"Cheerfulness," said Victor Hugo, "is like money well expended in charity; the more we dispense of it, the greater our possessions."

Moral—When you find something at school or at home that makes you laugh or amuses you, write it down, sign your name and home room at the end, and drop it into the Review Box outside of room seventy-nine-A. Amuse others as well as yourself!

* * *

"Remember children," said the teacher, "that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail."

Small boy immediately raises his hand.

"Well, what is it, Socrates?" asked the teacher.

"I was going to say," replied the young student, "that if that is the case it would be advisable to write to the publshers of that lexicon and call their attention at once to the omission."

Judge!

Object—If you continually pass material in and it is not printed. There may have been a mistake!

Kindly sign your name and home room to all contributions!

Expect good results if you help to produce them.

Stop—listen—laugh!

Heard in History

Mr. Sullivan, while discussing the coinage of money: "If a five dollar gold piece is a 'half eagle,' what is a ten dollar gold piece?"

Meuse: "The whole bird, sir."

* * *

B. Olken: "What do the letters Q. E. D. mean?"

R. Lynch: "Oh, that hasn't anything to do with geometry. It's the initials of the author."

Which all goes to prove that old jokes are new!

* * *

Mr. Derry has but lately advised all of us aspiring Latin scholars to keep our ponies in the stalls where they belong.

—Review 1914.

A Great Inducement Offered

Miss Bradbury, to pupil who has recited in a very low voice: "Speak up, Miss Doe. Just think there's a fire and you want to be saved."

Miss Doe: "Oh please send some succor."

—Review 1915

Teacher: "What's a synonym?"

Mary C.: "It's a word used when you don't know how to spell the one you first thought of."

—Review 1917

"What is the plural of man?"

"Men."

"And of child?"

"Twins."

—Review 1918

Things That Never Happen

The thermometer over 60 in Room 81.

Two vacant seats at assembly.

Phil. L. making a final farewell.

Larson out of trouble.

Unprepared nights in Latin.

Maloney talking sense.

She: "Oh I'm so busy."

He: "What's the matter?"

She: "Oh I'm so busy. I haven't sat down since I got up."

Miss F.: "Be very sure that you leave those papers before you pass out."

A Few Tips for Inquirers!—We Recommend

For a Secretary of War—David Nathans.

For a lady wishing to cross Broadway—Dorothy Bacon.

For a small investment—Helen Dunbar.

For a sweet young debutante—Marjorie Hopkins.

For a girl with lots of brains—Dorothy Hager.

The pupils of Chemistry, I was told, were marked on their ability to find things in the laboratory. If this is the case, it will be necessary to provide road maps for the pupils so that they won't get lost hunting for their weights, tongs, etc.

"Are you laughing at me?" demanded the irate Professor of his class.

"No," came the answer in chorus.
"Well," insisted the Professor, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

Teacher: "Sammie, name the four seasons."
Sammie: "Salt, mustard, vinegar, and pepper."

"There is not another boy in the town as clever at my Charles!"
"Go on; how is that?"
"Well, look at those two chairs. My Charles made them all out of his head, and he has enough wood left to make an armchair."

Parson: "You love to go to Sunday School, don't you Robert?"
Bobby: "Yes, sir."
Parson: "What do you expect to learn today?"
Bobby: "The date of the picnic."

Can You Solve It?

A funny little man told this to me—
I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jelly fish float up a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred my milk with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he
But 'tis true when told as it ought to be
'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.

"I doctor myself by the aid of medical books."
"Yes, and some day you'll die of misprint!"

Why!

The teacher was explaining to the class that "the bride always wore white because the wedding day was the happiest of a woman's life."
"Then why do the men all wear black?" asked a bright little boy.

Play and the world plays with you!
Study and you study alone!

Old man: "How many brothers and sisters have you, little girl?"

Brother of little girl: "Aint no use askin' her, mister. She can't only count up to eight."

Gale: "When I look at one of your paintings, Sumner, I stand and wonder—"
Fuller: "How I do it?"
Gale: "No—Why you do it!"

Mr. S.: "Do you know the Volstead act?"
"Well, ask your fathers."

Mr. Smart: "Oh, you're a lemon."
Miss Alec: "Well, why don't you squeeze me?"

An easterner to another easterner: "Where is the Wild West?"
The easterner to the other easterner: "My gosh! Can't you read? In the magazines; did you expect to find it running around loose?"

Johnny: "This sailor must have been a perfectly fine acrobat."
Mama: "Why, darling?"
Johnny: "Well it says, 'Having lit his cigar, he sat down on his chest.'"

Logic

Mr. S.: "If the President, Vice President and the members of the cabinet died, who would officiate?"
Miss H.: "I can't remember who comes next in sucession."
B.: "The undertaker, sir."

Miss Inquisitive: "The man next door is having a fierce argument with his wife."
Also Inquisitive: "But I don't hear his voice."
Miss Inquisitive: "Why should you? He hasn't spoken at all."

If at first you don't succeed in convincing your teacher—Cry, Cry again!

Bright French Student

A. Gruby: "She asked me to get her some eau de cologne for her birthday. Now what under the sun is 'eau de cologne' in French?"

Miss L. at a ball: "Do you know that ugly boy sitting opposite to us?"

Mr. F.: "That is my brother."

Miss L. in some confusion: "Oh I beg your pardon. I had not noticed the resemblance."

Young Bragger: "My grandfather built the Rockey Mountains."

Ditto: "Aw, that's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea? Well, my grandfather killed it."

Young boy to his dad: "Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?"

Dad: "Certainly."

Young boy: "Well, then shut your eyes and sign my report card."

"How can I keep my mince pies free from juvenile raids?" asks the mother of a large family.

Lock the pantry door and place the key under the soap in the boys' bedroom.

No Such Person

Thomas was not a prime favorite with his rich uncle. In vain did he try to impress him, for the old man was not easily impressed.

One evening the young man went to his uncle's home for a call, and in the course of conversation asked: "Uncle, don't you think it would be foolish for me to marry a girl who was intellectually my inferior?"

"Worse than foolish, Thomas," was the reply. "Worse than foolish—impossible."

A Magic Coin

Two students, spinning coin: "If it turns up heads we go to a show, tails we go to a dance, and if it stands on its edge, we stay home and study."

Servant: "Gentleman to see you, sir."

Master: "I was up all night and now I'm all in, tell him I'm out."

Teacher: "Now tell me, what is the opposite of 'misery'?"

"Happiness," said the class in unison.

"And of 'sadness'?" she asked.

"Gladness."

"And the opposite of 'woe'?"

"Giddap," shouted the enthusiastic class.

"Do you think that Professor Kidder meant anything by it?"

"What?"

"He advertised a lecture on 'Fools.' I bought a ticket and it said, 'Admit One.'"

Magstrate: "When you arrested him, what was he doing?"

Constable: "He was having a heated argument with a taxi driver, Yer Worship."

Magistrate: "But that doesn't prove he was intoxicated."

Constable: "But there was no taxi driver, sir."

The tightest man in the world is the Scotchman who shot off a pistol outside his house on Christmas Eve and then went in and told his children that Santa Claus had committed suicide.

Teacher: "Robert, give me a sentence using the word 'satiate'."

Bobby: "I took Mamie Jones to a picnic last summer and I'll satiate quite a lot."

"I can tell you how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart," asserted the young man at the climax of a dispute.

"Well, how much?"

"Two pints."

Teacher: "Give a brief outline of the story of 'Evangeline.'"

Pupil: "Evangeline had a lover. He ran away from her, and she chased him, and when she caught him, she kissed him and he died."

Teacher: "What do you mean by 'Councillor-at-large?"

Dumb Freshman: "One they haven't captured."

Heard in English II.

Teacher: "How long is each canto in the 'Lady of the Lake?'"

Student: "One day's home-work."

"Will you be with us next month?"

"What doing?"

"Reading the February issue of the Review."

"Is it going to be good?"

"How do I know. I haven't seen it."

"What do you think?"

"I seldom think."

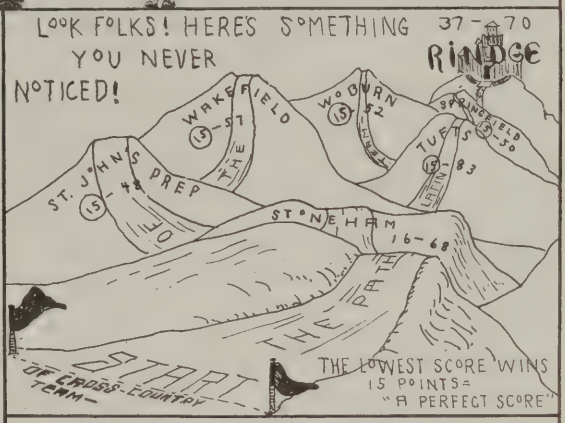
"Would you think if you could?"

"Not a moment. I'd rush right off and write something to make it good."

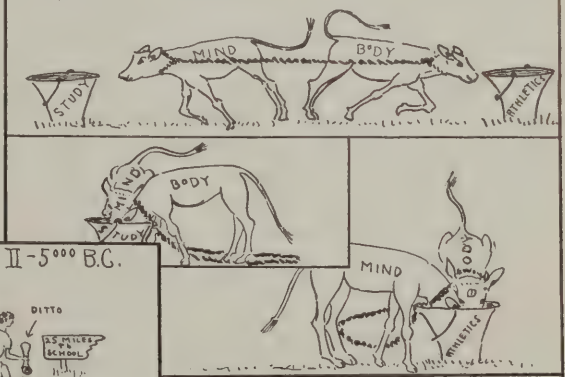
'26 CLASS OFFICERS

PICTURE OF STUDENT BEING SOLICITED BY ELECTION SEEKERS

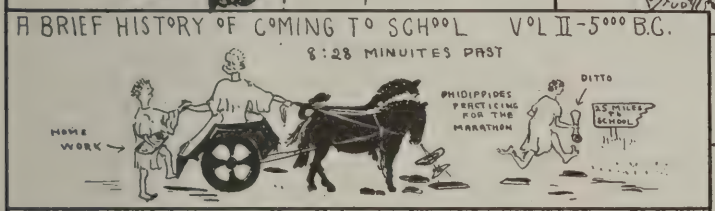
LOOK FOLKS! HERES SOMETHING YOU NEVER NOTICED!



LET'S PULL TOGETHER!

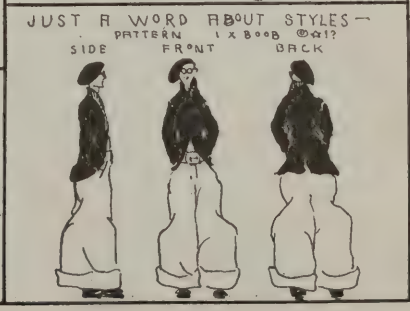


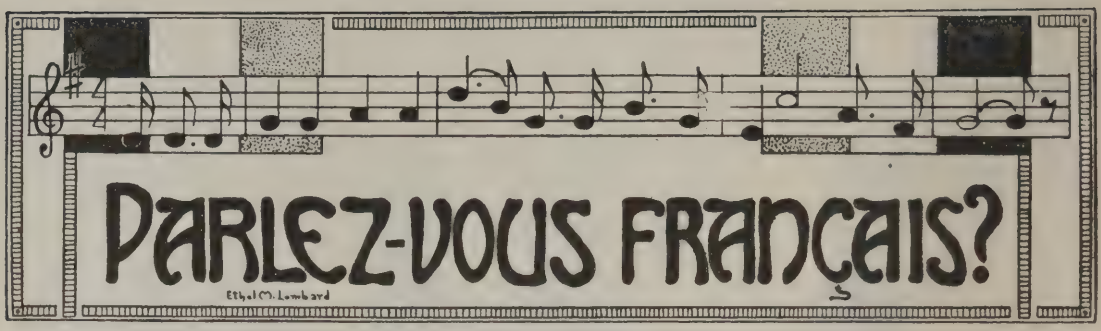
A BRIEF HISTORY OF COMING TO SCHOOL VOL II - 5000 B.C.



PICTURE OF ATHLETIC STUDENT DURING PERIODICAL DILEMMA

JUST A WORD ABOUT STYLES —





UNE ECOLE A PARIS

Elle s'appelait lorsqu'on lui accordait tout son titre Ecole Parissienne Saint Honoré d'Eylan, car elle était sous la direction de la vieille église de ce nom, qui, sur un coin de la place Victor Hugo, contemple le monument noirci du "Père du Romantisme." Tous les jours pour se rendre à l'école, il fallait passer devant l'église. Nour aimions cette partie de la promenade, ma soeur et moi. Souvent on y voyait des noces, mondaines, et quel que fois des funérailles. Pour les noces sa grande porte était drapée de velour rouge, garni de franges d'or. On voyait arriver alors une jolis petite mariée toute en blanc avec son bouquet de fleurs d'oranger. Pour les funérailles sa façade se couvrait de drap noir et sombre et la place Victor Hugo se remplissait de voitures, qui étalaient toute la splendeur du grand devil parisien.

Quoi qu'elle nous offrit de curieux on d'amusant, l'église Saint Honoré nous preparait toujours pour l'école où nous nous rendions. Devant elle nos petites compagnons se signerent toujours. Nous aimions bien nos amies françaises et nous admirions en elles la facon soigneuse et appliquée avec laquelle elles faisaient leurs études. Elles se rendiient a l'école suivies de loin de leurs bonnes qui dans leurs eternals tabliers blancs et leurs châles noires, portaient les énormes cartables des demoiselles. Tout le long de l'avenue Malakoff, jusqu'à l'école les jeunes écolières bavardaient, et nous autres, qui ne savions bien le francais, pouvions distinguer seulement des "elle m'a dit" on des "tu sais". Mais lorsqu'on voyait paraitre pardessus le grand mur le bâtiment vert de l'école, elles devenaient silencienses. On arrivait dans les lieux sacrés où régnait Madame Ardent, la directrice!

Grande, imposante, les cheveux noirs et toujours bien ondulés, ce qu'elle avait de plus remarquable était les sourcils si épais et si prononcés qu'ils faisaient peur aux élèves depuis la plus petite de la classe élémentaire jusqu'à la plus grande qui préparait son brevet supérieur. Donc, on n'était pas tranquille que jusqu'au moment où on était passé devant sa porte et monté dans la salle de classe.

Je n'oublierai jamais ma salle de classe à Saint Honoré; de grandeur moyeune et peinte en vert clair. La lumière y pénétrait par quatre fenêtres. Mais c'étaient les bancs et les pupitres qui m'intéressaient et me torturaient à la fois. En bois noir, d'un bon bois rude à peine aplani, ils n'avaient que six pouces de largeur. Les dessus se soulevaient et on voyait tous les trésors que peut assembler une écolière française; des livres soigneusement couverts de papier rouge on bleu: des cahiers de toute sorte, de calcul, de dessin, d'histoire naturelle d'écriture ronde et gothique, des cahiers de dictée, de géographie qui contenaient des cartes gaiment colorées.

Le matin chague jeune fille en arrivant ôtait de son pupitre son tablier noir, le mettait soigneusement pour bien couvrir sa role, et pius commençait le travail méticuleux de vider son cartable et de placer son petit pain et du chocolat pour le gouter.

La journée commençait avec des prières Après quoi on faisait une distée, ensuite de la grammaire et puis l'histoire sainte. Le pragramme variait de jour en jour. Les aprè s-midis étaient plus intéressantes que les matins. Le samediar on avait congé le jeudi, quelques unes des grandes faisaient du dessin. Les petites faisaient de la couture, Madame Pommier, notre professeur dont les joues ressemblaient vraiment à des pommes, nous faisait faire des jours et des ourlets sur des bouts d'étoffe carrés.

(Continued on Page 23)

LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS DE AMÉRICA

Impresiones del Embajador Argentino

en uso de licencia ha llegado a Buenos Aires el ministro argentino ante el Gobierno de la Unión, doctor Honorio Pueyrredón, accompañado por su familia.

Es éste el primer viaje del distinguido diplomático desde que se hiciera cargo de la embajada argentina. Solicitamos de él una entrevista. He aquí sus palabras:

—Impresiones de Estados Unidos?—nos contesta.—Imagínese cuanta cosa se puede contar del pueblo más grande y más fuerte del mundo, un hervidero de ciento veinte millones de almas.

Bueno: lo más notable que he podido observar en Estados Unidos es el extraordinario espíritu de ayuda y cooperación que reina entre los americanos del norte. Mil problemas menudos de la vida diaria que a nosotros nos parecen sin solución, allí están resueltos garcias a esa forma de asistencia mircua. Voy a concretar este hecho con una frase: el norteamericano tiene dos manos: una para ganarse la vida y otra para ayudar a su prójimo en la misma dura tarea. Así se ha logrado reducir a su mínima expresión el egoísmo colectivo. Y creo, sinceramente, que ésta es una de las causas más evidentes del enorme progreso de la nación. Un norteamericano está siempre dispuesto a ayudarlo a usted, sin reparar en molestias o inconvenientes. Una consecuencia de ello es el desarrollo del sentido de la hospitalidad entre el pueblo yanqui. Son extraordinariamente hospitalarios y yo, personalmente, guardo recuerdos imborrables de esta bella cualidad colectiva.

UNIVERSIDADES DE ESPANA

Al alborear el siglo XII se formaron en diferentes paises, corporaciones o hermandades de profesores y estudiantes, para asimilarse y divulgar los conocimientos, corporaciones que fueron creando escuelas con el titulo de estudios generales y colegios mayores que más tarde se transformaron en universidades. Las primeras universidades modernas fueron las de Paris y Bolonia.

En España, la primera universided fué la de Palencia, organizada en el año 1200 por el Rey Alfonso de Castilla, trasladada en 1243 a Salamanca, la Atenas española, célebre en todo el mundo por la reputación de sus maestros y el renombre que alcanzaron algunos de sus discípulos. La de Lérida fué fundada en 1300 por Jaime II; la de Valladolid, en 1346 por Alfonso XI; la de Valencia, en 1411; la de Sigfiüenza, en 1471, y la de Alcalá, fundada por el cardenal Cisneros, en 1508. Las demás han sido organizadas en fechas más recientes.

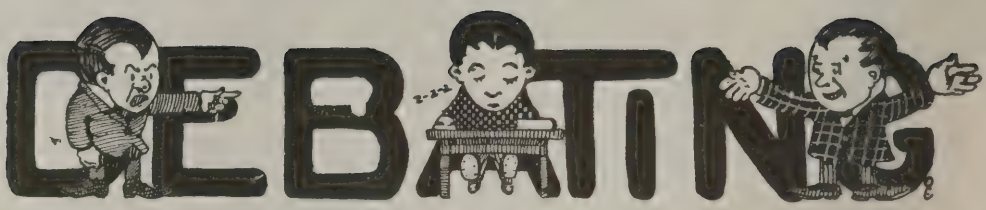
(El magisterio Español, Madrid.)

FRENCH—(Continued from Page 22)

Rarement, très rarement on nous accordait le privilege de travailler sur les ouvrages de dames. Ôles ouvrages, les jolies broderies je les adorois!

Alors pendant que nous faisons de la couture très, très soignéc Mademoiselle Delalain nous lisait quelque histoire d'une jeune fille sage, industrieuse, quiaimait bien sa mère et son père et qui recevait toujours une recompense du bon Dieu. Toutes petites que nous étions, nous avions saisi la signifiance des deux mots francais qui sont vraiment sacrés—la famille et la France!

—Une ancienne élève de cette école.



THE DEBATING CLUB

In the Constitution of the Cambridge High and Latin School Debating Council Article III, Section 3 reads that "This council shall form a debating club and shall decide upon the members to be admitted to this society."

Plans for this club are practically completed. There is no membership limit and all students of this school are eligible. This club will undoubtedly prove beneficial to its members. Parliamentary Law, court trials, and debates will take up the greater part of the time, but, in addition to these, the club will attend State Legislature Assemblies, City Council meetings, and Political and College Debates. To be brief, this organization will study all branches of argumentation.

A large membership is desired by the council. All students who desire to enroll will please hand their names to William Flynn, Debating Editor, Review Office.

FRESHMEN WIN FIRST DEBATE

The debating season of the school was inaugurated on November 6th when the Freshmen and Sophomores clashed on the subject, Resolved: That the United States should grant the Philippine Islands Independence.

Before a gathering of seventy-five students, the underclass debaters spoke well, stating their facts and arguments boldly with clear, effective emphasis. One member of the Sophomore team failed to present himself, forcing an unprepared alternate, Miss Margaret Lewis, to speak in his place. The way Miss Lewis extemporized was indeed a credit to her and her class.

To determine who was the winner was a difficult problem for the judges to solve. After much deliberation and after carefully considering the arguments of both sides, the judges finally decided that the Freshmen, who upheld the question in the affirmative, had presented the better arguments and were therefore entitled to the award.

William J. Flynn, '26, President of the Debating Council, presided as chairman, while the judges were the Misses Mary P. Bligh, Grace A. Coyle, and Margaret Friel, teachers of English.

The underclass teams were composed of the following students:

Freshmen	Sophomores
William Hogan *	George Foley *
Etta Gaffin	John Hughes
Charles Stephenson	Margaret Lewis

* Rebuttalist

DEBATING NOTES

Good for the Freshmen! May they continue their splendid work in debating.

For the first time in four years, girls have entered into the spirit of debating and have reported at the underclass debating trials. needless to say, some of the girls made the teams.

A debate is always won on pure merit. Take the C. H. L. S. Debating Team of two year ago for example. Our team debated Somerville on the question of the United States entering the World Court. Taking the negative of the question, our team won. A few months later came the debate with Rindge. This time, with the same question, our team took the affirmative of the question and again triumphed. It was a real team Cambridge Latin had that year and a wonderful tribute to Mr. Donohue's tireless coaching.

"Debating is the greatest weapon mankind possesses."

All those interested in debating should make an effort to join the Debating Club.

Any questions or suggestions pertaining to debating will receive prompt attention in this department.

BASKET BALL PRACTICE

Every week on Wednesday there is a chance for Freshmen and Seniors to play basketball, and on Thursdays the Sophomores and Juniors practice. Any senior who is interested in the game, whether she knows much about it or not, is invited to come down to the gym. We want a senior team this year so that we can have interclass games.

THE UKULELE BAND

On Monday, November 16th, all the girls who could play a ukulele of any sort met in the gym after school to form an orchestra. About twenty girls reported. It is hoped that there will be more next time.

THE FRESHMAN PARTY

Every year the old members of the G. A. A. give a party to the new members, and this is known as the Freshman Party. Only members of the organization are admitted on account of the size of the gym. This year the party was held Saturday afternoon, November 14th. The Gym was decorated to represent an old-fashioned country fair, and the girls were asked to wear costumes which might have been seen on the streets of Cambridge when it was called Newtowne. There were many charming costumes and quite a few amusing ones. In one corner of the Gym several cats and dogs were to be seen. Probably there were no dogs in Cambridge about 1630 that resembled these animals, but they certainly added to the scene. Another part of the Gym was set aside for quoits. Later a thrilling prize fight took place. Some of the Sophomores gave an exhibition of a school as it might have been in 1630. We pity the teachers of that time if their pupils ever acted as badly as these did. There were peanuts and hot dogs for sale in the Gym and ice cream in the lunch room.

For some time the girls wandered about the gym, buying things to eat and watching the side shows. Then there was the grand march, and every one marched past the teachers, who did their best to pick out what they thought were the funniest, the cleverest, and the prettiest costumes. Following this, all marched upstairs to the hall where the prizes were awarded. It was thought that Marianne Carney had the prettiest costume, but she graciously refused to accept the pen which Mr. Bramhall offered her. It was then given to Marion De Armond; and Mary Lamphrey and Minnie Foley received the prizes for the funniest and the cleverest costumes respectively.

A very amusing little play followed this. The leading lady was Katherine Carney, and the other characters were Marian Bramberg, Barbara Butnall, Catherine Buoche, Vivian Cramley, Harriet Johnson, Imelda McNamara, Dorothy OConnell, Rosella Senders and Pearl Steinmetz.

Harriet Johnson read a humorous selection, and Vivian Crawley danced for us. A prize of a ukulele had been offered to the girl who got the most members for the G. A. A. over 50. This prize and a book of Ukulele songs to accompany it was awarded to Etta Gaffin, who obtained 112 members.

All the teachers in the school were invited to the party, and quite a few came. Miss Hartigan, Miss McElroy, Mrs. Dunn, Miss Morse, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall, Mr. and Mrs. Fougere, and Mr. Foley were present.

THANKSGIVING BASKETS

Every year the G. A. A. fills several Thanksgiving Baskets and delivers them to needy families whose names they get from the Cambridge Welfare Union. This was done as usual.

SOMERVILLE 14—LATIN 12

Somerville won its annual game against Latin School at Russell Field by the score of 14 to 12. The game was well contested, and the football displayed by both teams was of midseason form. Wilson, Somerville's fullback, was the individual star for his team. He scored all the points with two touchdowns which he followed up with goals. Shea, Latin's centre, turned in the most spectacular play in the game, when in the third period he recovered a fumble near the Latin goal line, and ran it 95 yards through the whole Somerville team for a touchdown.

McFarland, Somerville's star tackle, was really responsible for his team's win, for after both Latin touchdowns, he succeeded in blocking the kicks for goals. He also blocked several other kicks throughout the game, kicks which might have resulted in a score.

Gibson, Latin's halfback, played a wonderful game. He was superb both on offensive and defensive play. By his plunges through the line and his successful end runs, Latin managed to score a touchdown in the second period.

Scully, McCarthy and Talbot also played well for Somerville.

Captain Sullivan, Hilliard, Walsh and McCusker were the other Latin School players who played good football.

The line-up:

Cambridge Latin	Somerville
Sullivan r.e.	r.e. Hatchnor
Koreywo r.t.	r.t. McFarland
Walsh r.g.	r.g. Bersgen
John Sullivan	
Shea c.	c. Corcoran
Freedman	
Popoli l.g.	l.g. Talbot
Cook	
Barber	
Toothacker l.t.	l.t. McGovern
Shea	
McCusker l.e.	l.e. Johnson
Fitzgerald q.b.	q.b. Harley
Harlow	McCarthy
Reardon l.h.b.	l.h.b. Scully
Crowley	
Gibson r.h.b.	r.h.b. Eull
	Keepe
Parker f.b.	f.b. Wilson
Hilliard	

LAWRENCE 13—CAMBRIDGE 6

Cambridge Latin was forced to bow in defeat to Lawrence, 13-6. This was, however, considered as a very good showing for Latin School as Lawrence has one of the best teams in the state. Lawrence's first score came late in the opening quarter as the result of steady rushing from midfield. A 10-yard run by Hapey, followed by a 15-yard forward pass, Lee to Conadino, and several shorter gains carried the ball across for Lawrence's first touchdown.

Early in the second period, Koreywo kicked from behind his own goal line but the ball only went to the 15-yard line. Lawrence scored after a few plays.

Cambridge's touchdown came when only 10 seconds of the second quarter remained. Lea of Lawrence hurled a forward pass which was gathered in by Gibson and he ran 95 yards for a touchdown.

Captain Jerry Sullivan, Gibson and Shea played a very fine game for Latin School. Hewitt, Hapey, and Lea played well for the victors.

The line-up:

Cambridge Latin	Lawrence
McCusker r.e.	l.e. Conadino
	Gag
Shea r.t.	l.t. Turner
	Walsh
Parker r.g.	l.g. Baldwin
Barber	
Brooks	
Freedman c.	c. Hagen
Walsh l.g.	r.g. McCarthy
Popoli	
Koreywo l.t.	r.t. Flynn
	Walsh
Sullivan l.e.	r.e. Giles
	Klier
Harlow q.b.	q.b. Hewitt
Gibson l.h.b.	r.h.b. Cadogan
Isenstat	
Fitzgerald	
Reordan r.h.b.	l.h.b Lea
Hilliard	
Penniman f.b.	f.b. Hapey
Crowley	

BROOKLINE SUBDUES LATIN

Cambridge Latin lost a very evenly contested game to Brookline to the tune of 14-7. In the first five minutes of play Brookline brought the ball to Latin's two-yard line, but lost it on a fumble thus giving up a very good chance to score. The Cambridge eleven did not seem able to dent the Brookline line during the first period so in the second period they resorted to an overhead attack, which proved to be very much more successful. A very clever forward pass of 40 yards from Koreywo to Captain Sullivan enabled the latter to score. Sullivan also kicked the goal for the point after the touchdown.

In the third period Captain Sullivan was injured and was forced to leave the game. This seemed to take all the fight out of the Cambridge players.

Steady plugging through Latin's line in the third period brought Brookline to the one-yard line and R. Gleason took the ball over. Brookline's second touchdown was a gift. Cambridge, in the fourth period, tried a pass similar to the successful one in the second period but Gentle intercepted it on his 40-yard line and running through the whole Latin team behind perfect interference, scored the winning touchdown. Latin School should not have been using such plays but should have been contented with a tie.

Gibson, of Cambridge Latin, played superbly throughout the game. Captain Jerry Sullivan, Walsh, and Freedman also did well for Latin school. Gentle, Gleason, and Meegan starred for Brookline.

The line-up:

Cambridge	Brookline
Sullivan r.e.	l.e. Smith
Fitzgerald	
Shea r.t.	l.t. Trudden
	Stein
Walsh r.g.	l.g. Frost
Popoli	
Freedman c.	c. B. Gleason
Cook l.g.	r.g. Myerson
Hayes	
Koreywo l.t.	r.t. Phillips
McCusker l.e.	r.e. Woods
	Taglino
Harlow q.b.	q.b. R. Gleason
Hilliard r.h.b.	l.h.b. Gentle
Reardon l.h.b.	r.h.b. Meegan
Finstein	
Gibson f.b.	f.b. Bowles

MEDFORD DEFEATS CAMBRIDGE LATIN 21-0

Medford easily defeated Latin School 21-0 at Medford. The strong Medford team seemed to outclass Latin School in all the departments of the game. Latin School lost its chance to score in the first period when it rushed the ball from the kickoff to Medford's five-yard line and then did not have the punch to put the ball across for a touchdown. Here Medford took the ball from Latin on downs, and started its long march down the field to Latin's goal. Edgerly made the touchdown in the first period on a brilliant run. Herb, Medford's star fullback, ran 35 yards to the four-yard line in the third period and took the ball over for the touchdown. In the fourth period Michelson made the last score on straight line plunging. Latin's team seemed to go to pieces in this game, and failed to play

the brand of football that it had shown up to this date.

Gibson, Captain Sullivan and Shea starred for the Cantabs, while Herb, Michelson, Manfre, Nutter and Edgerly played very well for Medford.

The line-up: Cambridge	Medford
Sullivan, Capt. r.e.	l.e. Elliot
	Cook
	Mackay
Shea r.t.	l.t. McDermoth
	Connolly
	Chalmers
Walsh r.g.	l.g. Prior
	Howe
Freedman c.	c. Egan
	Marshall
Popoli l.g.	r.g. Brincolo
Cook	
Koreywo l.t.	r.t. Sullivan
	Harlow
McCusker l.e.	r.e. Manfre
	Macmillan
Harlow q.b.	q.b. Michelson
Hilliard r.h.b.	l.h.b. Nutter
	Edgerly
	Wells
Gibson l.h.b.	r.h.b. Kirk
	W. Marshall
Penniman f.b.	f.b. Herb
Reardon	
Crowley	

CAMBRIDGE 0—EVERETT 0

Cambridge Latin held Everett, the champions of the Suburban League, to a scoreless tie on Thanksgivng Day at Everett. Although it was thought by most people that Latin school was due for "just another trimming" at the hands of the strong Everett team, it fought stubbornly all through the game, and managed to come out with a scoreless tie. Everett kept the ball in Latin's territory a greater part of the game, but Latin's strong defensive game prevented them from scoring. Twice Everett had real chances to score, but they failed to take advantage of these opportunities. In the second period following a series of intercepted forwards by the Latin team, Griffin, the star Everett fullback, threw another pass to O'Hara, his team mate, whose hands grasped the ball only to let it fall again on the goal line. Latin's chance for a touchdown was spoiled by Griffin, who intercepted some of Latin's forward passes just as it seemed as though they were about to score. Toward the end of the game Latin School again threatened Everett's goal line when Hilliard brought down a forward thrown by Griffin, and then made five yards. Gibson then followed with three straight gains, and Crowley went through for five more yards for Cambridge. This brought the ball to Everett's thirty-yard line, but the whistle then blew, ending the game.

Gibson, Captain Sullivan and Hilliard starred for Latin School.

Griffin, O'Hara and Convery played good football for Everett.

The line-up: Cambridge	Everett
Sullivan, Capt. r.e.	l.e. O'Hara
Koreywo r.t.	l.t. Hancock
	Schlomovitz
Walsh r.g.	l.g. Lewis
Hayes	
Freedman c.	c. Convery
Popoli l.g.	r.g. Tobey
Barber	Peterson
Crowley c.	
Cook l.t.	r.t. De Venute
Toothaker	
McCusker l.e.	r.e. McLean
	Redmond
Harlow q.b.	q.b. Harrington
Hilliard r.h.b.	l.h.b. Colby
Reardon	Holmes
Gibson l.h.b.	r.h.b. Ahlin
Shea f.b.	f.b. Griffin

THE REVIEW'S ALL-CAMBRIDGE TEAM

R. E.	Capt. Jerry Sullivan	Latin
R. T.	Koreywo	Latin
R. G.	Enquist	Rindge
C.	Shea	Latin
L. G.	Battgha	Rindge
L. T.	Anderson	Rindge
L. E.	McCusker	Latin
Q. B.	Harlow	Latin
L. H. B.	Gibson	Latin
R. H. B.	Hilliard	Latin
F. B.	Capt. Elcewicz	Rindge

LATIN HARRIERS DEFEAT WAKEFIELD

The Cambridge Latin Cross Country team decisively defeated Wakefield's team at Wakefield, October 24, by the perfect score of 15-57. This was the third victory for the Latin harriers and the second perfect score. Captain Maloney and Trainor took the lead at the beginning of the race, and held it all during the race. The time for the two and seven-eighths miles course was 15 minutes, 56 seconds. This was a new record. Meuse of Latin was third followed by Beshgetur and Adelson, both of Cambridge. Hannon, the first Wakefield runner, finished sixth. Murray, Higgins and Dente took seventh, ninth and tenth places respectively.

LATIN CROSS COUNTRY TEAM DEFEATS TUFTS FRESHMAN

The Latin harriers defeated Tufts Freshman in a dual meet, held at Russell Field October 27, by a score of 15-83. Latin School showed what a powerful team it has by winning the first thirteen places. The first Tufts' freshman runner finished fourteenth. Captain Maloney, Meuse, Beshgetur and Trainor finished in a dead heat for first place. They were followed by Murray, Adelson, Dente, Higgins, McGillvary, Squires, Nadeau, Grover and Oliva, all of Cambridge Latin. The race was run in the fast time of 15 minutes 38 seconds.

LATIN HARRIERS WIN FROM WOBURN

The Latin Cross Country Team easily defeated Woburn in a dual meet held at Russell Field on October 30 by the perfect score of 15-52. Latin School again proved that it has a wonderful scoring team by winning the first six places. This is the fifth consecutive victory and the fourth perfect score. Captain Maloney finished first in the fast time of 15 minutes 26 1/5 seconds. This was the third fastest time that the course has ever been run in. Beshgetur, Maloney's team mate finished a close second. Meuse, Murray, Adelson and Higgins of Latin School finished in that order. The first Woburn runner finished seventh.

SPRINGFIELD COLLEGE FRESHMAN DEFEATED BY LATIN CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

The undefeated Latin Cross Country team added another victory to its long string when it easily defeated the Springfield College Freshman Team by the perfect score of 15-50. Meuse of Latin School finished first. Beshgetur, Thompson, Trainor, Murray, Maloney and Adelson tied, finished in that order. The time for the race was 14 minutes 41 2/5 seconds, which broke the record which was made by Clinton Goodwin of Rindge. In this race the Latin harriers again show their great scoring power when all their men finished before the first Springfield College Freshman runner.

LATIN CROSS COUNTRY TEAM DEFEATS RINDGE

The undefeated Latin harriers completed their season by defeating Rindge 35-71 Thanksgiving Day at Russell Field. This race is an annual affair between the two Cambridge teams. There were twenty-nine starters in the race. At the start the lead was taken by Beshgetur, and he held it for about one-quarter of a mile. Meuse then took the lead, and after a quarter of a mile he gave it up to Goodwin of Rindge. At the end of the first mile Goodwin of Rindge was leading followed by Meuse, Maloney, Trainor, Thompson, Adelson and Beshgetur all of Latin School. As the runners left the field Goodwin was leading by about sixty yards. After about two miles of race had been run, Maloney, Trainor and Thompson of Latin, running together, had gained about thirty yards in the lead. As the runners again entered the field, Goodwin was leading Captain Maloney of Latin School by thirty yards; with only less than a quarter of a mile remaining it looked like an easy victory for Goodwin. Maloney, however, sprinted up the back stretch of the track, and caught up to Goodwin. The two runners started down the home stretch, running neck to neck. Maloney passed Goodwin, but did not have the necessary punch to keep the lead, because he had used his

sprint in catching Goodwin. Goodwin again forged ahead of Maloney, and broke the tape a yard in front of him. Trainor of Latin School, who had also run a well judged race, finished third, followed closely by his team mate, Thompson. Meuse of Latin was fourth, followed by Adelson, Beshgetur and Murray all of Latin School. The next Rindge man finished in ninth place.

This year Latin School has had the best Cross Country team that it ever had. It won all of its seven dual meets. They defeated five of their opponents by perfect scores, one of them by a 16 score, 15 being a perfect score, and Rindge by one of the lowest scores ever made by either team in the dual meet. There is no high school or prep. school in the State that can show a better record than Latin School's. The following are the runners who will receive their letters: Captain "Joe" Maloney, "Joe" Trainor, "Art" Thompson, "Pete" Beshgetur, "Fred" Meuse, Henry Adelson and "Charlie" Murray. There were several other boys on the team who ran well enough all season to earn letters on any ordinary team, but as there are only seven letters given, these boys will not receive this coveted prize. Next year Latin School hopes to have another good team although only two of its letter men, Beshgetur and Murray return. There is, however, a great amount of new material and Latin School looks forward to another successful season.

A great amount of credit for the team's wonderful showing is due to the able coaching of Mr. Joseph Smith. Mr. Smith was the founder of Cross Country in both Latin and Rindge, and in the five years that he has been coaching this sport he has turned out some of the best high school cross country teams in the State. He has also developed a great many individual stars, although he puts most stress on a good scoring team.

The runners will now rest for a short time and then take up indoor track. Mr. Sheehan, coach of the track team, is looking forward to a very successful season.

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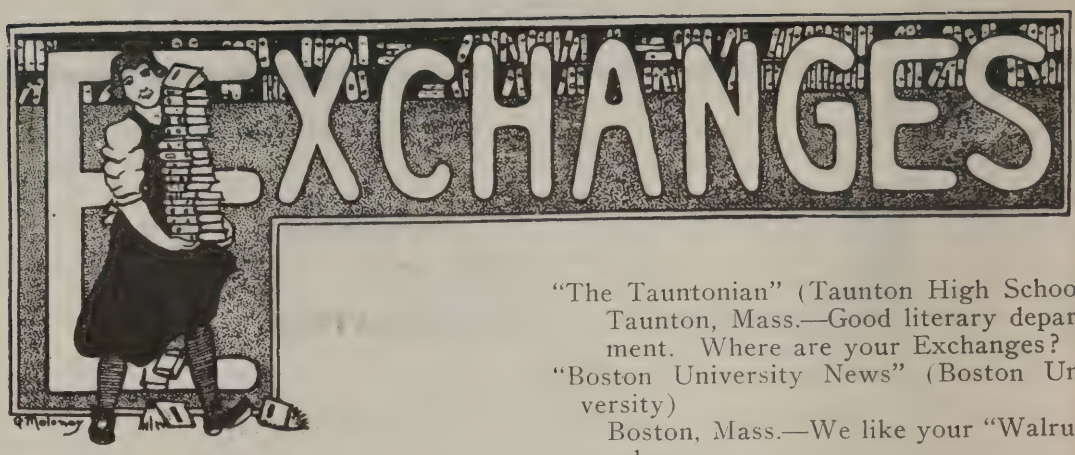

This month we are especially fortunate in having exchanges from all parts of the United States, and even from Alaska, that frigid province of ours.

"The Ore Digger" (Colorado School of Mines)
Golden, Colorado—An excellent all-round paper, deserving special mention of its editorials.

"The Bowdoin Orient" (Bowdoin College)
Brunswick, Maine—Needs no mention. Its an old stand-by.

"The Broadcast" (Everett High School)
Everett, Mass.—Fine sporting section.

"The Echo" (Winthrop High School)
Winthrop, Mass.—We like your editorials.

"The Survey" (Marion High School)
Marion, Indiana—Great spirit.

"The Army and Navy Journal"
Washington, D. C.—Such a lofty periodical we do not feel competent to criticise.

"The Dunbar Observer"
Washington, D. C.—We suggest that you give your address in your paper. The only way we had of discovering where "Dunbar" is located, was an "ad".

"Fine Yarus" (Gastonia High School)
Gastonia, N. C.—To use your own phrase, your Exchanges show a "heap of pepper".

"The Waxa Beacon" (Waxahachie High School)
Waxahachie, Texas—A lot of snap in all departments.

"The Bulletin" (Watertown High School)
Watertown, Mass.—A great school with a loyal paper.

"The Tauntonian" (Taunton High School)
Taunton, Mass.—Good literary department. Where are your Exchanges?

"Boston University News" (Boston University)
Boston, Mass.—We like your "Walrus" column.

"The Aegis" (Beverly High School)
Beverly, Mass.—The best high school publication we have received.

"Kayhitenis"
Ketchikan, Alaska—"More or Less Serious" is most amusing.

"Orange and Black" (Shickley High School)
Shickley, Nebraska—We are interested in your social good-times.

"The Exponent" (Greenfield High School)
Greenfield, Mass.—A great athletic department. Your editorials deserve considerable praise.

"The Grotonian" (Groton School)
Groton, Mass.—An excellent literary section. We admire your column, "The Month".

"The Gleaner" (Pawtucket High School)
Pawtucket, R. I.—A paper worthy of extensive honor, but why not develop your athletic department?

EXCHANGE JOKES

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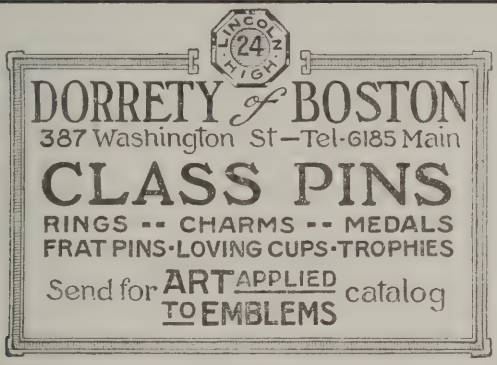

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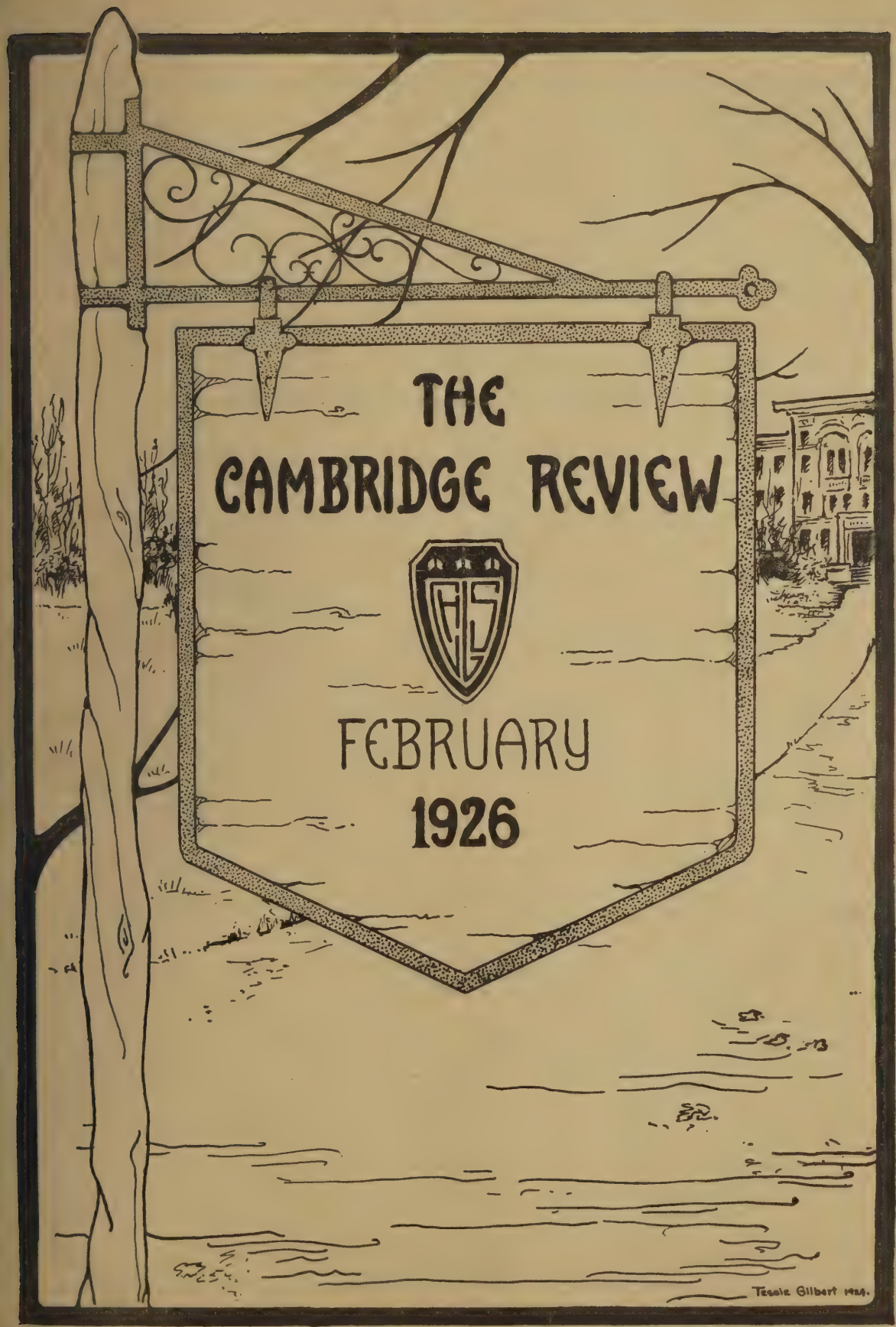
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Volume 40 Number 3

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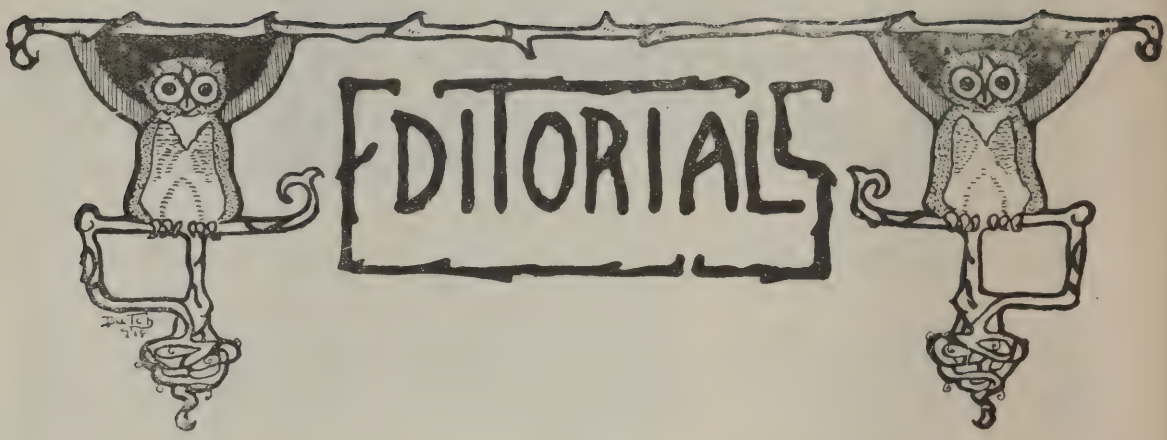


"MICE AND MEN"

"Mice and Men," a dramatic comedy of the early eighteenth century by Madeline Lucette Ryley, was presented at Brattle Hall on January 29 and 30 by the 1926 Senior Drama Cast. The cast of characters:
Peter (Embury's servant)...John Macbeth
Mrs. Deborah (his housekeeper)
Pauline Lyon
Mr. Embury (scholar, philosopher)
John Curtin
Roger Goodlake (his friend)
Donald Finlayson
Joanna Goodlake (Roger's wife)
Dorothy Gray
Beadle (of the Foundling hospital)
Louis Klashman
Matron (of the Foundling hospital)
Marion Evers
Peggy ("Little Britain")..Margery Gerould
Captain George Lovell (Embury's nephew)
Lawrence Gibson
Molly (a kitchen maid).....Helen Legate
Kit Barniger (professor of deportment)
Maurice Levin
Sir Harry Trimblestone.....Norman Estey
Orphans:
Helen Dunbar, Mabel White, Alice Freeman, Margaret Culhane, Alice Patten, Letitia Capers, Germaine Boutin, Doris Bullen.

The play was under the direction of Miss Lillian Hartigan who needs no introduction to Seniors or recent graduates. She is a large part of Senior Class life at the Cambridge High and Latin School. Her tireless energy in the interests of the outgoing class reaches its height in the production of the annual Senior Drama. Here she is rightly supreme. The class of 1926 is fortunate in having Miss Hartigan working for its interests.

The story of the play centres upon the theory of a certain scholarly gentleman, Mark Embury, and the results of his putting that theory into practice. He believes that one's wife must be molded from a tender age to fit the requirements of a perfect wife and mother, viz., physical and moral strength and fearlessness. He believes in actually bringing his own wife up to suit his fancy. Joseph Curtin gave a very fine enterpretation of this difficult character. His emotions were so realistic as to excite the audience to sympathy in his sorrow, and admiration in his anger.

The instrument of his experiment is a young girl from the Foundling Hospital whom he establishes as his ward. Peggy is a charming ingenuous little girl who later buds forth as a beautiful woman. This part was extremely well taken by Margery Gerould. Her acting was probably the most exact and finished of the play. Who will forget her captivating innocence of dissimulation, her curiosity, her obstinate jealousy, and above all her heart breaking grief?

The plan is balked, however, by the dash-

ing young nephew of Embury who falls in love with Peggy. This part was well played by Lawrence Gibson, the popular class president. Gibson's carriage and mien lent color to his very good acting. He was a most striking figure and doubtlessly caused many young ladies in the audience to wish themselves in Peggy's place.

Donald Finlayson as Roger Goodlake, the great friend and confidant of Embury played the part of a very likeable gentleman in a sincere realistic way. The assumed deviltry of a henpecked husband and the strong friendship for an eccentric friend were alike well enacted by Finlayson.

The villainess of the play, who loved Lovell and sought to continually demean and humiliate Peggy, is the wife of Goodlake. This was a most difficult part played very creditably by Dorothy Gray. At the climax she succeeded in making the audience hate her and thereby achieved success. It is the aim of every villain and villainess to be sincerely hated by the audience.

The part of Mrs. Deborah, the kindly sympathetic housekeeper of Mark Embury's home, was very well taken by Pauline Lyon. Her speech, mannerisms, and appearance brought her characterization to a point nearing perfection.

Embury's servant, Peter, was portrayed very realistically by John Macbeth. No spectator could fail to say that he played the part, and played it well. The other servant of the Embury household was Molly, the awkward, curious kitchen maid. Helen Legate made this very unimportant part such a success as to momentarily detract from the greater lights on the stage at the time of her appearance and shortly afterward. It is a pity that the play did not provide for more action from Molly than it did. Miss Legate interpreted the humor of the part very well.

Kit Barniger, an amusing instructor in the deportment of young people was played by Maurice Levin in a commendable fashion. Sir Harry Trimblestown, who surely needed instruction in deportment, was a character who furnished much humor of a rather indelicate nature. The part was taken by Norman Estey in a very enjoyable style.

The characters of the matron and beadle of the Foundling Hospital were very well handled by Marion Evers and Louis Klashman respectively. They made one feel that had the author provided more for them to do, they would have performed very creditably. The orphans were very amusing indeed.

The costuming was notably very effective. The gorgeous silks and satins of the principals without doubt aided materially in producing a desirable effect. Mention certainly should be made of the very fine scenes. The second was particularly beautiful and elicited the applause of the audience as the curtain was raised. A decided appreciation of the effect of realistic scenery must be attributed to the director of the stage.

The music was furnished by the school orchestra, directed by Mr. Whorisky. Their selections were admirably played and greatly appreciated by the audience.

The drama was a complete success. The characters were well cast and played their part in a manner worthy of great praise. When one realizes that "Mice and Men" was prepared for presentation in one month and that the majority of the actors had never appeared in a four-act play before, the accomplishment of Miss Hartigan and the cast may receive the commendation and praise which it so rightfully deserves.

MARK BREWER

The opening of the new year was marked by the loss to the sophomore class of one of its foremost members. Mark Brewer passed away very suddenly from the effects of a fatal mastoid. He had an exceptionally high scholastic standing and played a saxophone in the orchestra during his two high school years. The boy was imbued with an excellent school spirit and stood ever ready to help C. H. L. S. or the Sophomore Class.

In memory of the years that his son passed in the school orchestra his father, Dr. Brewer of Harvard, presented to the school the C melody saxophone which the boy used in his short musical career. It is Dr. Brewer's hope that the instrument can be used to the advantage of some musically inclined member of the student body. The school gratefully acknowledges the memorial gift and extends its sympathies to the parents of Mark Brewer in the mutual bereavement.

MORE BOOKS

It will be remembered that in the Christmas issue of the *Review*, the benefits derived from reading books were pointed out and certain notable books were suggested. In accordance with the policy inaugurated at that time, we will have in each issue of the *Review* a list of books suggested for profitable and entertaining reading. The list for this issue follows:

1. *Ivanhoe.* Sir Walter Scott. An historical novel.
2. *Vanity Fair.* William Thackeray. A romantic novel.
3. *Pickwick Papers.* Charles Dickens. Humorous chronicles.
4. *Plain Tales from the Hills.* Rudyard Kipling. Various tales of India.
5. *Rupert of Hentzau.* Anthony Hope. Romantic novel.
6. *Call of the Wild.* Jack London. Thrilling "dog-story".
7. *Treasure Island.* Robert L. Stevenson. An exciting sea story.
8. *A Gentleman of France.* Stanley J. Weyman. An historical romance.
9. *The Flirt.* Booth Tarkington. A novel.
10. *Truthful James and Other Poems.* Francis Bret Harte.

JUNIOR ELECTIONS

The Junior class held its election on December twenty-second. It was the first year that the Juniors had the privilege of choosing their reception committee. There was keen competition among the various nominees. The results were as follows:

President, William Brooks
Vice-President, Dorothy Groden
Treasurer, Rene Morize
Secretary, Rose Rooney

Pin Committee
Kathleen Cassidy
Catherine Corcoran
Donald Hayes

Reception Committee
Margaret Gibson
Mary O'Connor
Dorothy Egan
Catherine Corcoran
Frances Nansen

Rose Rooney, Sec., '27.

Following is a list which may impress upon our readers the comparative infancy of some of the processes and mechanical contrivances which we are today likely to consider as merely necessary adjuncts of our era. We forget that the world of which we have record is nearly two thousand years old and the great majority of our so-called necessities, the telephone, telegraph, moving picture camera, and others, still lack their two hundredth birthday anniversary. The list is only partial but includes the most common of the undervalued inventions of the modern world.

First Book printed from movable type was the Bible, printed in German, by Johann Guttenberg, 1450-1455, at Mainz, Germany.

First American Book. Bay Psalm Book, printed at Cambridge, Mass., in 1640.

First College Paper. Published by Dartmouth College in 1800, called the Gazette. Daniel Webster contributed to it.

First Telescope was used by Galileo about 1600, at Florence, Italy.

First Moving Pictures. Exhibited by M. Reynard in 1877. He called it a praxinoscope, and later Reynard's optical theatre. The first successful long strip of film was produced by Eastman, at Rochester, N. Y., in 1889.

First Wireless Telegraph was sent by Guglielmo Marconi, in 1895. The first trans-Atlantic message was sent from Cornwall to Newfoundland, December 10, 12, 1901.

First Telephone was used between two rooms in a house in Boston, in March, 1876, by Alexander Graham Bell.

First Electric Arc Lamp was made by Sir Humphry Davy in 1801, at London, England.

First Electric Incandescent Lamp was made by Thomas Edison, October 21, 1879, at Newark, N. J.

First Submarine was invented by David Bushnell, an American, in 1771. It was propelled by oars, and carried a "torpedo."

First Aeroplane actually to leave the ground was made by Sir George Cayley in 1796.

First Steamship, the Clermont, invented by Robert Fulton, made its trial trip on the East River, N. Y., on August 9, 1807.

First Steam Engine was operated in September, 1769, by James Watt, at Kinneil, Scotland.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

At the first meeting of the Home Economics Club this year the following officers were elected:

President.....Thelma Ringer
Treasurer.....Mabel White
Secretary.....Edith Morse

The members of the club spent a profitable and enjoyable afternoon in October, when they visited the Modern Priscilla Proving Plant. The girls were cordially welcomed by the hostess who escorted them through the different rooms, explaining all the uses of this modern home. Here household devices are tested and if found satisfactory are given the Plant's stamp of approval. This seal is not only helpful to the purchaser but also to the merchant. Every detail in home-making is taken up by the staff of workers and they are gracious and helpful in giving suggestions and aid to those who consult them.

At the November meeting a demonstrator was present who initiated the girls into the mysteries of marmalades, jam, and jelly making. These tasty jellies were easily and quickly made in an incredibly short time, and each girl went home fully determined to experiment in her mother's kitchen at home. Perhaps many a table in the weeks that followed was graced with one of these delicately colored molds.

A trip to the Museum of Fine Arts was made in December to see the wonderful collection of John Singer Sargent's works.

January's trip was to Page and Shaw's candy factory situated in our own city. The club members were received and escorted through the plant by one of the foremen. It was somewhat difficult for the girls to think of the making of candy in such great amounts. Cupfuls were unheard of, giving place to gallons and other large measures. It was an interesting fact to learn that hundreds of pounds of pure butter are used daily in making this candy. One of the most interesting operations to watch was the candy dipping. The work of the factory is complete from the manufacturing of the chocolate used in their candies to the making of the wrappings and the boxes which we see in the finished product.

HI-Y NOTES

On January fifteenth a supper was given to the Cambridge Latin cross-country team by the Hi-Y Club at the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Sheehan, our faculty manager, acted as toastmaster for the evening and told several witty anecdotes which drew big laughs from the gathering. Bill Tibbets, Harvard track captain inter-collegiate cross-country champion, gave a short talk laying stress on the importance of a college education and the opportunity offered to the aspiring school-boy athlete. Joe Maloney made a few appropriate remarks about the past hill and dale season; and each member of the team was called on to say a few words. At the close of the speech-making a cheer was given to the Hi-Y Club by the Cross-country team.

During the past month the club was busy remodelling its constitution. However time was found to hold an interesting and instructing discussion on the girl question on January twenty-second at the regular meeting.

Plans are being laid for a conference of the Greater Boston Hi-Y Clubs to be held at Technology. Many interesting speakers have been secured for this get-together which will come off on March seventh.

CHESS TEAM

Peter Pertzoff, third board man of the C. H. L. S. Chess team, was elected captain of the team upon the resignation of Iudalecio Hernandez. Hernandez was captain of last year's team, and was re-elected this year, but he has left school. Sam Andelman received 2 votes to Pertzoff's 4 votes.

The first match of the season, which was scheduled with Somerville for January 8, was postponed until March 5.

The Brookline High School team, which defeated Rindge, 5-1, was beaten by Cambridge Latin by the same score. S. Fishman, playing sixth board, defeated his man in twenty-five minutes. N. Long, P. Pertzoff, and S. Benedict beat their opponents handily, but M. Andelman made a slight error which resulted in his defeat. S. Andelman played a close game with his opponent, but was safe all the way, and won.

THE TALE OF THE OLD TAVERN

Kay Johnson

Two miles north of our summer home is an old ruin. Years ago this was a house. At present there is nothing left but the cellar walls and a deep hole. An interesting story is told about the place.

In the days when Indians were numerous in that part, the ruin was a tavern. It raised its log roof toward the sky at a short distance from the road to Canada. The tavern was kept by a man, his wife, and his daughter. People did not pass the place often; but when they did, they were glad to stop in and eat a morsel. The Indians were usually friendly.

One winter day the wife fell ill. She must be taken to the doctor. It happened that the doctor lived in the village which was fourteen miles distant. Lucie, the daughter, would stay alone at the tavern. It would never do to have no one there when at any time some needy travellers might require help. The sick woman was driven to the distant village on a clear cold day. After the two had departed, Lucie finished up the housework and sat down to spin. She remembered that the last travellers had related a rumor which, if it were true, was rather fear-inspiring. Someone was selling the Indians fire-water. The tribe of them which was said to receive the most, was not particularly friendly at any time. The fire-water only served to make them more hostile.

Lucie dispelled such thoughts from her mind with a shudder. The short afternoon passed uneventfully. Towards evening as she looked out one of the small windows, she saw something at the edge of the woods. A bear, perhaps; but, no, there was more than one shape. Nothing could be clearly distinguished. As Lucie watched, she perceived the shapes flitting from one tree to another. Suddenly she realized that they were Indians. They began to creep out slowly toward the house. When they drew near enough, she could see war paint on their features and bodies. If they captured her, she would be horribly tortured. She looked wildly around her. A lucky thought occurred to her. Under one of the deerskin rugs was a trapdoor. It opened above a long hole. She seized a loaf of bread and filled a bottle with water. Drawing aside the rug she opened the trap-door and slipped into the hole. She set the bread and water beside her; and after stretching out flat on the ground, she closed the trap-door. Her listening ears soon were rewarded. A shrill war cry suddenly broke the calmness of the air. The Indians rushed against the house. They broke down the door. Lucie could hear their soft moccasins patting on the floor above her. Apparently they were searching the house. Shouts of laughter and grunts could be distinguished. She waited in horror for someone to discover the trap-door. No one did.

The Indians seemed in no hurry to depart. After some time, she heard them talking rapidly. They opened the door and another Indian entered. She knew it was an Indian because the others were silent. If it had been a pale face, they would have shouted. The new comer spoke in an imperious voice. The Indians grunted in submissive voices. They left the house. Lucie felt sure that the man who had sent them off was still there. After a time he called. As she did not answer he began searching. Suddenly he saw the trap-door. He opened it and Lucie looked up to behold a chief standing above her. She came out of her hiding place. There was nothing else to do. The chief spoke in broken English. He had been away. In his absence his warriors had drunk fire-water. When he returned he learned from the women that they had set out for the tavern. He had come as rapidly as possible. He was friendly to the English and had no wish to harm them. Besides, it was his papoose whom Lucie had saved from a bear the previous fall. His squaw came and stayed with her until her parents arrived.

It was an exciting tale that Lucie had to tell when they were seated once more around the fire. She hoped that she would never have such a narrow escape again.

The hole in the ground, which can be seen by everyone who visits the ruins, is the hiding place of long ago.

THE TRUCK SALESMAN

Justin Patterson was an automobile salesman. Now that that statement has been made, an apology is in order. Justin's name was down on the pay roll of the "Invincible Motor Corporation" as a saleman; but that was about as far as his business career went. With only four sales to his two months record, the rising young man was on the verge of being raised from his position or to put it in the words of the office boy who summoned him to the main office, "introduced to the sidewalk."

The interview with the salesmanager was short but far from sweet. Justin opened his mouth twice; when he went in and when he went out. The essence of the manager's conversation was contained in one sentence: "Sell five cars in the next week or get out."

The young man was in a downcast mood, just that kind where one feels like jumping from a hundred foot bridge into the dark, deep water beneath. He despaired of ever solving his problem; how could he sell five cars in six days when it took him eight weeks to sell four cars while doing his best. You who are mathameticians may figure this out very nicely but your answer is bound to be in the realms of imaginaries.

On the third day after the manger had delivered his ultimatum to Justin, Frank Goodhue one of the successful members of the sales force, cuttingly remarked that an automobile salesman must have a "gift of gab." This remark which was addressed to Justin, to use a slang expression, stuck in his crop and sprouted there.

"I'll show them that I've a gift of gab" he said to himself with angry determination. "The next fellow I get hold of, I'll talk deaf, dumb, and blind; and what's more I'll sell him a car for each member of his family, May it be a large one too!"

The one thing which the "Invincible Motor Corporation couldn't get over was the new two-ton truck. People looked at it, remarked what a fine truck it was, and bought a different make. The truck was "jinxed" surely. It was the fourth day of the week that Justin became interested in these trucks. He was standing by one of them and wondering why people did not take it, when a man came up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"That's quite a fair truck, isn't it?" asked the newcomer, pleasantly.

Justin had been deep in thought and being so suddenly aroused, was rather taken aback at the speaker's words. Then in a second he awoke with a bang.

"Fair!" he replied. "Why man that truck hasn't an equal on the market regardless of price. You just look at that engine. See how compact and powerfully it's built? Notice this sleeve valve affair. See how that works? And then this new and simple device here, why it, etc."

So he talked and talked, warming to his subject as the engine itself would to an increase of pressure on the accelerator. He talked so convincingly and explained everything so clearly that the stranger soon became intensely interested in the truck and more than slightly in the salesman. Every detail that Justin explained, all the efficiency devices that he pointed out, he drove home with force. A perfect sales conversation was being created by the "dumbest" salesman on the staff and simply because he was himself interested in the object for sale. Suddenly he stopped and caught up with his respiratory organs.

"By the way, sir," said he, "are you in the market for a good truck like this one?"

"I surely am," was the answer.

Here was a chance to sell a truck was Justin's first thought. However it was with a poker face that he offered to take the gentleman out for a demonstration. The prospective purchaser was quite willing to go. As they rode, Justin demonstrated all the fine points of the truck. The conversation was very technical; and all truck and all Justin. When they had returned, our rising young salesman asked if the gentleman would like to place his order. His face and expression did not betray the agony with which he awaited the answer.

The gentleman looked quickly at Justin, then at the truck; and suddenly answered, "You bet I do, young man. You've convinced me that you have a wonderful truck there." Justin was about to speak when the man continued. " I'll place an order for fifteen of these trucks for the 'Lawrence Construction Company' of this city."

Justin's head went around and around.

(Continued on page 22)

THE LAST JUDGMENT

Oirla Beaurivage

At eleven o'clock, I laid down the Bible which I had been reading and quickly went to bed. It did not seem more than five minutes later when an infernal noise woke me up. I hurried to the window, and there the scene that met my eyes froze me to the spot. The whole world seemed to be ablaze. From every side flames were spouting. The streets, the houses, the heavens, all were on fire. I tried to run but in vain. The yells of the people and the animals were deafening. Terror was everywhere. I tried to run out, but lost consciousness. How long I stood in that state I do not know. I was suddenly brought to my senses by a loud vibrating trumpet sound that seemed to be coming from the very foundation of the universe. I jumped up without knowing why. All around me stood people in the same state that I was. Again the trumpet echoed, and we all turned to what looked like the west and began to march. On and on we went. The crowd was always increasing. I never saw so many persons before. From every house, yard, alley, and street they came. They even came out of the ground and rivers. On marched this ever-increasing multitude. We passed through cities and villages and over rivers and lakes. Everyone went at the same pace, never feeling tired. At last we reached the sea but we walked on its surface with the same rapidity and without sinking.

Now for the first time I took notice of my companions of voyage. I never saw such an assemblage of people before. The racial colors of the earth were represented here. Laborers, princes, lawyers, priests, criminals, and soldiers walked side by side without noticing each other. They all seemed to be bent on a certain end. I saw before me dresses from all ages. The progress from the grass garment to the very latest clothes was displayed on the backs of this strange assortment of people. It was like leading the progress of mankind age by age.

At last we reached land again and then stopped. Charming and strange music was now heard. There in the east on a throne upon the clouds of heaven the Son of God was seated at the right of His Father as described in the Bible. Now for the first time it dawned upon me that this was the Last Judgment. I stood there trembling, when —bang, crash—I found myself on the floor beside my bed. It was only a dream. How happy I was I cannot say. I could not sleep for the remaining part of the night for the strange scene was always floating to my mind. The next morning I vowed never to eat pie and read the Bible before going to bed again. Today when I think of this wandering of the mind, I feel curious. Some day if I ever study chemistry, I will try to investigate this mixture of dough and the Bible, and its results.

ROMANCE

Charles J. Mahady

Night! Summer night, and the August moon mounted high above the fleecy clouds, enlightening the paths of the garden. It was on a night like this that a little girl, the pretty belle of the week-end party, found herself called by sweet Romance.

It was a night when lovers answer the call of Romance and question the mysterious moon that rides on high. On this night came such an impellng call of Romance to her that she became lost in the wondrous land of the unreal. It was such a night that makes old blood run cold and young blood run warm.

Even as she watched the moon plunged into the feathery clouds and submitting the world to absolute darkness, she stood by the sundial and waited. Would her patience be rewarded? Suddenly she heard footsteps on the path that led to the sundial. Her heart was pounding against her delicate breast. She could scarcely breath. Then the glow of a cigarette came into view, but the cigarette was cast impatiently away. The steps came nearer ,and an outstretched hand sought the sundial. Finally she felt herself grasped by two strong arms, and she rested against his breast for a few moments. After awhile she ventured to look into his eyes, and even as she did so, the cruel moon once more appeared, and she uttered a startled cry at the amazed youth, "Brother!"

A REEL STORY

By Ruth Brown, '28

Sally, Joanna and *Chickie*, otherwise called *The Unholy Three*, were walking along *Main Street*, after viewing *The Big Parade*.

The parade had marched along *Dream Street*, and everyone interesting was there to watch it, it seemed.

Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, had been there, in company of another *Mannequin*.

Also, *Sally, Irene and Mary*, who were arguing with *The Ragman* about *The Ten Commandments! Wild, Wild Susan*, who was *The Perfect Flapper* herself, had vigorously sided with the girls, and defended *The New Commandent! Lazybones*, the town character, also supported the girls.

ZaZa had been there, too. She was telling *The Merry Widow* about *The Humming Bird* that *The Perfect Lover* of hers sent her.

That Royle Girl had been among those present. She was telling *Little Annie Rooney* about her friend, *The Arab*.

Stella Dallas was there also. "*My Son*, he's only about *So Big*—" she kept repeating to *The Girl from Montmartre* and a boarding school miss, *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*. They thought she would keep it up *Forever*.

Well, now it was all over——.

Our three friends, as they walked up the street, were strangely quiet.

Sally, whose Bobbed Hair was as *Smooth as Satin*, was thinking about *The Sheik* she met *Seven Days Ago*.

Chickie, who had the joyousness of *Peter Pan*, was thinking of *The Midshipman* who came to see her when he had *Shore Leave*.

Glancing sidewise, whom should they see, rapidly coming up to them in the car he had *Bought and Paid For*, but Swifty.

Swifty, so-called because he was, was a *Flaming Youth* with his red hair.

"Hello, you three!" he cried. "Haven't seen you for *Three Weeks*, that's way, way back in *The Plastic Age*. Where's the rest of *Our Gang?* Hop in *The Covered Wagon* and I'll give you a ride.

The girls did, and away they sped over *The Ancient Highway* that led *Over the Hills*, at *The Pace that Thrills*.

"You're *The Human Tornado!*" gasped Sally. We're *Flying Through* the air! Slow down to sixty, will you?

"*Madam, Behave!*" was all the satisfaction she got.

"Here after," said Chickie, "I'm going to call you Swiftest because you go like *Lightnin'*. I thought *The Spaniard* I was out with went fast, but you—"

"*Keep Smiling*, for *Seven Chances* to one, *The Pony Express* you're in will *Go Straight*", he answered.

"Talk about *The Gold Rush*,—" began Joanna.

"*Marry Me* and you will *Never Weaken* again," interrupted Swiftly.

"Yes!" scoffed Joanna, "if I did, the headlines would say: *'Girl's Grounds for Divorce* is that her husband is *Without Mercy*, and is headed for *The Coast of Folly*."

"And what will *The Council for Defense* say?" questioned Swifty, who was enjoying himself immensely.

"Some sort of *Compromise*," supplied Sally.

"I'm taking you girls on *The Golden Journey*, along *Paths to Paradise*—"

"I suppose we'll be *Sinners in Heaven?*" This from Chickie.

After a while *The Speed Demon* slowed down, and they found they were on *The Splendid Road* that led home. A few minutes more and they were on Main Street once again.

"*Welcome Home!*" cried the would be *Ben-Hur*. "If you wish, *I'll Show You the Town*?"

"No, thanks!" they cried in chorus.

"Well, bye, girls!" and *The Live Wire* was off.

And as they gazed after *The Vanishing American*, or rather, his dust, Joanna said, "I envy him. He's so gay and care-free. *The Lucky Devil! He's a Prince!*"

"*He's a Regular Fellow!*" exclaimed Chickie.

"*The King on Main Street!*" added Sally.

Isn't it funny? A ruse is a blind, a blind is a shade, a shade is a shadow, a shadow is a ghost, a ghost is a shade, a shade is a color, a color is paint, and paint is rouge. Therefore, by Euclid, axiom one, rouge must be a ruse. And curiously enough it is true.

POETRY

Paul J. McCann, '26

There are two kinds (forms) of poetry: poems and pomes. A poem is the result of an inspiration while a pome is the result of a nut-factory.

The sob-stuff entitled "Evangeline," written by Longfellow, is, we'll say for convention's sake, a poem, but the stuff (no sobs about it) written by Walt Mason, Capt. Billy, Badzib, and "Yores Trulie," is in the form of pomes. Listen to this by Francis McManus in the "All-Sorts" column of the Boston Post:

THE EDITOR

Most poets hope to write a song
That all the world will read,
And if there were no editors
Some of them would succeed.

All editors have stony hearts
And cold judicious eyes;
I've never met one face to face
But that's what I surmise.

The rhyme the poet thinks his best
The editor discards;
No wonder they have built a home
For broken-hearted bards.

A silly pome will always please
The editorial eye;
This one, for instance, is this kind—
And I'll bet that it gets by.

In regard to the above pome there are just two points of interest: 1st. It is silly (the originator admits it!) 2nd. It got by! And the moral of the pome is: "Go thou and do likewise". Some of the readers thought the moral was: "Well done, oh good and faithful servant", but it wasn't!

Before asking anyone to write a poem (or pome) it behooves me, ever and anon, to give the following definitions of poetic words, phases, and clauses:—

A "bard" is a work used (not too graciously) when speaking of poets. For obvious reasons its exact meaning cannot be given here!

A "trochee" is a prize cup given for humorous pomes.

A "meter" is a machine used by every poet. He drops a quarter in the meter and behold, a pome!

A "line" is the distance between two points (point of view and pen-point).

A "foot" is—but surely you must know what a foot is—how could you walk without 'em?

And that is so much for that! Now for a few short (little, small, not long, etc.) pomes as examples of what is wanted by ye editors of The Cambridge Review:—

"Your fare", said the conductor softly
To a blond who made no move to pay—
"I know it, sir," she answered,
"But I think it's a fresh thing to say."

(2nd pome by Gosh)

Owed to the law.
"Kid-chasers" may be found
On every spot or mound of ground,
But if a burglar you should see—
Little cop, where can you be???

(3rd pome by Heck)

Troubles of a Teacher

Each morning when I come to school,
I wait in awed suspense—
Before me, row by row, they sit;
A class of impudence.

(4th pome by Glory)

He fights her in the morning,
He fights her in the night;
Oh, Sweet Mommer, what-a-sight!
He fights her in the Winter,
He fights her in the Summer;
Popper lover Mommer?
It don't (pardon us) seem right!

And that is ENOUGH of that! One warning albeit allow me to present: Don't (for the love of Mike) copy or "snitch" someone else's stuff. It absotively aint done in the best circles (and the best are none too good!) Moreover, please do not hand us anything like this: FLY *** NOSE *** SLAP *** GOES! I'll admit it's short, snappy, and exceedingly humorous—but it is NOT a pome, therefore we do not want any of that character.

To conclude quickly, I'll write my following 1,000 pages in a hurry (which you, I am

sure, will appreciate.) Take an 18-karat gold fountain-pen filled with the best grade of blue ink purchasable, a piece of pure white linen paper, size 13 x 13, with your name and address engraved in gold at the top, compose a poem that would make Longfellow turn green with envy, write said pome on said piece of paper with said fountain-pen in a clear, legible handwriting (Palmer's Method preferred), then fold paper, after blotting same with gold-back nickel-plated blotter, and drop same in the box outside the Review Office. In return for your courtesy, the editor will return said pome, severely criticised, with the beautiful golden words: "TRY AGAIN" written with a practised hand. When you receive the poem and instruction, carry out instruction and the editor, on his part, will repeat former performance. Thus an enjoyable correspondence will be had by all.

The space allotted me now being more than used up, I will conclude with the famous words of the immortal Bud Fisher,

"CHEERIO, FRIENDS, CHEERIO!"

ALUMNI NOTES

1925

Mary Sullivan is at Notre Dame.

Jeanette Hershon is attending the Emerson School of Oratory.

"Bunny" Reardon is attending Boston University; she is taking a course in business administration.

Florence Ricker is at the Framingham Normal School.

1924

"Freddy" Lorenzen, a member of the class of '29 at Harvard, recently spoke as a member of the Harvard Debating Team against Wesleyan.

Helen Drinan is attending the Boston Normal School.

1923

Eleanor Dolan is at Wellesley. She is a Junior.

"Johnny" Culhane is playing hockey with the Pere Marquette team.

Eugene Lehane is attending Boston College. He is in his Junior year.

"Tubber" Cronin, who is a Junior at Boston College, is making a wonderful record playing hockey on the college team. He has been called the most brilliant right wing in college hockey".

Henry Groden, another star player, is captain of the Boston College hockey team.

Imogene Garner is a sophomore at Radcliffe College.

"Don" Moreland is a Sophomore at Harvard. He recently took part in the Harvard Dramatic Club production, "Mr. Paraclete".

Rodney Sage is at Boston University. He is a Junior.

Lester King is a Junior at Harvard College.

Milan Drake, class of 1927 at Harvard, was a member of the University Chess Team which finished second in a match against Yale, Princeton, and West Point.

1922

Read H. Wight, a Harvard Senior, wrote "A Fool for Scandal", this year's Pi Eta Club show.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Benjamin Rosenwald, who was overcome by carbon monoxide fumes on November 25, 1925, while starting the engine of his car.

1921

Anita Carley, who married Leroy Hersum last June, was elected Editor in Chief of the Year Book at Radcliffe College.

M. Ruth Loomer was married on October thirtieth, 1925, to William O. Schirmer of Brooklyn, New York, a member of the class of 1925 at M. I. T. Mr. and Mrs. Schirmer will live in Connecticut.

Arthur Bliss is with the John Hancock Life Insurance Company of Boston.

Mary O'Neill is teaching at the Taylor School in Cambridge.

William O'Neill is at Holy Cross. He is a Junior.

Dorothy Dansie is teaching in the High School at Brattleboro, Vermont.

1920

"Dick" Gerould is in the Harvard Law School. This is his second year.

Russell Sage has entered business with his father.

LATEST SONG HITS

Show Me the Way to Go Home...Bob Daly
If I Had a Girl Like You.....Anita Wilk
When the One You Love Loves You.....Johnny Groden
Brown Eyes Why Are You Blue Pat Manning
You Forgot to Remember....Haddy Little
Sweet Georgia Brown.....Dot Bradshaw
Normandy.....Norman Esty
My Dream Girl.....Al Patton
Cheatin' On Me.....Ed Gruby
That Red Headed Boy.....Freddy Meuse
Dreams of Long Ago .....Mari Sullivan
Midnight Waltz.....Ray Parker
Alabamy Bound.....Reddy Hilliard
Insufficient Sweetie.....Mary Burke
Honest and Truly.....Harry Hatfield

Stout woman: Officer, would you see me across the next street?

Officer: Madame, I could see you a block away.

He: I saw something last night I simply can't get over.

She: O gracious, tell me what it was.

He: The moon.

Heard in English 1

Twelfth Night was written by Arden.

English Chemistry

Miss R.: What is the smallest particle that can exist in a gaseous state?

Raspe: A monocle!

Puzzle

We wonder why Mr. Sheehan calls Brewer, "Mystery", and Larsen, "Wolf".

Goodby Superintendent

Miss Skahan (in geography class): How can the superintendent tell that there is gas escaping in a coal mine?

Bright Pupil: By lighting a match.

Heard in Class

Miss G.: Don't you wish to try for a Bachelor of Arts Degree in college, Brooks?

Brooks: No, I'd rather get married.

Shakespear Knew

Senior: All's well that ends well.

Junior: As you like it.

Sophomore: Much ado about nothing.

Freshman: A comedy of errors.

Miss B. (to English class): I want you to develop a paragraph by contrast. You might contrast the faces of the Seniors now with their faces in May and June.

Class of 1929: Innocents abroad.

Teacher: Quickly, give me a collective noun.

Maurice: A vacuum cleaner.

None Straighter

Who was the straightest man on earth?
The preacher asked with glance grim.
Oh, Joseph was, the girl replied.
They made a ruler out of him.

Why do you always put on your left shoe last?

The one that is left is last.

Content is the feeling we experience the first time when our marks have been increased.

Thirty Times

O, Miss Hagerty is with languages blest,
Thru all Massachusetts her system is best;
And save her good text books, she weapons has none.
She rides in a FORD and she rides all alone;
Tho' helpful in teaching she joins us in fun,
There never was teacher like our own dear one.

She stays not for brake and she stops not for stone,
She passes all bars as tho' they were none;
But ere she alights at the Cambridge High School
She locks up her FORD and takes out her stool.
So faithful in LATIN and helpful in FRENCH,
Who has never heard of her thirty times hence?

So boldy her French pupils enter her room,
Study and fellow pupils head for their doom;
Then spoke Miss Hagerty so that every one heard,
For the poor craven study pupils said never a word,
"O, come ye to work here or come ye to sleep
Or to dream o'er your books and look at your feet?"
So up rose a boy at Miss Hagerty's bidding,
With a wish that after class he still might be living.
"Santa Claus, is Christmas in April?" said he,
"Sit down," said Miss Hagerty, "thirty times for thee."

The Latin Class fares the same way, they say,
Thirty times hence a couple of times a day.
As she looks at your sentence and sees it is wrong
She says, "thirty times hence" and goes right along;
When she goes to the board and your declension is right,
She says, "now isn't my system a delight?"

THIRTY TIMES—THAT'S ALL.

JOKES

Says Philosopher Phil: A rattling flivver gathers no women.

Fresh Freshie: "What does the surgeon do after he operates on your father?"
Silent Senior: "Sews your old man".

The three principal parts at C. H. L. S.: Failing, failed, failed.

Weren't you terribly shy when the judge asked you your age?
Oh, my dear, was I?
About ten years.

Frances: "Margaret was talking about you just before you came in. What do you think she said?"
Maggie: "I haven't an idea."
Fran.: "How did you guess? That's just what she did say."

Schoolboy Definitions

1. An angle is a triangle with only two sides.
2. An old soldier is called a vegetarian.
3. A centipede is a French measure of length
4. A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.
5. The tides are caused by the sun drawing the water out and the moon drawing it in again.
6. There are five continents: a, e, i, o and u.

Compliment to the Orchestra

As musicians you are surely a wonder,
The noise you produce outrivals the thunder.
You call it good music, but we call it noise,
The peace of our nights and our days it destroys.
Go practice way out in the wood,—that were best;
And give our poor tortured ears a good rest.

Algebra 2

Miss K.: Explain the problem.
Kazis: Let X stand for the number of miles the tide flows in still water.

Joe O'Connell is getting so popular that a certain girl even fell at his feet.

Miss Hite: What are you doing here?
Parker: Nothing.
Miss Hite: What is nothing?
Parker: I don't know, but if you close your eyes you can see it.

Mr. Derry. Ferus, means wild beast. What would the feminine of that be?
Joe Trainer: Wild women.

BOOKS TO BE READ

The Little French Boy.....Rene Morize
The Son of His Father.....Miles Coates
How to Grow Tall.....George Larson
The Plastic Age.....Tessie Harrington
Stage Struck.....Richard Siebert
The Athlete.....Lawrence Gibson
Why Hurry.....Robert Katz
The Dear Enemy.....Home Lessons
We Girls.....G. A. A.
Innocents Abroad.....The Freshmen
Santa Claus on a Lark.....Don Finlayson
The Quaker Girl.....Al Manning
The Russian College Boy.Haskel Freedman
I Love Me...Ora Davies and Billie Paynter

Heard in History

Mr. Sheehan: This is the Materialistic Age; cream puffs for the boys and powder puffs for the girls.

Freddy Meuse: A tax is internal and a duty is external.

Some more famous sayings of Mr. Sullivan:
If you don't tell me, Miss ——— will.
A little louder, please.

Couldn't He?

Miss F.: That man was abroad.
Mahady: He couldn't have been.

Mr. Sheehan to Seibert looking at the girls: Don't look at them, look at me!

Miss D.: What was the first state to ratify the Constitution of the United States?
Bright pupil: John Hancock.

Mr. Danehy: Write one hundred different words of five letters each.

In Algebra II

Miss K.—What is the value of x?
Bright Boy—Three.
Miss K.—And what does three equal?
Bright Boy—Why, the number of miles per hour the river flows in still water!

Mr. S. (to Adelson coming in at quarter of nine)—Hello, Rip Van Winkle.

Miss D. (to a bright Senior)—Where were you seventh period yesterday?
Bright Senior—I went home.
Miss D.—Why did you go home?
B. S.—Well, there's no place like home!

Smarty—What's the difference between a traffic cop and a flapper?
Ditto—When a traffic cop says "Stop," he means it.

Wife—What do you mean, John, when you say that my studying German is a real act of kindness?
Husband—I mean, my dear, that it will give the English language a little badly needed rest.

When we all go to school in monoplanes—
Helen will be Mountains instead of Hills
Raymond will be Lincoln instead of Ford
Morris will be Diaman instead of Goldman
Joe will be Fiske instead of Kelly
Charlotte will be Dale instead of Hill
Louise will be Colder instead of Holder
Charles will be Some empty intead of Folsom
Orville will be Latch instead of Key
Marie will be Skin instead of Hyde
Abraham will be Mice instead of Katz

Young man looking for employment—Yes Sir, I went to Harvard and am now looking for a job.
Employer—Why did you go to Harvard?
Young man—My father, grandfather, and all my relatives went so I went.

Teacher: What supports the sun in the sky?
Freshman: His beams.

Whenever you are angry
Pretend you are a bird
And sing just a little
But don't say a word.

Jack L.: Last night I woke up with the strangest feeling that my watch was gone, so I got up and looked.
Billy B.: Was it? Had it gone?
Jack: No, but it was going.

Frances D.: Do you like going to school?
Margaret L.: I like going well enough and I like coming back too. What I hate is staying cooped up there between times.

Freshman: Is a vessel a boat.
Senior: Well, yes, you'd call a vessel a boat, certainly.
Fresh.: Well, what kind of a boat is a blood vessel?
Wise Senior: A lifeboat, little one.

Mr. Sullivan: What were the terms of the treaty of 1783?
Finstein: One dollar down, twenty-five cents a week.

1st Junior: Well, I've passed in trig. at last.
2nd Junior: Honest and truly?
1st Junior: Well, what difference does that make?

A squirrel looked at a freshman
Then his mother's gaze did meet.
"Yes, darling," said the mother
"But that's not the kind we eat."

Mr. Cain (describing tests): The student in law is unaware that the test like a snail is crawling along as the tortoise is sleeping.
Question: Who's going to win?

What C. H. L. S. is Noted for

The port of missing men.
The school for scandal.
Present day problems.
Sophisticated flappers.
Speedy collegiate chaps.

Employer—If your father, grandfather, and relatives were horse-thieves what would you do then?
Young man—O, I suppose I would go to Yale then!

Elderly Belle—How a shower of rain improves the appearance of the face of nature!
Youthful Rival (with a meaning glance)—Yes, indeed! and that is where the difference is between nature and art.

Rather

Wife—Do you know what day it is? It is twenty-five years ago today since we became engaged!
Absent-minded Prof.—Why didn't you remind me before? It's high time we were married.

No Cause for Alarm

Bellhop (excitedly)—The gentleman in room 109 has just killed himself.
Hotel manager (calmly)—That's all right. I've got another fellow who'll take the room.

Favorite Sundaes

American Beauty.....Peggy Holmes
Lover's Delight.....Eloise Belliveau
Lemon Crush.....Alice Patton
Sweet Sixteen.....Doris Warden
Peach Special.....Helen Dunbar

Posters

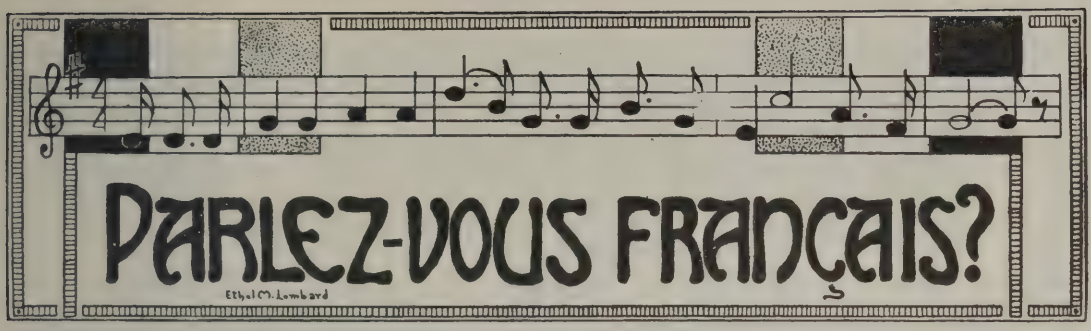
Musically Inclined.....Phil Lawrence
Popular Pals..Dot Gray and Dolly Warden
Just Out.....Marjorie Hopkins
The Rivals..Don Carroll and George Norton

Impossibilities

Nan Nelligan with bobbed hair.
Lawrence Gibson being serious.
Dolly Warden not talking to a boy.
Dorothy Gray without a smile.
Julia Nelligan never standing in the hall.

Darting in and out of the early morning traffic in M street the other day was a rambly old Ford of ancient vintage. Printed on a label tacked to its rear curtain were the words: "Our Lizzie Is Like Dice—Shakes, Rattles, and Rolls."

I'm gonna faint!
Lemme die
I wanna go home
I'm sick!
Nurses office on exam days
Male or Female?
WALK IN
Absence Notes written while you wait
259
Why not?
I want to go where you go
Then!
Now!
A word about styles!
CHAMPIONSHIP
ARLINGTON
STONEHAM
MELROSE
C.H.L.S.
EXETER
NEWTON
1929
1929
PORRIDGE
What the freshman thinks about!
Evelyn Bresnan
The great open spaces!



LE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

Priscilla Sage

Quoique M. Franklin fit beaucoup pour la cause Americaine, sans le secours de Monsieur le Marquis de Lafayette, l'aide de France n'aurait pas pu etre obtenu et l'histoire du monde aurait pu être très différente.

Le Général Lafayette était né, en Auvergne, dans le midi de la France, le six septembre 1757, d'une vieille famille distinguée. Quand il n'avait que seize ans, il se maria avec la fille du Duc d'Ayen, et ainsi une position parmi les plus puissants d'Europe lui sembla être assurée.

A ce temps dans sa vie, son intérêt était agité dans la révolution en Amérique, et à ses frais, car son gouvernment n'était pas prêt à reconnaître les Etats-Unis et à faire la guerre contre la Grand-Bretagne il est parti, en sécret, pour l'Amerique avec huit ou dix de ses amis. Le gouvernement francais leur decreta un mandat d'arretmais ils arrivèrent à Charleston, South Carolina, sans, sans accident, le vingt-cinq avril, 1777, et la sensation, produite à son arrivée, y'était plus grande que celle produite en Europe à son départ.

Pendant la querre, il servit à l'Amerique d'officier dans l'armée et de diplomate, revenant en France à deux fois différentes, pour plaider la cause Americaine et obtenir l'aide de France. À la fin de la guerre, après qu'il avait fait deux visites brèves en Amerique, le congrès amèricain institua une députation, composée d'un membre de chaque état, pour le remercier de ses services, on l'honora bien en France aussi et il reprit sa place dans politiques françaises.

C'était une figure saillante pendant la révolution de 1789. En 1790 il renonça son titre de Marquis et resta à sa morte le Général Lafayette. Il attaqua les Jacobins, une partie assemblée contre le roi, et enfin quand tout monde s'était tourné contre lui, il était forcé de fuir de l aFrance. Sa destination était la Hollande, mais les Autrichiens, avec qui les Français se battaient, le prirent captif et le jetèrent en prison. Il y resta cinq années, en souffrant des tortures de maladie et la vie sale d'un cachot, malgré les efforts nombreux de ses amis à obtenir sa liberté. Enfin, son indépendance était concédée à la demande du gouvernement, quand la guerre était finie.

Il retourna en France, mais son manque de popularité fit retirer de la vie publique, un peu. Cependant, plus tard il y retourna et continua ses mêmes idées honnêtes et vertvev ses pourtant, pendant ses dernières années, il fit plus d'attention à sa famille et à ses états. En 1824, il revisita les Etats-Unis et y était bien honoré. Il mourut à Paris, le vingt mai, 1834.

La Nouvelle Année

Mahala Whitman

Elle vient à nous, la nouvelle année!
La neige lui fait un tapis d'argnet.
Elle vient à nous pensive, et songeante
A l'obscur secret de la Destinée,
Dont elle a reçu le livre changeant.
Salue, bonne année, annee inconnue—
Nous saurons, plus tard, de quoi sont remplis
Les mois que ta robe enferme en ses plis:
Mais ta robe blanche est la bienvenue.
Mère des souhaits, fille des oublis!
O nouvelle année, aux yeux de mystère,
Vois, nous te fêtons, des fleurs dans la main.
Accomplis ton oeuvre et suis ton chemin.
Dis nous: "Gloire au ciel et paix sur la terre"!
Et prends en pitié le vieux genri humain.

"EL ECO"

Cuáles son los motivos de enseñar el español en las escuelas superiores y en los colegior? ¿Por sus valores literarios y academicos? Ciertamente, pero el idioma vital, es, después de todo, el idioma del día presente. Èste es el idioma que los estudiantes necesitan y quieren. Agui está una facultad nueva a ser desarrollada por ellos; una potencia nueva de leer y hablar el español actual. El desarrollo de esta potencia se efectúa solamente con práctica en el uso del español que los españoles y los hispanoamericanos educados están usando ahora, y la única publicación que les trajerá a Uds. esta clase de español es "El Eco."

"El Eco" da constante práctica en el use de las palabras corrientes; informa a sus lectores regulares de los asuntos españoles y hispanoamericanos.

E lIdioma de Nuestros Vecinos

Excepto en el Canadá y en el Brasil, nuestros vecinos del continente occidental, todos hablan español. Raramente damos cuenta de que millones de gente están usando el español por todos lados de nosotros. Saber algo de la vida de la gente en Méjico y en aquel vasto continente al sur de nosotros y en las islas antillas, tal como en España misma, ensancha y enriquece nuestras vidas.

La Literatura Española de hoy Dia

En la tercera página de cada edición de "El Eco," se presentan regularmente interesantes informes de personas; acontecimientos literarios; comentarios sobre la historia panoamericana, con frecuentes referencias también a los compos de arte y música. Estas seleciones incluyen cuentos cortos por los autores clásicos y modernos, especialmente los cuyas obras se leen en las clases norteamericanas.

Ee Valor Comercial de Español

Los países de habla español compran más de los Estados unidos que ningún otro grupo de países en el mundo, excepto La Gran Bretaña. Cuba, Méjico y la Argentina están entre nuestros diez mejores marchantes, y España misma ha llegado al trece lugar en comercio con nosotros. Este comercio va aumentando y el conocimiento del idioma español, con una apreciación de los característicos de los de habla español es una parte necesaria de la educacion americana.

"El Eco" cubre esta fase de la instrución española. El idioma de comercio encuentra un lugar en las columnas en que hay artículos interesantes de comercio. El "Rompecabeza" que ha captivado también a los españoles es un buen ejercicio en el uso del vocabulario español. "El Eco" publico unó de estos en cada edición durante el año pasado, y continuará haciéndolo mientras el interés de sus lestores lo justifica.

Los Deportes

Ningún pais ha sido más activo que España, en los deportes durante la primavera y el verano pasado. Todas fases de los deportes se notan en "El Eco" como los títulos siguientes indican

El Goldo en La Argentina
La Mujer en Los Deportes
La Pelota Vasca
Los Deportes en Españo
Educacion Física en El Uruguay
La Copa Americana para Uruguay
Cincuenta Días en Buenos Aires, Sus Deportes Una traduccion hecha por.

Ida Cagna, '27.

OUR SCHEDULE

Since Cambridge High and Latin School participated in no inter-scholastic debate last year, the Debating Council is now filling in an entertaining program for this coming season.

Many schools such as Everett, Somerville, Brookline, Quincy, and Arlington, have been written to and replies have come from Boston Latin, Quincy and Malden, all willing to debate C. H. L. S.

The schedule will be announced later. Give the team your support and let us have a championship year. Remember—Cambridge High and Latin School has not lost a debate in six years! This year's team is inexperienced and truly needs your backing.

W. J. F.

SOPHOMORES EVEN SERIES

The Sophomores secured full revenge on the Freshmen when they defeated the latter's team in a dual debate on the subject, "Resolved: That the United States should increase its Air Force", and incidentally evened the underclass series with a win to the credit of each class, making a third debate necessary.

With the affirmative of the question to uphold, the Sophomores swept all opposition aside and had much the better of the oral controversy.

William J. Flynn, '26, presided as chairman, and the judges who rendered the decision were the Misses Mullen and Quinn, teachers of English.

The teams were composed of the following students:

Sophomores	Freshmen
John Hughes *	William Hogan*
Milton Talent	Etta Gaffen
George Foley	Charles Stephenson

* Rebuttalist

SOPHOMORES WIN TITLE

The title to the underclass debating championship is now in the proud possession of the Sophomores by virtue of their hard-earned victory over the plucky Freshmen in the final debate of the year in the underclass series.

They demonstrated their skill before a gathering of a hundred students and teachers on Friday, January 15, 1926, on the revived subject, "Resolved: That the United States should enter the World Court". By presenting undeniable proof of the court's affiliation with the League of Nations, the Sophomores presented a strong attack on the Freshmen's train of arguments. All of the pseeches were well prepared and well delivered.

For the third time, William J. Flynn, '26, President of the Debating Council, presided as chairman. The judges were George Chaffee, '26, Whitney Pierce, '26, and Samuel Fishman, '27.

The teams were composed of the following students:

Sophomores	Freshmen
Milton Talent *	William Hogan *
Margaret Lewis	Charles Stephenson
George Foley	Etta Gaffen

* Rebuttalist

DEBATING NOTES

Through this column, the editor wishes to thank those who assisted in making the underclass debates a complete success.

There is still room for a few more members in the Debating Club of this school. Any applicant for membership should write his name and home-room on a slip of paper marked "Debating Club", and hand the same into the Review Office.

The Debating Council has made the following rule: A student who is down in more than one major subject cannot take part in any debate affiliated with this school.

The honor list for underclass debaters for this year is the following: William Hogan, '29; George Foley, '28; Milton Talent, '28. Honorable mention goes to Margaret Lewis, '28, and John Hughes, '28.

THE CHRISTMAS MEETING

On Tuesday, December 22, the Christmas meeting of the G. A. A. was held in the hall directly after school. The Ukelele Band opened the meeting with a selection. Then the president, Marianne Carney, spoke of the baskets which were to be taken to needy families for Christmas. She asked for contributions of food and outgrown clothes. Following the president's speech were two pretty dances, by Ellen Parkins and Catherine Gallin. After this, Katherine Carney, Ruth Clark, Beatrice Evers, Loraine Langley, Mary Reis, Rozella Sanders, and Margaret Sheridan gave an amusing recitation of "The First Snowfall". The Ukelele Band followed this with "Silent Night, Holy Night" and another song. Then Barbara Britnall, Linda Cannon, Vivian Crawley, Ora Davis, Ruth Dawson, Catherine Gallin, and Phyllis Robertson presented a short entertainment showing the troubles of a certain man while looking for a wife. The women who answered his advertisements were pretty, but unable to do housework. The last woman was very capable, but when she lifted her veil, the man found she was so homely that he did not want her. It was very amusing. After that the band played Jingle Bells, and then the girls stood up and marched around the hall. As they left, Santa Claus gave them each a lollypop. Santa Claus was Bernadette Carney, who played the part very well.

On Thursday, January 14, there was a G. A. A. meeting in the hall during the first recess. The president spoke of the basketball teams which were to be picked and of the girl dance which took place in the Gym Friday evening, January 22, at 8.30 p. m. As the dance is over promptly at 10.30, everyone was advised to come early. This dance is an annual affair. Only girls are admitted, but it is customary for half the girls to wear their Gym suits or knickers and to take the part of the boys. This dance is one of the most enjoyable occasions of the year. The president also said that it was hoped that they could have a sleigh ride later in the winter.

BASKETBALL

The Sophomore basketball team was Chosen Thursday, January 14. The Seniors of the Girls High School in Boston came out to play with our Sophomores. They do not play basketball until their Junior year, so they have had no more practice than our Sophomores. Our team is as follows:

Forwards	Alice Adams
	Catherine Hilliard
	Anna Wettergreen
Guards	Virginia Brett
	Bertha Geiger
	Alice Terny

THE TRUCK SALESMAN

(Continued from page 9)

"How-er-er many did you-er, did you-er say, sir?" he stammered.

The customer smiled. "Fifteen was what I said; and how soon can they be sent?"

After this sale Justin was the pride of the staff. He was placed, independent of the rest of the force, on the trucks; and single-handed, he put the two-ton truck over in wonderful shape. Selling cars became as easy and commonplace to him as selling postage stamps is to the United States Government. Now no apology is necessary when one says that Justin Patterson is an automobile salesman.

HOCKEY

Hockey candidates were called out by Coach MacDonald on November 17th. Gibson, Harlow and L. Fitzgerald were the letter men who reported among the fifty candidates. Horan and Temple, who were ineligible last year, are two star hockey players, and it is certain that they will be regulars on the first team. N. Fitzgerald and Mahoney were the members of last year's squad who reported. Of the new crop of candidates, Fred Meuse, Cross Country star, Davy, a member of the crew, and Jerry Sullivan, football captain, are the most outstanding players.

Harvard Second Team 3—Cambridge Latin 1

Latin School's hockey team was defeated 3 to 1 in a scrimmage game against Harvard's second team. Latin's hockey team did very well against the strong Collegian team. Cambridge Latin's forward line checked back in good style throughout the game. Each team scored once in the opening period and Harvard scored once in each of the following periods.

Meuse, Harlow and Horan played very well for the Latin School.

The Line-up

Temple, R. W.	L. W., Brown
Horan, R. W.	
Harlow, C.	C., Thompson
Kerr, C.	
White, C.	
	R. W., Davis
Meuse, R. D.	L. D., Harding
Murray, R. D.	
Davy, L. D.	R. D., Martin
Cashin, L. D.	
Mahoney, G.	G., Nash
Fitzgerald, G.	

Cambridge Latin 9—Boston Latin 0

The Cambridge High and Latin hockey team opened its season well by defeating Boston Latin 9-0 at Russell Field. In this first game Latin School proved that it is going to have a very good team. The forward line, composed of Temple, Harlow and Horan, played very well and were very clever in their passing game. On the defense Meuse, Davy, and Ned Fitzgerald with Leon Fitzgerald in the goal, showed by their play that they are going to prove a great obstacle to the wings of the opposing teams. Harlow, always on the alert for openings, bothered the Boston Latin players a great deal. He blazed his way through the opposing team five times to register goals. Horan and Temple also starred for Latin School, Horan shooting three goals and Temple two. After Cambridge Latin had scored a sufficient number of goals to assure them of a win, Coach MacDonald used many of his substitutes to discover their value.

Captain McGrath played best for Boston Latin.

The Line-up

Cambridge Latin	Boston Latin
Meuse, R. W.	L. W., Shine
Temple, R. W.	
Harlow, C.	C., McGrath
White, C.	
Horan, L. W.	R. W., O'Neal
Brigham, L. W.	
Cashin, L. D.	R. D., Costigan
N. Fitzgerald, L. D.	
Meuse, R. D.	L. D., Maloney
Crowley, R. D.	
Davy, R. D.	
L. Fitzgerald, G.	G., Flynn
Mahoney, G.	

Cambridge Latin 5—Boston English 0

Cambridge Latin's hockey team scored its second win of the year by defeating Boston English High sextet, 5-0 at the Russell Feld rink. Cambridge Latin showed a smooth passing game and it was due to the fact, in a large measure, that it was successful in registering five points. This was Cambridge Latin's second successive win over a Boston High School team in a week, the first being that of the Boston Latin game. Temple was the outstanding point scorer for Cambridge Latin, making four of the five points. The other goal was shot by Fred Harlow. Meuse and Davy teamed well on the defense for Latin, while Fitzgerald played a fine brand of hockey at the goal.

Captain Jim Bailey, Johnny Man, and Avery played well for English.

The Line-up

Cambridge Latin	Boston English
Temple, R. W.	L. W., O'Leary
Harlow, C.	C., Bailey
Horan, L. W.	R. W., Lanata
	R. W., Penibroke
Davy, R. D.	L. D., Avery
N. Fitzgerald, R. D.	
Meuse, L. D.	R. D., Hanis
Cashin, L. D.	
Brigham, L. D.	
Fitzgerald, G.	G., Man
Mahoney, G.	

Melrose 5—Cambridge 3

Cambridge Latin suffered its first defeat of the season at the hands of the strong Melrose team. Latin missed Captain Gibson, who has been unable to play so far this season on account of sickness, consequently the forward line was not at its best.

Latin School played a far better game than the score may indicate. It seemed as though Dame Fortune was with Melrose for all the breaks of the game were in their favor. For instance, at one time, Loyd, the center ice man of Melrose, shot a goal while he was down on the ice, and although, according to the rules this goal should not be counted, it, however, was counted by the referee. Latin players also received a great many penalties for infringement of the rules, and the team, playing with one or two men off the ice, was of course handicapped. Each one of Latin's forwards shot a goal and the goals for Melrose were shot by Loyd, Sanford, and Ripley. This was the first game that Jerry Sullivan played this year, and he indeed gave a very good account of himself. Jerry used his weight to very good advantage in checking the Melrose forwards.

Temple, Horan, and Harlow also played very well for Latin School, while Loyd, Sanford and Ripley played best for Melrose.

The Lineup

Cambridge Latin	Melrose
Temple, R. W.	L. W., Ripley
Harlow, C.	C., Loyd
Horan, L. W.	R. W., Sanford
Davy, R. D.	L. D., Sullivan
Sullivan, L. D.	R. D., Keating
Fitzgerald, G.	G., McHugh

Cambridge Latin 1—Arlington 1

Cambridge High and Latin and Arlington, deadlocked in a 1 to 1 tie, set a new scholastic hockey record at Russell Field, when the two teams battled it out through three twelve-minute periods and five more six-minute overtime sessions. Excellent hockey was played by the two sextets in a game that was fast and furious from start to finish. In the opening minutes of play, Buckley, Arlington's right wing, drew first blood when he poked a fast shot past Fitzgerald into the net. Latin retaliated in the closing minute of that period when Horan, the left wing, after a dash the length of the ice, scored on a knee high shot from the side.

In the second and third periods the game see-sawed with neither team holding the puck very long. Long dashes between furious scrimmages and wonderful goalie work featured these periods.

In the overtime periods each team battled desperately, with neither team holding the advantage.

Thereafter the two teams busied themselves until darkness, trying to score. Leon Fitzgerald, the Latin goalie and acting captain in the absence of Lawrence Gibson, who is out with injuries, gave a wonderful exhibition at the net. Time and again he tossed aside almost certain goals. Other stars on the Latin team were Fred Harlow, Lawrence Horan, John Temple and Fred Meuse.

Buckley and "Art" Chamberlain featured for Arlington, and Hamm, the big defense player for Arlington, proved a very valuable and capable player.

The Lineup

Cambridge Latin	Arlington
Temple, R. W.	L. W., Donnelly
	L. W., Everett
Harlow, C.	C., Hilliard
Horan, L. W.	R. W., Buckley
Davy, R. D.	L. D., Hamm
J. Sullivan, L. D.	R. D., Lane
Meuse, L. D.	R. D., Lombard
Fitzgerald, G.	G., Chamberlain

Cambridge Latin 8—Angel Guardian 0

The Cambridge Latin hockey team decisively defeated the strong Angel Guardian team 8-0 at the Arena. This was the first setback this season and the first shut-out for three years for the Angel Guardian team. The Latin puck chasers seemed to hit their real stride for the first time this year. They so out-played the Angel Guardian team in the first two periods that our opponent's coach was glad to call the game at their conclusion. If another period were played, it would only have been a question of how many goals Latin School would score. Harlow was the individual star of the game, scoring three goals. Captain Gibson also played a good game, checking up two goals. After Latin School had secured a good lead, Coach MacDonald employed all his substitutes, and they played very well. Bugham, who substituted for Gibson, shot a goal. Horan and Temple, the other regular wings, shot a goal each.

The Lineup

Cambridge Latin	Angel Guardian
Horan, L. W.	R. W., Swinn
E. Fitzgerald, L. W.	
Harlow, C.	C., Black
White, C.	C., Fitzgerald
Temple, R. W.	L. W., R. Flynn
Meuse, R. W.	L. W., Morrison
Sullivan, L. D.	R. D., Tromblay
Davy, L. D.	
Gibson, R. D.,	L. D., Pagum
Brigham, R. D.	L. D., Boyoins
Cashin, R. D.	
Fitzgerald, G.	G., Flynn
	G., Gendreau

Milton Academy 2—Cambridge Latin 1

The Milton Academy team won a closely contested game from Cambridge Latin by the score of 2-1. The Latin team seemed to be playing in hard luck for they did not lose the game until the last few minutes of play. Latin School took the lead in the first period when Captain Gibson and Horan took the puck from behind their goal and skated down the ice, passed the Milton Academy forwards, outwitted the defence, and Horan on the pass from Gibson shot the puck past the goalie.

In the third period Wood, the Milton Academy right wing, shot one past Fitzgerald for a goal. The winning goal was shot by Sprague in the last minute of play. He received a pass from behind the Latin net, and shot it into the net.

Gibson, Horan, Fitzgerald and Temple played well for Latin while Sprague, Good and Fuller starred for Milton Academy.

The Lineup

Cambridge Latin	Milton Academy
Horan, L.W.	R.W., Cunningham
	R.W., Borden
Harlow, C.	C., Wood
Temple, R.W.	L.W., Sprague
Gibson, L.D.	R.D., Fuller
Sullivan, R.D.	L.D., Batchelder
Davy, R.D.	
Fitzgerald, G.	G., Coolidge

Cambridge Latin 5—Belmont 2

Cambridge Latin gave Belmont a g
trimming on their own rink by the sco
5-2. This was a surburban League g
and this win for Latin School puts
the first division. If the team contin
the fast pace that they have set latel
certain that they will reach the finals.

This game with Belmont was fast
furious from the start, and at times wa
even inclined to be rough. In the first period Harlow started the scoring for Latin School by driving a beautiful shot into the Belmont net. Horan also scored in this period, and during the rest of the game Latin School always was in the lead. Belmont managed to sneak two goals past Fitzgerald, but his teammates were busy scoring five goals against the Belmont goalie. The Latin forwards played very well, each of them scoring at least a goal.

The Belmont team found great trouble in getting past the Latin defense, for Gibson and Sullivan were always on the job.

The Lineup

Cambridge Latin	Belmont
Horan, L.W.	R.W., R. Ford
Temple, R.W.	L.W., R. Secor
Meuse, R.W.	
N. Fitzgerald, R.W.	
Harlow, C.	C., M. Secor
White, C.	
Gibson, R.D.	L.D., Egan
Sullivan, L.D.	R.D., E. Ford
Davy, L.D.	
Brigham, L.D.	
Cashin, L.D.	
Fitzgerald, G.	G., L. Ford
Mahoney, G.	G., Keville

SWIMMING

Cambridge Latin 17½—Boston English 51½

The Cambridge Latin swimming team was completely outlcassed by the Boston English High School mermen, 51½ to 17½. All the first places were captured by Boston English except the 200-yard dash which was won by Goldenburg of Latin School. Daley's winning two second places and Goldenburg's winning a first and a third, were the high point scorers for Latin School. Captain Sullivan starred for Boston English.

The Summary

yard relay race—won by Boston Eng-
Cahamilton, Mahoney, Lavine and Sulli-
of th Time—1.37.5.
Melro—(1) Casey, English; (2) Krowne, son, w; (3) Hoss, English.
seasoard dash—(1) Sullivan (E); Daley the (3) Lennon (C) and Goldenburg (C).
J-yard breast stroke—(1) Burnham (E); 2) Casey (E); (3) Vincent (C). Time—29.4 seconds.
100-yard dash—(1) Mahoney (E); (2) Hamilton (E); (3) Lynch (C). Time—1.14.1.
Plunge—Fellburg (E); (2) Kimball (C); (3) Broadney (E).
200-yard dash—(1) Goldenburg (C); (2) Shinny (E); (3) Barber (C). Time—2.52.
40-yard back—(1) Sullivan (E); (2) Daley (C); (3) Lennon (C).

CROSS COUNTRY CAPTAIN ELECTED

The Cross Country team elected "Charlie" Murray to lead the 1926 harriers. Although Captain Maloney, Meuse, Trainor and Thompson of this year's championship team graduate in June, indications now point toward a very good team for next fall. Charlie Murray has been one of the leading Cross Country runners in the State for the last two years, and he was one of the few boys ever to receive a cross country letter as a freshman. Although the Cross Country sport is comparatively speaking a new one in this school, it has gained quite a large following, and was (especially) popular this year on account of the excellent showing of the team. The letter men who voted for captain were ex-Captain Maloney, Meuse, Trainor, Thompson, Beshbetur, Adelson, Manager Toomey, and Captain Elect Murray.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN FOR 1926

After a great many unsuccessful attempts, the football captain for 1926 was finally chosen. The two prominent candidates for the position were Cook and Walsh, both of whom played guard on this year's team. In the election, which was very close, Cook received nine votes and Walsh eight. Captain elect Cook played a fine game of football last season, and well deserved the position of captain. With Cook, Walsh, Popoli, Harlow, and John Sullivan, and Hilliard back next year Latin school should have a very good team. The letter men who voted for captain were ex-captain Jerry Sulliven, Captain-elect Cook, Walsh, Shea, Crowley, Barber, Popoli, Koreywo, McCusker, Freedman, Harlow, Fitzgerald, Reardon, Gibson, Hayes and Manager Jake Waldman.

He—Your cousin refused to recognize me at the hop last night. Thinks I'm not his equal, I suppose.

She—Ridiculous! Of course you are. Why, he is nothing but a conceited idiot.

Scratch for a Living

First Charwoman—What do they call these 'ere scratchy-lookin' pictures?

Second Charwoman—Itchings, dearie.

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The earnings of the students for their services with co-operative firms vary from $250 to $600 per year.

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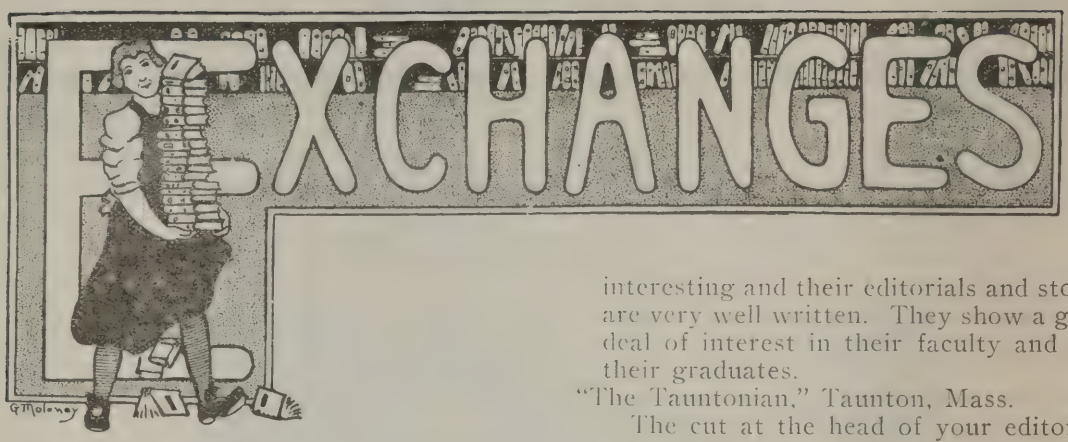

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Clever cut on your front page, and congratulations on your advertising contest. Great idea!

"The Owl," Woodbine, New Jersey.
Whoever does your cartooning is a big success.

"The Latin School Register," Boston, Mass.
A strong literary department. May we suggest that you develop your ads?

"The Centergram," Arlington, Mass.
Another junior high paper, more pretentious than the first.

"Saint John's Concordia," Danvers, Mass.
Excellent book reviews, but they can be worked up to more completeness. Have you an exchange department?

"The Unquity Echo," Milton, Mass.
Your exchanges are unique.

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"The Valley Bugle," Gowanda, New York.
"The Cambridge Review" is worthy of considerable praise. Their jokes are excellent; their athletics department is very interesting and their editorials and stories are very well written. They show a great deal of interest in their faculty and also their graduates.

"The Tauntonian," Taunton, Mass.
The cut at the head of your editorials is fine. Your Class Notes are good.

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"The Gleaner," Pawtucket, R. I.
"The Pilgrim, Plymouth, Mass.
"The Voice," Concord, Mass.
"The Nautilus," Greenville, South Carolina.
"The Tauntonian," Taunton, Mass.
"The Bulletin," Northeastern Univ., Boston, Mass.
"Our Dumb Animals," M. S. P. C. A., Boston, Mass.
"The Ore Digger," Golden, Colorado.
"The Blue Owl," Attleboro, Mass.
"The Eagle," Chicago, Illinois.
"The Grotonian," Groton, Mass.
"Fine Yarus," Gostonia, North Carolina.
"Bowdoin Orient," Brunswick, Maine.
"Kahitems," Ketchikan, Alaska.
"Dunbar Observer," Washington, D. C.
"The Waxa Beacon," Waxahatchie, Texas.

Exchange Jokes

A man traveling West, who had lost a nut from his "Lizzie", said to a cowboy, "Do you know where I can get a monkey wrench?" Cowboy: "No such thing around here. Smith up yonder has a cattle ranch, and Jones has a sheep ranch, but no one has a monkey ranch."

Boy: "Last night I had a fall that made me unconscious for eight hours."
'Nother boy: "Where did you fall?"
Boy: "Asleep!"

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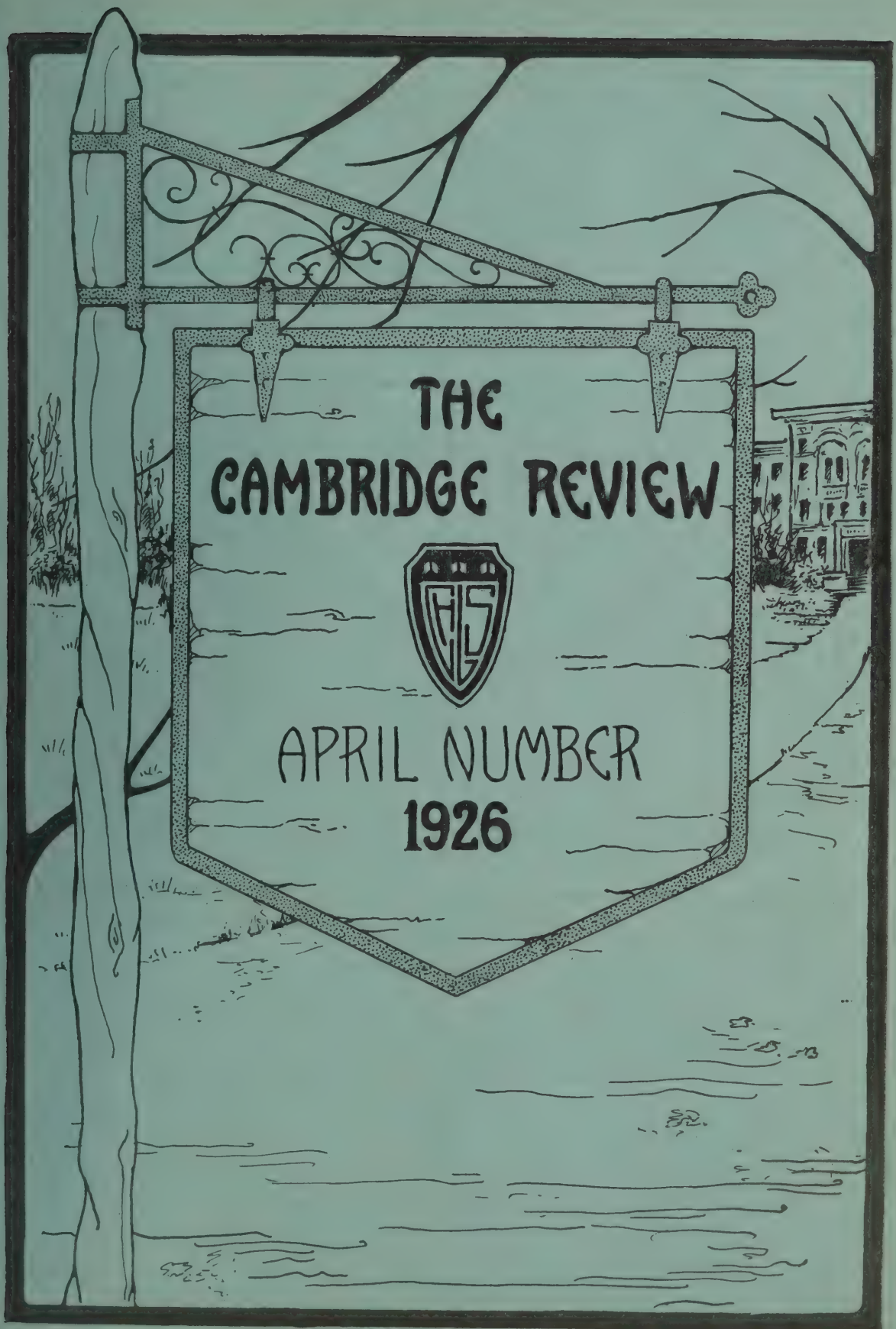
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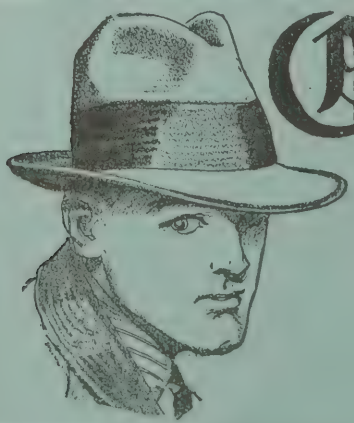

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Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second-class matter

Vita sine litteris mors est.

Volume 40 Number 4

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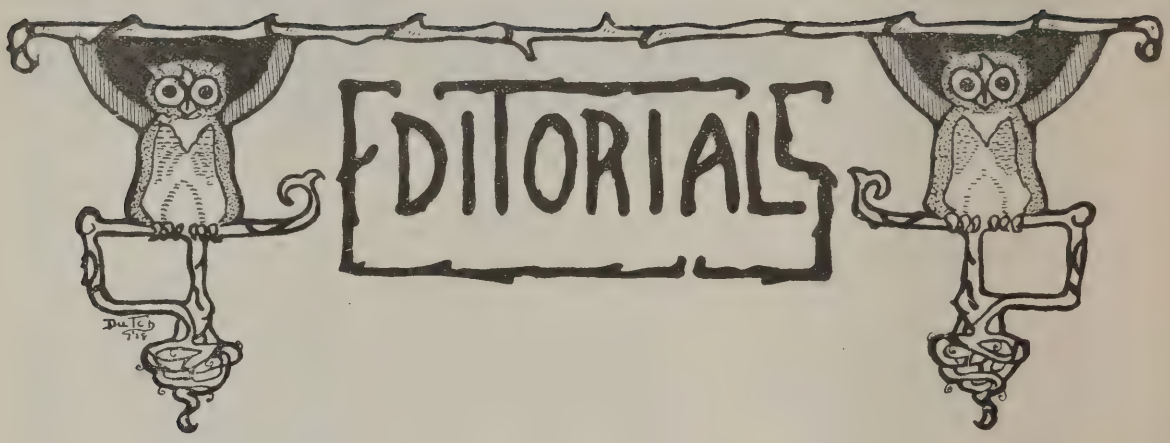


THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

STAY ON THE JOB

The approach of warm weather and longer days unfailingly affects pupils in high school. There seems to be a call to let studies take care of themselves, a call to look at things more lightly, to assume a carefree air and drop worry and responsibility. Many, very many heed that call and follow its command. What happens to them? Their school work drops, does it not? Many a year's mark is marred or ruined. That is not all! There is a loss to one's moral character, is there not? Does not the student who at the last minute, the test of his strength, falls down on the job through his own wilful neglect of duty lose in moral strength? Are not his views of responsibility on a lower plane? Surely every reader knows that this is so.

Why then fall down on the job merely because it is spring and there is abroad a spirit of lightheartedness, of relief from the oppressing winter?

The spring season is long; the coming summer is longer; and vacation time is only nine or ten weeks away.

Stay on the job Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors. The reward is great. The horrible possibility of "flunking" for the year through inactivity during two terms will be remote. Our characters will be strengthened for the great battles of Life. Think of our satisfaction in June for having weathered that terrible storm known as "Spring Fever"!

THE GIRLS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The splendid work of the G. A. A. deserves much credit. On the page devoted to the news of the association, one may read of their very successful basketball season. That their baseball and swimming activities will be very much less successful is much to be doubted. These girls show an interest in athletics that should be given its place of honor in school activities. The G. A. A. is a wide-awake active body of girls who are making a splendid record for their association.

Particularly are to be noticed their games of basketball with other schools. This is a comparatively new activity which should be fostered in years to come. Nearly every high school has a girl's basketball team bearing the school name. The High and Latin School should have one, and a successful team too. Girls of the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman classes, it is up to you to see that, in the years to come, teams are organized which shall play interscholastic games.

CONVENTION OF COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

The *Review* was represented by its editor at the annual convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association at New York City on March 12th and 13th. The convention was held for the purpose of bringing together the members of the Association, of instructing the delegates in the different branches of newspaper and magazine publication, and of making plans for the future of the Association, its policies and activities.

Before recounting the activities of the Convention, we should explain what the C. S. P. A. is and the connection of the *Review* with it. The C. S. P. A. is an organization of junior high school, senior high school, and normal school publications. It is sponsored by Columbia University of New York City. The membership runs into the five hundreds; forty-three states, Cuba and the Canal Zone are represented. The remarkable and significant growth of the organization in its two years of existence is reported by the secretary to be gaining even greater momentum. The purpose of the Association is to aid the proper development of school journalism through means of organization. The facilities of the Association due to its connection with Columbia University and its famous School of Journalism can readily be appreciated. The officers are Frank D. Fackenthal, president; Elbert K. Fretwell, 1st vice-president; Edith M. Penney, 2nd vice-president; Joseph M. Murphy, secretary; Benjamin A. Hubbard, treasurer. They are all adults and, excepting Miss Penny, connected in some capacity with the University.

The Association conducts a contest every year in which cups and certificates are awarded to the winners. The *Review* was a contestant in the high school group of the magazine section this year. No cup nor certificate was won, however, although a passing mention of credit was made at one time. The editor heard much favorable comment from the delegates of some of our exchanges which he believed to be entirely frank and sincere. At the time of entering the contest, the *Review* also joined the Association.

The winners of the 1926 contest in the senior high school magazine class were: Central High School, Minneapolis, Minn.; North High School, Minneapolis, Minn.; Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J.; High School, Greensboro, N. C.; Central High School, Greensboro, N. C. The publications of these schools received cups. Certificates were awarded to six other schools receiving Honorable Mention.

Because a report of exactly what occured at each session of the convention or at the sectional meetings would probably be of no interest to our readers, the program is reprinted here with such changes as make it historically accurate. The asterisk before one of the sectional meetings in each group designates the meeting which the editor attended. All the general sessions were attended.

Opening Session—Friday, March 12

McMillin Theatre, School of Business.
Welcome, Dean Hawkes, Columbia College.
Address, Mr. Julian S. Mason, Managing Editor, *New York Herald-Tribune.*
Convention Picture, Library Steps.
Tour of the University, Guidance by Van Am Club.

Afternoon Session

McMillin Theatre.
Address.
Animated Cartoons, Mr. Winsor McCay, *New York Herald-Tribune.*
Sectional meetings:
Advertising Methods, Room 401, School of Business. Mr. E. S. Murthey, Eastern Manager, *The American Boy.*
Newspaper Make-up, Room 601, Journalism. Miss Edith M. Penny, High School, Bronxville, N. Y.
Sports Writing, 309 Business. Mr. Arthur S. Draper, Sports Editor, *New York Herald-Tribune.*
Editing a News Magazine, Trophy Room, Earle Hall, Mr. B. P. Adams, Editorial staff, *Literary Digest.*
*The News Story, Reading Room, Earle Hall, Mr. Lester Markel, Sunday Editor, *New York Times.*
Sectional meetings:
Book Reviews, Trophy Room, Earle Hall. Mr. John Carter, Book Review Depart-

ment, *New York Times.*

Magazine Make-up, 309 Business. Miss Marion O'Neil, High School, Paterson, N. J.

The Poetry Editor, 401 Business. Mr. Henry M. Robinson, Editor, *Contemporary Verse.*

*Editorial Writing, 601 Journalism. Professor Allen S. Will, School of Journalism, Columbia University.

Ad Lay-Out, Reading Room, Earle Hall. Mr. Raymond Highet, Durant-Ford Sales Corporation, New York City.

Meeting of Faculty Advisers, Trophy Room, Earle Hall.

Evening Session

Convention Banquet, New England Dining Room, Prince George Hotel.

After Dinner Address. Dr. Clifford Smyth, Editor, *International Book Review.*

Visit to *New York Times* or *New York Herald-Tribune* buildings.

The party was divided into four groups at the banquet. One-fourth went to the *Times* and one-fourth to the*Tribune* buildings immediately after the banquet: The remaining groups toured the city in sightseeing busses with guides. After the tour these two groups visited the *Times* or *Tribune* buildings and those who had already been through the plants started on the tour.

Saturday, March 13

Special Edition of the *Columbia Spectator* edited by delegates from the prize-winning staffs.

McMillin Theatre.

Address. Mr. Louis Wiley, Business Manager, *New York Times.*

Sectional Meetings:

What the Advertiser Expects, 401 Business. Mr. R. K. Leavitt, Secretary, Association of National Advertisers.

The Normal School Publication, Trophy Room, Earle Hall. Miss Clara C. Ewalt, School of Education, Cleveland, Ohio.

*The School Paper a Medium of School Publicity, 601 Journalism. Dr. Rollo G. Reynolds, Teachers College, New York City.

The Art Adviser (Illustrated Lecture), 408 Avery. Miss Olive C. Slater, Eastern High School, Baltimore, Md.

General Business Meeting, McMillin Theatre.

Meeting. Normal School Delegates, Trophy Room, Earle Hall.

Meeting. Delegates from Press Associations.

Varsity Show, "His Majesty, The Queen." Waldorf-Astoria Ballroom.

Convention Adjourns.

The editor visited the *Herald-Tribune* building and gained more valuable information to aid him in the publication of the *Review* than would be possible to set forth here. An account of what he saw would take all the space of this issue.

The Convention was a complete success in every meaning of the phrase. There were over six hundred enthusiastic delegates present from such widely separated states as North Carolina and Minnesota and narrowing down to New York City itself. A Convention will be held at the same place and at the same time next year. The editor sincerely hopes that a delegation will attend from this publication in 1927. The possibilities of winning a prize and national honor and of sending a delegation depend upon the support which the *Review* receives next year and every year thereafter. May it be greater than in 1926!

AWARDS IN TYPEWRITING

Several of the students who are taking typwriting II have tried the monthly tests sent out by the typewriter companies and the following pupils have been successful in passing the tests and winning awards:

Name	Words per minute	Award
Ruth Talent	50	Silver button
Joseph Hayes	44	Bronze button
Pauline Bonanno	41	Bronze button
Mary Riccio	41	Bronze button
Madeline Margetson	40	Bronze button
Florence Ricard	36	Certificate
Annie Terjenian	36	Certificate
Margaret Maher	36	Certificate
Alma Ryan	35	Certificate
Blanche Zdanowski	34	Certificate
Svea Swenson	34	Certificate
Beatrice Sutkus	32	Certificate
Margaret Lyons	32	Certificate
Helen Peters	32	Certificate
Olive Silveira	32	Certificate
Mary Cohen	30	Certificate

CLUBS

A new club called the Philosophy Club has been organized. The object of this society is to learn and discuss Philosophy in its simpler phrases. Mr. Cecil T. Derry will be the faculty advisor. The club is not to be social. A person must submit a written thesis upon a subject proposed by Mr. Derry before he can be considered for membership. Meetings are every other Tuesday.

G. A. C.

A Literary Club has been founded in this school for the purpose of creating a better interest in good literature.

The first meeting of the club was held January 12, 1926, and at this meeting two officers were elected:

Harold P. Dow, President
Charles J. Mahady, Secretary

A Program Committee was also elected for the school year to arrange the activities of the club. The first great step in its progress was the ratification of its constitution which was drawn up on the whole by William J. Flynn.

The activities of the club are very interesting and extremely well balanced. Various members have submitted their literary work to criticism of the others. Some of the teachers have honored us with their presence, their helpful suggestions, and their readings. We have progressed rapidly and prospects for the future are extremely promising. Much of the Club's success is owed to Miss Anna P. Butler. C.J.M.

The members of Spanish II and III have formed a club called "El Club Cervantino". A regular meeting of this club will be held on the last Friday of each month.

The following officers were elected:

President, Ida Gagna.
Vice-President, Mary Talarico
Secretary, Beatrice Wallin
Treasurer, Edward Nicholas

The Debating Club held its first meeting on February 23, 1926. The meeting attracted ten students, who elected William J. Flynn, President of the Debating Council, as president, and David A. Nathans, a member of the debating team, vice-president. Haskell C. Freedman and Margaret Lewis were elected secretary and treasurer respectively. The program committee, as selected by the president, to hold office for the first month, is composed of Joseph Maloney, Cross-Country captain, Samuel Fishman, and Donald Carroll. Monday was chosen as the regular weekly day for meetings. W.F.

NOVELS—HISTORY

In this issue of the Review, we publish a list of novels and romances founded upon the history of our country. Some of them are stories written about historic incidents and persons. Others are stories illustrative of the times. They are all entertaining and well written.

Colonial Period (1607-1765)

Bay Path. J. G. Holland.
Witchcraft in Massachusetts.
Knickerbocker History of New York. Washington Irving
To Have and to Hold. Mary Johnston.
A romance of Virginia.

The Revolution (1765-1789)

Old Kaskaskia. M. H. Catherwood.
Horse Shoe Robinson. J. P. Kennedy.

The Nation (1789-1855)

The Conquest (Alexander Hamilton). Gertrude Atherton.
Hossier Schoolboy.
Hossier Schoolmaster. E. Eggleston.
Ramona (Indians). H. H. Jackson.

Civil War (1855-1865)

Copperhead. Harold Frederic.
Rebel's Recollections. E. Eggleston.
The Boy Lincoln. W. O. Stoddard.

The New Era (1865-1876)

Red Rock. Thomas N. Page.
Expiation. Octave Thanet.

Modern History—Business Age (1876-1926)

A Certain Rich Man. William Allen White.
The Turmoil. Booth Tarkington.
The Riverman and *The Rules of the Game.* Stewart Edward White.
The Virginian. Owen Wister.

The works of Winston Churchill, *The Crossing, The Crisis, Mr. Crewe's Career, In a Far Country, Coniston*, are very interesting historical novels following American history from the time of George Rogers Clark to the Presidency of U. S. Grant.

THE JENNIE S. SPRING SCHOLARSHIP

Miss Jennie S. Spring was for many years one of the most distinguished and beloved of teachers. Through her prolonged service as teacher, as head of the Latin department, and finally as dean of girls in the Cambridge High and Latin School, she became widely known and honored among the friends and graduates of the school. After her death, which occurred in 1923, a committee of alumni was formed to raise a fund and establish a scholarship in honor of her memory.

The influence of Miss Spring has spread to many parts of the world, as her pupils have gone to positions of usefulness in all sorts of places. In response to the appeal of the committee, contributions and appreciative letters have come not only from all parts of the United States, but from such distant places as British Columbia, Cuba, Mexico, Malta, Constantinople, and China. A few extracts from these letters will suggest the lasting impression which Miss Spring made on her pupils. A graduate of the Cambridge Latin School in the class of 1894 writes: "Time has only deepened the impression of her skilful, clever, and wholesome teaching. I am glad to join in this movement to honor her memory." The president of a girls' college says: "She will always stand out in my memory as one of the best teachers that I have ever known." One of the younger graduates of the school writes: "She was a most wonderful and inspiring teacher, and I could not begin to estimate the value of the instruction that I received, not only from her teaching but from her whole remarkable personality." Another says: "With me she left a lasting impression for the good and fine things of life." A professor of Latin writes that he has sat at the feet of teachers in many parts of the world, and that none of them surpassed Miss Spring. A teacher of education in Western Reserve University, Cleveland, sends this tribute: "By virtue of her splendid enthusiasm; her thoroughgoing devotion to her cause; her loyalty as teacher and as friend; her alertness of mind and keenness of wit; her ability to govern with absolute justice, with firmness and yet with patience and good humor; her power to stimulate in every pupil his highest possible achievement;—through all these and innumerable other characteristics so rarely found combined in any single personality, Miss Spring was able profoundly to influence all with whom she came in contact. It is difficult for one to analyze concretely the effects of his association with an individual teacher, and yet I feel quite definitely that I owe much to Miss Spring. A few days ago we were discussing in class personal factors involved in good teaching, and my own contributions were based largely upon a rather distinct mental picture of Miss Spring at work in her classroom."

The committee has now in hand about $2100, and has decided to offer the scholarship for the first time for the academic year 1926-7. The amount of the stipend is $100. This will be granted to a girl of high rank, a graduate of the Cambridge High and Latin School, who shall be a college freshman in 1926-7. In deciding the award, the committee will consider not only scholastic achievement, but also ability, character, promise of future usefulness, and financial need. Mr. C. T. Derry, head of the Latin department, and treasurer of the committee, will be glad to supply application blanks and information to girls in this year's senior class who desire to become candidates for the scholarship. All applications must be made to Mr. Derry not later than May 1.

The committee aims to enlarge the fund, hoping to be able eventually to increase the scholarship to equal the tuition fee of the most important colleges for women. For this purpose the committee appeals to friends of the school for contributions, which may be sent to Mr. Derry, Treasurer, at the Cambridge High and Latin School.

CECIL T. DERRY.

SENIOR CLASS YEAR BOOK

That the Senior Class Year Book is being prepared needs no publicity. The entire student body is aware of that. What is needed now is support. Subscriptions, literary contributions (from Seniors only), and advertisements are desired by the editorial and business departments. Seniors! It is your Book. Treat it in that light.

QUEER CLIMATE

R. Whitney Pierce, '26

It was a late summer's day in the state of Utah, when two boys could have been seen making their way along an old country road. Jim and Bill Hayden, state foresters, were returning home after a hard day's work. Their faces seemed very red, and there was a faint smell of smoke about them. They had been fighting a fierce forest fire. Their faces were red from the heat of the flames. They had been jogging along on their horses for some time in silence, when Jim suddenly looked up and said, with a queer expression on his face,—

"Say, Bill, where do you suppose those contemptible, mean, old fire-bugs went to? They certainly gave us the slip."

"Well, I'll tell you, Jim. I think they've headed for Buckeye Creek. And if they have, it will take some time to get them. Let's see, there were only two of them, weren't there? I thought so. We'll start off early tomorrow morning and head towards the Creek. What do you make of the weather, Jim?"

"Mighty queer, I call it. It's a bad time for any fires. We haven't had any rain for nearly six weeks; and everything is baked to a frazzle. Cows and horses are going crazy for the want of water. If it would only rain, rain, rain! Why, I heard only yesterday that Farmer Jones' well had gone dry!"

The two young men once more rode on in silence. Now Bill had almost predicted correctly about the direction of the fire-bugs' but he had forgotten just one thing. Half-way between Buckeye Creek and the place from which they had so luckily made their escape from Jim and Bill, there stood a small village, in which had been built a country dance-hall. Dances were held in this hall once a month. It happened that on this coming evening there was to be held a dance. The two fire-bugs, on entering the village, had decided to take a step at dancing; so they promptly gained admission. Meanwhile, Jim and Bill had heard of the "party" and decided to go also. They arrived quickly, being about the two best riders in the county, and also having very fine horses. The hall was crowded by the time they had arrived. They entered and mingled in with the crowd. Everything was peaceably going on, when the shot of a revolver rang out!

In a moment the place was in confusion! The people were lined up against the wall. They looked on in fright and suspense. Four men were grappling with each other in the middle of the floor! Suddenly, two of the men jumped up and ran for the open door! The other two men quickly followed, drawing their guns as they ran out. Shots were heard; then, the rumbling sound of horses' hoofs, growing fainter and fainter as they rushed on toward Buckeye Creek. Jim and Bill had found the fire-bugs and were fast on the fugitives' heels. On they rode, now gaining, now losing, riding fast, riding slow, yet, riding on and on into the darkness of the night. Then Buckeye Creek loomed before them.

This creek was a small stream running down a deep gorge. This gorge had been formed by cloud-bursts. The rain would pour down into the creek, making it become a raging, roaring river. The force and the swiftness of the water would wear away the sides as easily as if they were made of paper. Who knew but that the gorge might become a foot deeper this very night!

While the riders were fast approaching the creek, a curious change had suddenly come in the weather. A wind was stirring with an ominous acceleration! Dark clouds gathered in the sky as if by magic. The wind, very slowly, began to hum and sing. Then it began to whistle! The hum changed to a whirring sound! A black cloud, tremendous in size, hovered over the entrance to the gorge. Suddenly two horsemen appeared at the entrance, frightened and apparently in a great hurry. They started down the gorge. Then two other horsemen appeared on the high bank above the entrance to this deep gully.

A voice was saying, "Wait, Jim, wait! They're goners, if that cloud over the entrance breaks. Look at it!"

Hardly had he uttered the words, when the cloud DID break! Kind reader, have you ever seen a cloud-burst, a real bad one? Thousands of tons of water suddenly coming down upon a small area of land is a sight

never to be forgotten. A cloud-burst spreads ruin and destruction before and after it. It uproots trees and moves massive stones; it gouges out the sides of mountains; it makes small rivers roaring masses of water; it transforms small ponds into large lakes.

Jim and Bill looked on in wonderment. Down came the rain! Buckeye Creek, in less time than it takes to tell it, was being filled by a sheer wall of water nearly thirty feet in height! Five minutes passed by; then, there was heard above the din and confusion of the storm, two human cries. Death had overtaken the two fire-bugs! Suddenly the rain stopped!

The two foresters turned their dripping mounts towards home. Jim began to speak.

"We surely needed the rain, but the fire-bugs—".

"Well, Jim, I guess they deserved it. Anyhow, I'm thinking we won't need any more rain for some time around here. This climate gets me. It's queer, I call it, mighty queer."

And Jim thought so too. Then there was silence again as they made their way homeward, wet, but happy, under the now cleared sky and the light of the western stars.

SONG TO A GYPSY

It is summer, O thou Gypsy,
With your caravan,
How I envy you your leisure
More than any man.

Here to-day, there tomorrow,
Like an ocean wave
Always happy, gay and carefree,
To no man a slave.

Knowest thou no disappointment,
No sorrow or no care,
Oh thou gay and carefree gypsy,
Sleeping everywhere.

Oh thou gypsy with no home
But your caravan,
Why are you so gay and carefree
More than any man?

Janice E. Mapp, '28.

MONA LISA

You are like an ivory plague
Upon the dimness of a friar's wall.
You almost seem to there enact
An innocent, yet lofty thrall.
You seem enwrapt in visions old
Like bodies dead, but not yet cold.
Your dignity, aloofness sad
Has power to soothe, and yet to mad.
But you have poignancy and love.
You are a symbol, as a dove,
For purity, and peace.

Elizabeth Hitchcock.

AT EVEN' TIDE

At even' time when lights are low,
I take my easy chair.
I draw it close beside the hearth,
And gaze into the fire.

The flames, all crackling, flick'ring red,
Are as a crystal ball
Where I may gaze into its depths,
And see the fate of all.

They show me now my dearest friend
—My buddy, "over there"—
Who gave his life that we might live—
To him I send a prayer.

And now I see the girl I lov'd,
Who strew my path with flowers.
Oh, how I'l love to live again
Those wondrous, Golden Hours!

And now, again, the flames portray
Those dead, for whom I weep.
Oh, would it were but possible
To wake them from their sleep.

And as the fire burns up the logs,
The flames lose magic fate,
And leave me gazing in my chair
Upon the open grate.

Harold P. Dow.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will and wisdom finds a way.

—George Crabbe.

THE SCOUT'S RUSE

Charles J. Mahady

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, the white men who attempted to teach the Indians the might of the paleface government experienced many exciting moments. At any instant the redskins might set out on the war-path and sweep across the country plundering every settlement. The government men were always expecting news of oncoming war-frenzied tribes.

The soldiers that were not busy with foreign wars at this time were well occupied in subduing the Indians. They became, incidentally, well versed in the art of Indian warfare. They were brave, though not foolhardy, and experienced many adventures and performed many heroic achievements.

One of these government men was John Lyman.

Lyman was a scout stationed on a supply train bound for the Red River district. The train had just crossed one of the Red River's tributaries and was headed for Fort Supply when it was sighted by a band of Red Men who, believing that they had an easy capture, drove their mustangs after it at a wild pace. The captain, however, was not to be surprised. He formed a conval of his wagons and tried to scare off the Indians.

The redskins, not daring to rush the stockade, rode round and round it, clinging to the far side of their ponies and shooting only when a white man appeared. It was evident to the captain that they were not to be scared away.

When night came the captain called a conference behind the sheltering wagons.

"We have to get relief somehow," he said, "but how?"

"Someone will have to go for it," said Lyman. "I'll go."

As night fell the Indians encamped in a circle about the soldiers. Having realized that this was the opportune moment to make his escape, Lyman selected the best horse, swung himself into the saddle and slipped into the darkness.

He knew that he would be discovered before he ventured far. Therefore, he scanned the ring of Indians with the instinct of a man of the plains and, having selected the best spot, he galloped for it in the darkness and sped through before the Indians realized what had happened. In a moment a half a hundred or so braves were speeding after him on their fleet-footed beasts.

Although Lyman had gained a few hundred yards on his pursuers, his fleeting silhouette betrayed the direction of his flight. There were many chances against Lyman, as many as there were men behind him. Whatever might come to pass, all those Indian ponies would not be outpaced or stumble in a dog's hole, or drop behind for weariness; but at any moment one of these things might happen to his horse.

Lyman realized that, but he pushed on—on through the tall prairie grass, on over the rocky stretches of ground, on up the hills and down the valleys—a form appearing only at intervals. He drove hard thinking only of the dreadful fate of his companions if he failed in this great task. As the scout drove his pony still harder, he could feel the little beast grow weaker; the horse was leg-weary, steaming and panting on account of the straining race. Lyman felt that the end must come shortly.

But hope of possible success sprang in his heart and he determined to ride to the end and then, if necessary, to fight. He soon dismissed these thoughts from his mind, for the thing to do now was to hurry—hurry—hurry.

Then he saw something before him that made the hot blood rush to his head and that caused a most extraordinary and daredevil idea to enter his mind. Before him lay a kind of buffalo sleeping after their evening meal; and behind him came the Indians yet unaware of the great danger before them. Grasping the opportunity, Lyman headed his pony straight for the buffalo pack.

Only a man who had little hope of salvation would undertake such a risky act. He rode his horse through the mass of shaggy bodies. He startled them but they did not stampede at once. The scout very carefully picked his way through the sleeping pack but not too hurriedly, for that would excite the whole herd. He guided his pony in and out among the buffalo with

remarkable skill to the outer ridge, finally emerging altogether.

When the Indians saw what the scout had done, they pulled up their horses and told one another that the paleface was doomed. Moreover, the herd was beginning to stampede so the Indians swung their ponies around and rapidly returned to camp.

Lyman, however, was still far away from Fort Supply. He rode furiously until dawn. Then he remained hidden during the day lest he be captured by a roving band of Indians.

Night came again. This time he continued his journey on foot, for the pony was too exhausted to be of any use even after a night's rest. It took a great deal of will power and courage to accomplish this great task, but Lyman did it. He finally reached the fort, tired, bleeding and half-starved but in time to have relief sent to the train.

Memories

As I sat by the fire one evening,
Watching the flames leap high,
A memory of poignant sweetness came to me
Of the days gone by.

I saw my old mother, now long since gone,
Mending my stockings that play had torn,
With a sweet sad smile playing o'er her face,
She looked like an angel out of place.

I saw the old school house on top of the hill,
Where close by rippled the babbling rill;
The stiff old benches, the worn copy books,
My faithful old master, with grave face and looks.

I saw my old sweet-heart—what caused me to start?
'Twas a ring on the door-bell, from my dreams I must part.
I opened the door to that sweet-heart of mine,
My dear wife, my true friend, my guardian divine.

Elizabeth Mordecai, Room 77.

A ROBIN'S BURIAL

Eloise Belliveau

He was lying just inside a cruel iron gate at the edge of the bog. Either he had hit his head flying against this, or someone had thrown a stone at him—I hope it was not this.

He was a "this year's robin", scarcely full-grown or fully fledged, though his breast was redly fluffy. He seemed not long dead, for his feathers felt warm, and his tiny legs and head fell limply aside.

At first, I wondered if he were quite dead; I felt his red bosom; his heart was cold and still.

I carried him home, quite hidden in my hand, and took him to the Beech-walk. There I wrapped him in a primrose leaf, which covered his wee body, and folded him in a green soft coffin of moss. Then I laid him inside a cleft of the last beech-tree. It was mossy and just fitted his tiny shape. I put a small stone on his grave, and a plant of wood-sorrell to grow near him; I then made a sign of the cross for God's little singer, whose red throat I kissed for his songs, and left him where his robin-kindred sing always. There were many of them singing his funeral requiem, this sweet November day.

THE FRENCHMAN VERSUS ENGLISH

PAUL J. McCANN '26

(Reprinted from the Bristol Times and Mirror)

A Frenchman who English would learn
Got hold of an old dictionary,
But had not the sense to discern
How the meanings of words often vary;
He thought to "squeeze" and to "press"
Meant both pretty much the same thing,
So thus he a friend did address:
"Pray squeeze that young lady to sing."

Like most Frenchmen, he was not
At trifles accustomed to stickle,
So very soon in a new hobble he got
For he thought to "preserve" was to "pickle."
So thus of a friend he took leave—
"To see you, dear lady, I glad am;
And till we meet, happy once more,
May Providence pickle you, madame."

THE LAST OF HIS RACE

Elizabeth Tracy, '29

Hypothenasor was the last of his race and the wisest of all the gods of Valhalla. He was also considered the strongest—in his way even stronger than the mighty Thor, although he was old and bent and his long white beard touched the ground. For the secret of his great power lay in his magical resources. He was the descendant of a race of the wisest of the Norse gods, and had it not been for his existance the race would have perished long before. For of late people had ceased to believe in the gods; and as the belief became weaker and weaker, they also became weaker. However, with the help of Hypothenasor, the wizard, they were still a mighty race.

Now it happened that Thor, on one of his stormy journeys, found his way into Ellysium, the home of the Greek gods and became captivated with the beauty of Aphrodite. So great did his love for her become that he contrived to steal her away secretly, by night, and bring her to Valhalla.

The Norse gods, when they heard it, were horrified and turned in their consternation to Hypothenasor, for they all declared that an alliance between the Norse and the Greek gods would never do.

Hearing the entreaties of the distressed divinities of Valhalla, Hypothenasor retired to his cave on the outskirts of Asgard, and pondered, wondering what it would be best for him to do. Already he could hear the rage of the Greek war gods carried on thunder from the south over the mountains and across the seas to the north. He knew what these sounds meant—the Greeks were planning to attack. Would they of Valhalla be strong enough to withstand them?

Suddenly Hypothenasor had an inspiration. They would let the Greeks attack and carry off their Aphrodite! Thus peace would be restored again to Valhalla. Calling a Valkyrie, he bade her to make known this project to Thor and once more settled back in his retreat to await the mighty god's ultimatum.

It was not long in coming—the fury of Thor knew no bounds—what! Give up his hard-earned prize? Was the wizard crazy? Hypothenasor was at his wit's end to know what to do. He realized that his magic would be as nothing in comparison to the strength of the Greeks.

All night Hypothenasor thought, until his old brain grew tired and his eyelids heavy with slumber. His head fell forward upon his chest, and, before he knew it, the wizard was sound asleep.

* * * *

The candle burned low in its tall socket by the door and sunlight was streaming in a golden flood through the craggy opening of the cave when Hypothenasor awoke, refreshed, from his nap.

The wizard's mind was clearer now and his thoughts were invigorated and brightened by the hope inspired of a new idea. For while he had slept his father had appeared to him in a dream and had told him to steal the hammer of Thor, which was the god's greatest possession, and without which he was powerless. Then had Hypothenasor remembered. The hammer,—of course; where had his thoughts been on the night before? Quick as lightning the wizard slipped the shoes of invisibility over his sandalled feet. In another minute he was out in the clear morning sunshine, his magic shoes finding an easy path over the dewey grass.

Soon the tall towers of Valhalla rose high and white before his view, gleaming with an added brilliance through the dark firs that surrounded them.

The magician's heart leaped when he saw this; already the object of his quest lay before him! It was an easy matter to slip through the great gates unobserved by the sleepy guards who were yawning prodigiously at their posts.

In another minute he was inside the stronghold, across the marble floor, up the staircase, and directly in the room where the hammer lay; brought thence by the invisible shoes which had the property of bearing the wearer to his destination in the shortest possible time.

Hypothenasor was besides the heavy hammer in an instant—in another, it was upon his shoulder and he was outside Valhalla, while a great state of uproar reigned within.

"My hammer is stolen!" rumbled the thunder god in murderous tones.

"Find the thief!" cried the guards.

"Look!" exclaimed one small slave, "I found a shoe in the path, and, strange enough, it's a shoe of invisibility."

"Ha," cried Thor, "there is vile business afoot. It is the shoe of Hypothenasor, the magician. After him, my heroes, and bring him back to me!"

The wizard, hearing the tumult, and seeing the pack upon his heels, was about to give up the ghost; for he was now half visible by reason of his having lost one shoe. Suddenly, however, he heard a whirring sound in the air and, looking up, he beheld a hawk volplaning through space toward him with tremendous velocity.

No sooner did he see the bird than he recognized in him the mischievous demon, Loki, a disguise common to him. In desparation, Hypothenasor held out the hammer and begged the bird to relieve him of it which it did to his astonishment. And then, holding the hammer firmly in his claws, soared off into the heavens, until he became a mere speck in the distance.

Hypothenasor, perceiving his mission done, stopped in his path and allowed the heroes of Valhalla to capture him.

By this time a great number of the gods of Valhalla had gathered together to watch the chase—Thor among the rest. When they observed that the magician was captured, they begged Thor to spare him, urging that to harm Hypothenasor would be to bring about their downfall.

Thor perceived the wisdom in this and he also perceived that, since Hypothenasor had rid himself of the hammer, it would avail him nothing to practice vengeance upon him. He clearly saw that his next piece of work was to wrest the hammer from the reckless hands of Loki. Accordingly he called together the best archers of Valhalla and commanded them to aim at the hawk, who, at that moment appeared over the mountains in the east and rapidly drew nearer, until, indeed, he flew just over the outer walls of the stronghold.

At this moment there arose a great cry from the sentries at the gates of Valhalla, and turning, the gods perceived an immense army approaching from the south and the steady rhythm of their marching shook the ground. It was a fearful, splendid array, as they came, legion upon legion, the sun shining upon their shields and glistening on their breastplates. On, on came the forces of the Greek gods!

"Draw" roared Thor to the archers, "we must have the hammer before they attack!"

The archers drew—twenty arrows sped heavenward. The bird dipped and swooped skilfully below the last; the hold of his claws weakened . . . . . the crowd stood breathless while the hammer seemed to swing in mid-air. Then it fell.

A wall of gravel and the rock from the battlements rose before the approaching army. The air seemed charged with hurtling missils, and the one great roar of the impact of the hammer against the wall seemed to engulf the whole. Hypothenasor, who had fled to his cave, heard it and arose from his retreat, uttering a feeble cry.

The old man's faltering steps at length brought him to the spot where Valhalla once had stood. He beheld in horror the temples and palaces of Asgard crumbled beneath the blow while the whole landscape seemed a sea of wild, disordered rocks. Far treating and above, he heard the screaming of a hawk as it soared and soared farther into space and finally disappeared beyond the mountains whence it had come.

Hypothenasor stood agast, the last of all his race to see that ruin. The far-away cry of the hawk sounded mockingly in his ears and the moaning wind from the sea stirred his white hair gently.

Sometimes, on stormy nights, you can hear that same wind as it whistles around the crags of some rock-bound coast, sounding like the cry of an aged creature, searching in revenge, Then you will know it is Hypothenasor, who rides on the wings of the wind, seeking the wicked Loki, who has buried forever the beautiful vale of Asgard in its living grave of rock.

This brilliant story, "The Last of His Race," is the product of a Freshman. It is heartening to the *Review* staff to see such talent in an underclass. If there are any more talented underclassmen may they make themselves and their abilities known!

Miss D.: Copy the names down that are on the board and find out something about their lives.

Miss G.: Is that John Fisk any relation to the tire?

"Many are called," the poet said, "but few get out of bed."

Mr. Cain: Harrington, stop talking. I don't want anyone talking and chewing gum while I am.

Englishman: Do you know what your flag reminds me of?

American: What?

Englishman: A candy peppermint stick.

American: Well, you haven't licked it yet.

Heard in French 3

"On peut voir des tableaux et des stampes dans sa chambre."

"You can see writing paper and stamps in her bedroom."

Freshman: What is money?

Senior: A thing, my child, that a man earns and gets, and for which a woman yearns and gets.

H. D.: I think that the Charleston is awful!

M. G.: I can't learn it either.

Soph.: In the spring, the sap runs.

Fresh.: Is that why the Latin cross country team comes out in the spring?

Mr. S. (to Curtin walking around the room): "Sit down Barrymore Curtin.

She Knew the Breed

Little Marion and her next door neighbor, Donald, were engaged in an absorbing conversation. "What are anarchists?" asked little Marion.

Then Donald swelled with his superior wisdom. "They want everything anyone else has got and they never wash themselves," he replied.

"O, yes," cried little Marion, with enthusiasm, "I see—they is just little boys growed up!"

Mrs. Pride—My father was killed in a feud.

Mrs. Wide—I never would ride in one of those cheap cars.

Heard in Latin IV

K. (translating)—And to speak most slowly—(a long pause).

Mr. Derry—Oh, but don't speak too slowly please!

Wilma's mother was surprised one Sunday to see her little girl, who was sitting several seats ahead of her in one of the churches of the city, singing with the congregation.

On the way home afterward, the delighted mother said, "Why, Wilma, I noticed you sang all the songs this morning. I did not know you knew them."

There was another surprise in store for her, however, when the little singer answered very much pleased with herself. "O, I don't know what the rest of them were singing. I was singing, 'It Ain't Goin' Rain No More!'"

The Old Man

Old man! Old man!
For whom diggest this grave?
I asked as I walked along
For I saw in the heart of London streets
A dark and busy throng.

T'was a strange wild deed
And a wilder wish of the parting soul to lie
Where troubled numbers of living men
Would pass him idly by.

So I asked, "Old man,
For whom diggest this grave
In the heart of London town?"
And the deep toned voice of the digger replied,
"We're laying a gas pipe down."

Anonymous.

Miss Hite: Give the list of idioms, Good.

Trahy (from the rear): Aimer mieux, aller, compter, etc.

Miss Hite: Do you think you're Good?

Trahy: Yes.

If It Isn't One It's the Other

Miss P.: Well, what do you think of it?

Pupil: It's too general.

Miss P.: Well, what do you mean by too general?

Pupil: It isn't specific.

Heard in English

Miss H.: Fisher, can you give me an example of alertness?

Fisher: Miss Hardy on the war path.

Mr. Sheehan to Curtin: Wouldn't that book be easier reading right side up?

You Forgot to Remember

Collector: Have you forgotten that you owe me seventy-five cents for the Review?

Freshman: No, not yet, but just give me time and I will.

Some girls seem to think that as soon as they begin to paint, they can draw a man.

Heard in the Lunch Room

L. Gibson: Say, this coffee is just like mud.

D. Finlayson: Yah, it was just ground this morning.

Miss F.: Only fools are positive. Are you positive?

J. Curtin: I'm positive.

Our nimble Joseph Flaherty has purchased a new car. He claims that he will not need a horn as it says Dodge in front of it.

Teacher: D'Arcy, can you give me Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?

D'Arcy: He didn't live there.

Miss Skahan: You'll have to stay after school and work on your geography lesson. You didn't locate one single city.

Youthful Radio Fan: I can't locate them, but I can tune in on the whole lot of them.

Irate Parent: My boy, you were out after eleven last night, a thing you should not have done.

Joseph F.: Oh no, Dad, you are wrong. I was only after one.

Fresh: Is he lazy?

E. Sillin: Say, that boy rides in a Ford car to save himself the effort of knocking the ashes off his cigar.

Heard in Modern History

Darrow, what class do you belong in, or rather what year did you enter in?

What We Approve of. Check Yes or No

Do we approve of supporting the Year Book. Yes. No.

Do we approve of supporting the Review? Yes. No.

Do we approve of non-argumentative Freshmen? Yes. No.

Would we approve of good marks? Yes. No.

Do we approve of Paul McCann's corduroy trousers? Yes. No.

Do we approve of home work? Yes. No.

Do we approve of seventh periods? Yes. No.

Joe Maloney: Hooray, Mr. Donovan, you said that we would have a test today rain or shine.

Well?

It's snowing.

Helen goes out with only two parties now.

How's that?

Democrats and Republicans.

More Than Clever

Natalie—Is Isabella clever at making up crossword puzzles?

Estelle—O, yes. She even had West Point as a point of the compass.

Mother: "My angel, I wish you wouldn't paint."

Daughter: "Did you ever see an angel that wasn't painted?"

Teacher: "Tell me what you know of the Mongolian race."

Pupil: "I wasn't there sir; I went to the football game."

Maid (at door): "No, I haven't any money to give; you'll have to come around again after five o'clock when Mrs. Jones is at home."

Beggar: "I can't, madam, I only work from eight to four."

Girl: "Can you drive with one hand?"

Boy (passionately): "Yes."

Girl: "Then pick up my glove."

Mother: "Johnny, don't reach across the table like that. Haven't you any tongue?"

Johnny: "Yes, Mother, but my arms are longer."

Three Scotchmen had been listening to an excellent appeal for funds, and the chairman announced that the collection box would be passed. As the box neared, one of the Scotchmen fainted and the other two carried him out.

Partly Right

The teacher had explained that when two things came together there is a collision.

"Now, Johnny," said she, "will you give me an example of a collision?"

"Yessum," said Johnny, after some thought, "twins."

You Seniors aren't what you used to be. Really?

You were Juniors last year, wern't you?

Mr. Sullivan: What is a political party?

Cotes: Just a certain party.

Why Not?

"Well, how's business?" inquired the traveling salesman of a young man who had just been taken into his father's hardware store as a partner.

"Very good," replied the young man with enthusiasm. "I think father will soon be earning enough to enable me to retire."

In History

Evelyn H.: Czar Reed ran the House to suit himself.

Mr. S.: Just like a woman.

The latest addition to Latin pronouns, te or tete.

We wish to extend our sympathy to Miss Bligh and to Miss Hite. It is on account of their home room pupils.

Miss Willoughby's drawing contest has been extended from 1926 to 1936.

Barbara Redstone has suddenly decided to let her hair grow after reading in the Bible, "Cursed be the woman with short hair".

Heard in French 3

Philip Diehl: J'ai beaucoup de faim (femmes).

Miss McIntire: Oh, my, here comes the shiek again.

Miss S.: Now, as you all know, the law of gravitation explains why we stay on the earth.

Edith C.: But how did we stay on before the law was passed?

Senior: Have you read "Le Francais et Sa Patrie?

Fresh: Who is up a tree?

Teacher: How much is three and four?

Little Boy: Seven.

Teacher: Very good.

Little Boy: Very good, my eye, it's perfect.

Both Mistaken

A pompous old gentleman having mislaid his silk handkerchief accused an Irishman of stealing it. A moment later he found it in one of his pockets. He apologized to the Irishman.

"Never mind," the Irishman said goodnaturedly, "ye thought I was a thafe an' I thought ye were a gentleman an' we were both mistaken."

It was an arduous task for the teacher to drum into her youthful pupils the principles of arithmetic.

"Now, listen," she said, "In order to substract, things have to be in the same denomination. This is what I mean: you couldn't take three apples from four peaches, nor eight marbles from eight buttons. It must be three apples from four apples, and so on. Do you understand?"

The majority seemed to grasp the idea. One perky little youngster in the rear, however, raised a timid hand.

"Please, ma'am," he inquired, "couldn't you take three quarts of milk from two cows?"

Informal

Johnny (getting dressed for a party): "O, no, mother, you ain't a-goin' to wash my ears, too! O, no, not on your life!"

Mother: "Why not?"

Johnny: "Why, consarn it, don't it say on the invitation that this is an informal party?"

Apology

He: "Thinking of me, dear?"

She: "Was I laughing? I'm so sorry."

Word Picture

Professor: "Give me a sentence with the word 'boycott' in it."

Pupil: "Farmer Jones chased his son and didn't catch him 'till his boycott in a wire fence."

Missing

The absent-minded professor and his wife had been invited out for luncheon. As usual he was making his share of social blunders. Finally, when they were seated next to each other at the table, she nudged him and whispered, "James, where are your manners?"

"Why, Martha, they must be in the wash. I'm sure I changed them this week."

Quick Work

Doctor: "Now take a deep breath and say 99 three times."

The Hustler: "Two hundred and ninety-seven."

United She Stood

Little Robert was visiting his aunt. As was her custom in the morning she had taken out her false teeth to brush them. Robert watched her in amazement. After she had replaced them in her mouth, he said, "Do that again auntie." To please him she did so. Then came the request, "Now take out your tongue."

The would-be bridegroom had brought his little would-be sister-in-law a bar of chocolate.

"See how good Edwin is," said his fiancee.

"He's not only good—he's better!"

"Better! How do you mean?"

"Well, I heard father tell mother that he was better than nobody."

Pretty Puss

Mrs. Trumwins: "She has such a lovely fur!"

Mrs. Stentkins: "She should have; she's catty enough."

A New Wrinkle

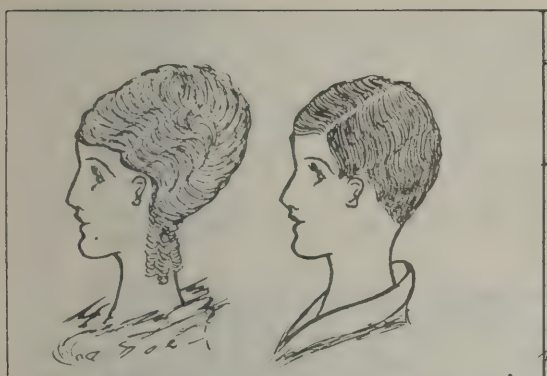
Little Margie was very proud of her two little yellow kittens, and brought them to show a friend of her mother. Hearing her coming from the other room and alarmed by the commotion, her mother called, "Don't hurt the kittens, Margie."

"No, mama," came the reassuring answer, "I'm carrying them by the stems."

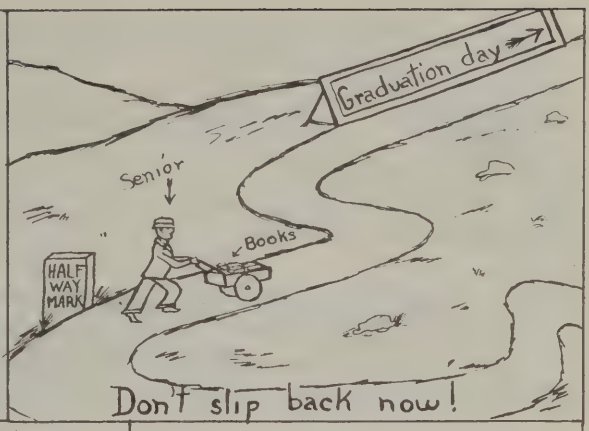
Elegant Language

"Goodness, I'm sweating!" exclaimed a young lady who had just finished a game of tennis.

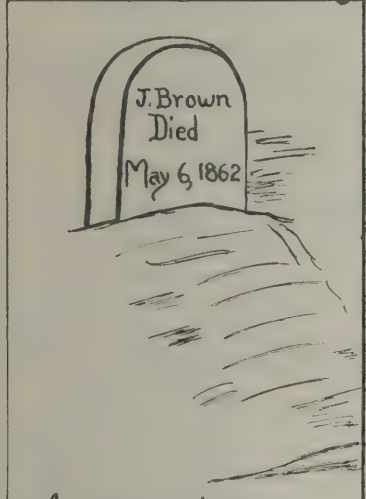
"My dear," said an elderly lady who overheard the remark, "it grieves me to hear you use such vulgar expressions. Please remember that animals sweat, men perspire and well-bred yound ladies content themselves with being warm."



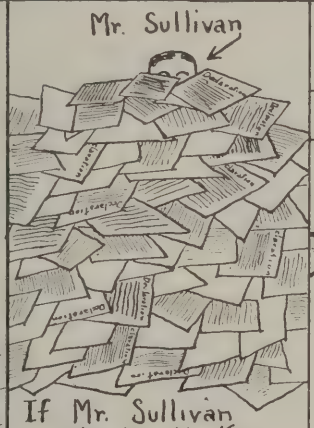
The style hasn't changed—much!



Don't slip back now!

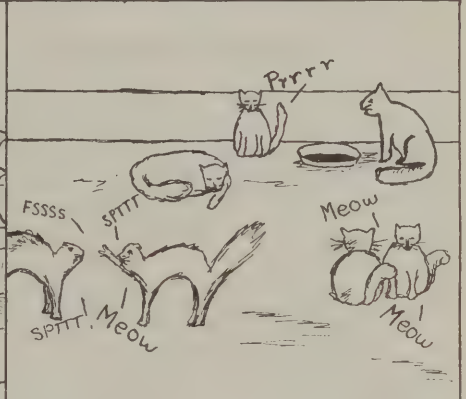


A grave situation

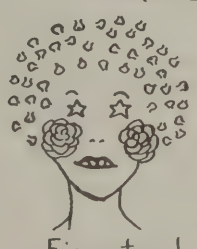


If Mr. Sullivan received all the Declarations he ordered written

Evelyn Bresnan



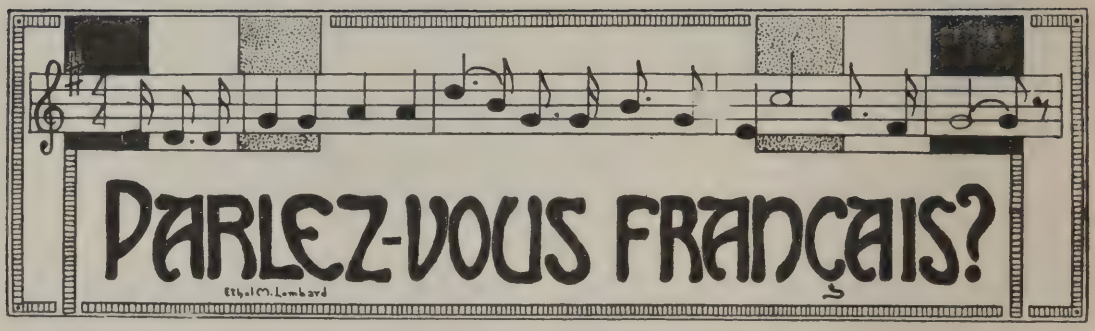
How a group of girls looks to a future bachelor



Literally a man likes a girl with
Chestnut hair
Eyes like stars
Cheeks like roses
Teeth like pearls
Lips like cupid's bow
But Figuratively — —!!!

New Song Hit!

Don't wake me up—let me dream!



L'ESPRIT HUMAIN

L' honneur m'ayant êté confié de décorer l'escalier de la Bibliothèque de Boston, j'ai cherché a représenter sous une forme emblématique, l'ensemble des richesses intellectuelles réunies dans ce beau monument. Cet ensemble me paraît résume dans la composition ayant pour titre

Les Muses Inspiratrices
Acclament Le Génie, Messenger
De Lumière.

Les autres compositions, qui sont le développement de celleci, correspondent aux quatre grandes manifestations de l'esprit humain:

Poésie, Philosophie, Histoire, Science.

Sur le mur de droite en entrant dans l'escalier, apparaissent en trois panneaux:

1. La Poésie des Champs. Virgile.
2. La Poésie Dramatique. Eschyle et les Océanides.
3. La Poésie Épique. Homère couronné par l'Iliade et l'Odyssée. Sur le mur de gauche:

1. L'Histoire accompagnée d'un Génie portant un flambeau évoque le Passé.
2. L'Astronomie. Les Bergers Chaldéens observent lest astres et découvrent la loi des nombres.
3. La Philosophie. Platon résumant dans une parole célèbre l'éternel antagonisme entre l'Esprit et la Matière:

"L'Homme est une plante du ciel non de la terre."

Sur le mur du fond, à droite et à gauche des fenêtres: A gauche: La Chimie (minerale, organique, végétale): Une mystérieuse transformation s'élabore sous la baguette magique parmi des génies attentifs.

A droite: Lt Physique: Agent merveilleux de l'Électricité, le Verbe sillonne l'espace, portant avec la rapidité de l'éclair la bonne et la mauvaise nouvelle.

P. Puvis De Chavannes.

UN INTERESSANTE SéANCE DU CERCLE FRANÇAIS

La troisième séance du Cercle Français aviat le 29 janvier à la salle No. 78.

On a fait l'appel-nominal et puis on a lu le procesverbal de la dernière sêance. Après cela la trescoiriere a donne son rapport.

Quelques membres de notre Cercle avaient le grand plaisir de nous lire quelque chose a propos des chefs-d'oeuvre à la Bibliothèque Publique à Boston, et puit des ceux dans le Panthéon à Paris. Premièrement Mademoiselle Berry nous a parlé de Puvis de Chavannes "L'Homme et Sa-Vie". Monsieur Forbes nous a donne un mot à propos des peintures murales dans la Bibliothèque a Boston. Puis Monsieur Morse nous a lu en anglais une lettre du peintre même lettre en français en nous expliquant la peinture L'Esprit Humain; Anna Burack, "Les Musês Inspiratries"; Joan Hocking, "Les Trois Poésies"; Fabiola Hébert, "La Philosophie et L'Astronomie et L'Historie". Alors Monsieur De Vellis nous a parlê de "La Chimie" et "La Physique". Dernièment Monsieur René Morize nous a parlé des pientures murales de Puvis de Chavanne et des statues monumentales au Panthéon à Paris.

À la fin nous sommes entrês dans la grande salle ou nous avons chanté les chansons, "Que Chacun S'Empresse", "La Bergère et "La Marseillaise".

Après cela la séance était levée.

NUESTRO CIRCULO

Hace tiempo, los estudiantes de español formaron un club, llamado "El Club Cervantino".

El 26 de febrero reunimos en la sala 36 y allí pasamos un rato muy divertido. Convidamos a los directores y muchos profesores de la escuela. Fué lástima que sólo asistiesen dos de los convidados. La reunión principió con algunas palabras pronunciadas por la señora presidenta. Los jefes de las comisiones con permiso de la señora presidenta nos dieron cuenta de lo que hubieron hecho. Un diálogo titulado "La Vuelta del Tió" fué representado por cuatro alumnos que desempañaron su papel muy bien. Al fin había adivinanzas que nos hicieron reír mucho.

Así se pasó el tiempo. La señora presidenta nos despidió y muy contentos fuimos a casa.

EL REGLAMENTO DEL CLUB

I

Esta sociedad, que ha de llamarse "EL CLUB CERVANTINO" tendrá cuatro oficiales: presidente, vicepresidente, tesorero y secretario. De estos oficiales, junto con dos profesores elegidos por los miembros de la sociedad, constará la Junta Directiva. La Junta Directiva se encargará de todas las actividades del círculo.

II

Sólo los que son o han sido alumnos de las clases de español del sesundo y del tercer ano pueden ser miembros de esta sociedad.

III

Habrá una reunión cada mes, y otras al mandarlo el presidente o cualquier miembro de la Junta Directiva.

IV

A cada reunión asistirá una profesora por lo menos.

V

Sólo los miembros de la sociedad pueden asistir a las reuniones regulares, pero los miembros de todas las clases de español pueden asistir a las reuniones públicas.

VI

Cualquier miembro que tenga participación en los dramas o en las otras actividades será premiado por su profesor de español, por medio de una nota conveniente. Deben todos ofrecerse para la ejecución de los planes del círculo.

VII

Todos los miembros presentes en las sesiones deben hablar en español, salvo cuando se les permite hablar en inglés.

VIII

Cualquier miembro está ausente dos veces de seguida sin dar justificación a la Junta Directiva tiene que cesar desde luego de ser miembro. Cualquier oficial que está ausente una vez sin dar la justificación necesaria a la Junta Directiva tiene que dejar de ser oficial. Su sucesor será elegido por la Junta Directiva.

IX

Los miembros tienen que oberdecer a este reglamento, conduciéndose bien en las reuniones. El presidente tiene el derecho de expulsar cualquiera que disturbe el progreso de una reunión.

X

Si occurre más tarde la necesidad de cambiar alguna parte del regalmento, el cambio será hecho sólo por voto de los miembros de la sociedad.

ALUMNI NOTES

1904

Dr. John Detlefsen, a Dartmouth graduate, now a professor at the University of Pennsylvania, was recently made a Knight of the Order of Dannebrog, an honor conferred upon him by the King of Denmark and Iceland in recognition of his work in science and literature and the interest he has shown in the people of Denmark.

1909

The Reverend James Gordon Gilkey of Springfield, Massachusetts, was the college preacher at Harvard on February 14, 1926.

1921

Robert Withington, who graduated from Boston University in the class of 1925, is now connected with the United Fruit Company.

Joy Ingraham married Mr. Kenneth Lynde of Lowell last June.

Lois Henderson, who was at one time a Literary Editor of the Review, was married to Mr. Henry Balos, a Harvard graduate, on December 30, 1925. Mr. and Mrs. Balos are now in Florida.

1922

Marion Langley is a Junior at Radcliffe.

Mary Gass is now attending Miss Johnson's School.

John Toomey and Martin Tierney are members of the Junior class at Boston College.

Fred O'Connell is a Sophomore at B. C.

David Credon is now a teacher at the Wellington School.

Joseph Little is a Junior at Tufts College.

1923

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Davies have announced the arrival of their son Dudley Albert, who was born on March 7, 1926. Mrs. Davies, who was Elizabeth M. Peaslee, graduated from this school in 1921.

1924

Rose McGirr, who recently won a scholarship for high standing, is at Radcliffe. She is a Freshman.

Virginia Senders is also a Freshman at Radcliffe.

Barbara Southgate is a Sophomore at the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Dorothy Woodrow, who is a Freshman, is a member of the Radcliffe Choral Society.

Anna Goldstein has a position in the office of F. W. Woodman.

Elbridge Emmons, who was editor of the Alumni Notes last year, is now a Freshman at Harvard.

1925

Barbara Birkhoff sailed for Europe on January thirtieth. She will travel in Italy, Spain, France and Switzerland, returning to Cambridge in the early part of September.

Shirley Gregson is a member of the Freshman class at Radcliffe.

Barbara Adams has a position as stenographer in Somerville.

Ida Nannis is training to be a nurse at the Beth Israel Hospital.

Miriam Rudiger has a position in her father's office.

Betty Waldman attends Boston University in the evening. During the day she has a position in the office of the Harvard Bazaar.

Edna Parker is attending Boston University; she is taking a course preparatory to becoming a teacher.

"BOB" WRENN

Robert Wrenn of the class of '92, famous Harvard quarterback and four times national tennis champion is to be honored by the erection in his memory of two stained glass panels in the clerestory window of the sports bay in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. The tennis players of the country have undertaken to raise $25,000 for this purpose. Wrenn was selected as representative of the best in American sport. He was one of the famous Rough Riders and a Major in U. S. Air Service during the Great War.

(Ed. note. This was taken substantially from the N. Y. Herald-Tribune of March 23, 1926).

C. H. L. S. vs. BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

The interscholastic debating season was inaugurated on February 5, 1926, when Cambridge High and Latin School debated the Boston Public Latin School on the subject, "Resolved: That the United States should adhere to the World Court with the Harding-Hughes Reservations," Cambridge taking the affirmative of the question.

The debate was broadcasted over the radio direct from the WNAC studio. Each debater spoke for eight minutes, while the rebuttalists were allowed but five minutes.

As to the result of the debate, there was an agreement that no official decision would be made, but the editor has made a canvass of the opinions of several prominent citizens of Greater Boston, and nine out of ten felt that Cambridge Latin was the victor. Also, the editor has spoken to several teachers, college students and debaters, high school students and debaters, and even members of the Boston Latin School Alumni, and again, an overwhelming majority favored Cambridge Latin School. So the editor feels safe in saying that Cambridge Latin School was an unofficial winner.

The debate was opened by William J. Flynn, '26, President of the Debating Council. He first welcomed Boston Latin School as opponents of Cambridge in this branch of activity. He then thanked Station WNAC for its kindness in permitting the two schools to use the radio, and lastly, he paid a compliment to Mr. Edward C. Donahue, coach of our debating team. He then went on with his main speech, first outlining the case of the affirmative. He clearly pointed out that the World Court is the outcome of American thoughts and ideals. He emphasized the fact that it was our moral duty to adhere to this tribunal of justice. Lastly, he pointed out that this was the best step in the right direction to join this court. He concluded his speech with the biblical expression, "Peace on earth to men of good will," and left a lasting impression on the audience. Aaron Gilmartin was the opening speaker of our opponents, and he spent much time explaining, in an effective manner, that the World Court is a "League Court." He contended that the two were interwoven and were dependent upon one another. He spoke very clearly, and his words were not quickly forgotten. David A. Nathans, Business Manager of the "Review," continued the case of Cambridge Latin in the affirmative. He based his arguments mainly upon the fact that the World Court would be beneficial to us, should we join. He lectured upon the horrors of the wars, using the World War as an example. He maintained that a World Court would be an obstacle to war, and that the United States should adhere to it, in an honest effort to establish and preserve peace. Maurice S. Levenson, second speaker for the negative side, came back and ridiculed the decisions handed down by the court thus far, and argued that the Court does not function. He also made a farce of the advisory opinions rendered by the Court. James S. Jennison, Editor-in-Chief of the Class of 1926 Year Book, closed the case for Cambridge Latin effectively by first summarizing the arguments advanced by his colleagues. Then he proved that the Court is satisfactory, through being sound, having good judges, and backed by the leading nations of the world. His speech and delivery were a fitting climax to the affirmative case. Harry Kemelman concluded the case of the negative. He stressed the fact that our entrance would entangle us in European affairs. He then challenged his opponents to refute any statements he or his colleagues had made. Kemelman then came back for his rebuttal speech, and he pointed out certain flaws in each of the Cambridge speaker's speech. He then issued a warning to all to refrain from entering the World Court. The final speaker of the

(Continued on page 28)

BASKETBALL

This year the basketball season has been a very successful one for us. There were teams from all four classes, freshman, sophomore, junior, senior. Although there were several teams chosen from the freshman class, these are the girls that finally played:

Forwards
Marian Cannon
Esther Greenstein
Marion Lovett
Margery Lynch
Elizabeth Tracy

Centers
Winifred Schaffer, Captain
Beatrice Evers
Catherine Callon
Blance Wetmore

Guards
Lillian Wexler
Sally Roche
Mary Toomey
Marie Timmins

Substitutes
Barbara Wadden
Marie Heller

Manager
Catherine O'Hearn

The names of the entire sophomore team were not published in the February issue of the Review.

They are:

Forwards
Alice Adams, Captain
Anna Wettergreen
Catherine Hilliard

Centers
Margaret Sheridan
Eleanor Schaffer
Barbara Britnall

Guards
Virginia Britt
Bertha Geiger
Mary Reis

Substitutes
Rosella Senders

Manager
Linda Cannon

The junior team is:

Forwards
Catherine Corcoran
Edith Hanson
Loraine Langly

Centers
Elizabeth Cummings
Leila Campbell
Miriam Green

Guards
Alice Conant
Henrietta Hayes
Catherine McCormick

Manager
Mary Stubbs

And the senior team is:

Forwards
Frances Donovan
Muriel Farrington

Centers
Lillian Novak
Margaret Culhane

Guards
Priscilla Sage
Edith Jones

Substitute
Esther Kurzman

Several exciting games have been played in the Gym this winter. The sophomores and juniors had a thrilling contest for the championship. They played one game which was a tie; and then each class won a game, so a fourth one had to be played. In this the juniors were successful. Therefore, they hold the championship for the school. This does not mean that the other teams did not play well; for they did. They all deserve praise.

On Wednesday, March 17, our sophomores and juniors went out to Medford to play their sophomores and juniors, and on the following Wednesday, March 24, Medford sophomores and juniors came here to play us a return game. Besides playing with Medford, we had a game with Newton. Our school spirit was well shown by the way in which the girls attended the games.

BASEBALL PRACTICE

Baseball practice is beginning, and all who are interested in this sport are invited to come down after school and join in the fun. Never mind whether you know how to play or not, come down and learn. We hope to develop teams from all classes, just as we did in basketball, interclass games in baseball ought to be just as thrilling as interclass basketball games.

SWIMMING PRACTICE

Every Saturday morning at the Y.M.C.A. there is a chance to practice swimming. The time is nine o'clock.' Please come down, if you are able to swim at all; for we want a team from each of the four classes.

HOCKEY

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 4—PROMFET 0

Cambridge Latin defeated Promfet 4-0 at Promfet. Temple and Gibson played best for Latin while Gizer and Snead excelled for Promfet.

In the first period, Temple scored from a scrimmage in front of Promfet's goal.

In the second period Captain Gibson and Fred Harlow dented the strings.

In the last period Gibson shot another goal for Latin School.

The Line-up

Cambridge Latin	Promfet
Temple, r. w.	l. w., Liby
Meuse, r. w.	
Harlow, c.	c., Thayer
Gibson, l. w.	r.w., Wheeler
	r. w., Denney
Sullivan, r. d.	l. d., Snead
Fitzgerald, r. d.	l. d., Whitney
Davy, l. d.	
MacGowan, l. d.	
Fitzgerald, g.	g., Sizer

HARVARD FRESHMAN 4—CAMBRIDGE LATIN 0

The strong Harvard Freshman hockey team defeated the Latin School icemen at the Boston Arena 4-0. The Crimson Cubs scored three of their goals on close-up passes and another on a long shot.

Putnam, the Harvard center ice man, started the scoring for the Crimson team in the first period. He received a pass from Tudor and slipped the puck past Fitzgerald into the Latin School net. Tudor scored the next goal on a long shot from about mid-ice. There was no scoring in the second period, but in the third period Tudor again broke into the score column by taking a pass from Cunningham and denting the strings again.

Fred Harlow, Latin's center, played a wonderful game. He was especially clever in the art of poke checking. This is a method of checking which is generally mastered only by professional hockey players.

Latin's forward line of Temple, Harlow, and Gibson did very well against the Collegians.

Tudor, Putnam, and Whiting were the stars of the Crimson team.

The Line-up

Harvard '29	Cambridge Latin
Cunningham, l.w.	r.w., Temple
Whiting, l.w.	
Putman, c.	c., Harlow
Tudor, r.w.	l.w., Gibson
	l.w., McGowan
Stanley, l.d.	r.d., Davy
	r.d., Meuse
A. Bigelow, r.d.	l.d., Sullivan
Covel, r.d.	
Jackson, g.	g,. Fitzgerald
	g., Mahoney

CAMBRIDGE LATIN DEFEATS BROOKLINE

Cambridge Latin defeated Brookline 2-0 at the Boston Arena. This victory for Latin School made it certain that it would be one of the teams to play in the round robbin series for the championship of the Interscholastic Hockey League. Although Brookline played a stiff defensive game, they cuold not stay up with the speed of the Latin School players.

Captain Gibson of Cambridge Latin showed up better for Latin School than he has in any other game so far this season. He scored the first goal in the second period

on a long shot that drove between the two defense men and past Hard, the Brookline goalie, before he could get his pads on it. In the last period Gibson took the puck near his own goal and skated up the ice through the whole Brookline team and scored his second goal of the game.

Fred Harlow, Latin's center, showed some fine poke checking and spoiled most of Brookline's attack. Fitzgerald played a great game for Latin School in the net.

The Line-up

Cambridge Latin	Brookline
Temple, l.w.	r.w., B. Gleason
	r.w., Savrensky
Harlow, c.	c., Woods
Davy, c.	c., Ford
Kerr, r.w.	
Meuse, r.w.	
McGowan, l.d.	r.d.,Phillips
Bingham, l.d.	
Gibson, r.d.	l.d., Gleason
Sullivan, r.d.	
Fitzgerald, g.	g., Hard
Mahoney, g.	g., Fogarty

MELROSE 1—LATIN 0

In the first game of the championship series of Interscholastic league Melrose defeated Latin School 1-0. Melrose did not defeat Latin School until after the bitterest sort of battle, for she did not score her only goal until the last minute of play in the third period. Latin School played a defensive game and did a great job of it. Time and time again the star Melrose forwards brought the puck up the ice only to be stopped by a Latin man. The most outstanding feature of the game was the goal tending of Leon Fitzgerald. He proved by the wonderful exhibition he gave that he is the best school boy goal tender ever produced in this section. Fitzgerald easily brushed aside the shots from the sticks of the Melrose forwards, Ripley, Captain Lloyd and Sanford, who are considered equal to any college hockey player.

With only a few minutes to play Pete Lloyd, Melrose forward, swung over from the left of the outer defense, swerved around the left point and let go a shot before "Fitzy" had a chance to get over to that side of the cage. Fred Harlow at center ice kept poke checking the Melrose attack and working like a Trojan to hold off the Melrose stars. The whole Latin School team put up a great game and deserve a great deal of credit for holding to 1-0 a team which has been defeated only once this season. Horan, one of Latin School's stars, was injured in the first few minutes of play when he crashed into the boards.

The Line-up

Melrose	Cambridge
Ripley, l.w.	r.w., Temple
Lloyd, c.	c., Harlow
Sanford, r.w.	l.w., Horan
	l.w., Gibson
Morehead, l.d.	r.d., Kerr
Haniss, l.d.	
Cushman, r.d.	l.d., Gibson
	l.d.,McGowan
McHugh, g.	g., Fitzgerald

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 1—STONEHAM 0

The Latin School hockey team defeated Stoneham 1-0 in the round robbin series at the Boston Arena. Latin School did not score its goal until the second ten minute over time period. The two teams were very evenly matched as the score shows and there was a desperate battle before Latin School could gain its one point lead. The Latin School forward line played a very good game, and displayed the best passing game that it has shown this year. Fitzgerald, Latin School goalie, played a wonderful game.

Kerr, Latin School's defense man, scored Latin's only goal, when he received a pass from Temple after a scrimmage in front of the Stoneham net.

Hunt, Stoneham's goal tender, played a very good game. He saved the game a number of times for Stoneham.

The Line-up

Cambridge Latin	Stoneham
Gibson, l.w.	r.w.,Hogan
Harlow, c.	c., Howes
Temple, r.w.	l.w., Williams
Kerr, r.d.	l.d., De Mello
MacGowan, l.d.	r.d., Ramsdall
	r.d., Fletcher
Fitzgerald, g.	g., Hunt

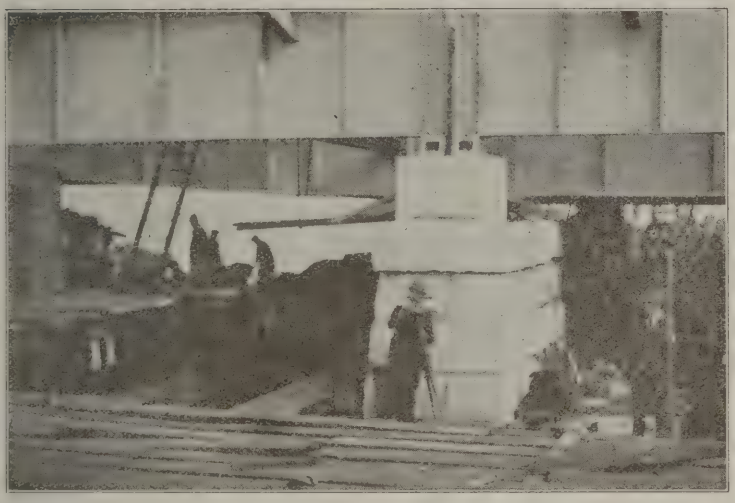
CAMBRIDGE LATIN DEFEATS NEWTON 3-1

Cambridge Latin, by defeating Newton by the score of 3-1, went into a three-cor-

(Continued on page 28)

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING



Line and Grades, Harvard Bridge Reconstruction, Metropolitan District Commission

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EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operative firms vary from $250 to $600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Blank applications will also be mailed upon request. Applications for admission to the school in September 1926 should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

CATALOG

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

CARL S. ELL, Dean

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

316 Huntington Avenue **Boston 17, Mass.**

HOCKEY—(Continued from page 25)

nered tie with Melrose and Newton for the championship of the Interscholastic League. This was a fast exciting game and the result was not decided until a ten-minute over time period was played. Until a minute before the final whistle in the regulation periods the Cantabs were leading 1 to 0. At that time, Captain Guy Holbrook of Newton flipped a pass from scrimmage to his team mate, Andres, who let loose a hard drive that found the net for the tieing point. Although Andres was off side the referee allowed the play to go.

Latin scored its first goal in the third period when Captain Gibson shot a goal from about mid-ice.

Latin started on its way to victory in the overtime period when Temple received a pass from Gibson and sent a hard drive that landed in the Newton net, making the score 2-1 in Latin's favor. Later in the period Fred Harlow, Latin's center, sent Gibson a short pass. Gibson skated right up to Thompson, the Newton goalie, and poked in another goal.

Leon Fitzgerald, Latin's goalie, played a wonderful game. He again and again made stops which looked as if they would be sure goals.

For Newton Captain Holbrook and Spain featured.

The Line-up

Cambridge Latin	Newton
Temple, r.w.	l.w., Spain
	l.w., Powers
Harlow, c.	c., Holbrook
Horan, l.w.	r.w., Stubbs
Gibson, l.w.	r.w., Whitmore
Kerr, r.d.	l.d., Andres
McGowan, l.d.	r.d., Proctor
Gibson, l.d.	
Meuse, l.d.	
Fitzgerald, g.	g., Thompson

C. H. L. S. DEBATE—(Continued from page 23)

debate was William J. Flynn, '26. He first explained that Boston Latin was arguing on a different subject entirely, which showed that they had failed to analyze the resolution. He read from a Senate document and proved that the World Court was independent of the League of Nations. He then proved that the decisions were satisfactory to the world-at-large. He explained that his opponents were inclined to indulge in the use of hyperboles and ironies; that they played upon the sympathies of the audience and dodged the facts. He quoted many authorities and pointed out that Boston Latin had quoted none. Lastly, he explained that all the calamities, dictated by Boston Latin to the audience, which would occur should we join the court, were but pessimistic predictions, and even at that, if they materialized, they would be well taken care of by the Harding-Hughes Reservations, a part of the resolution under debate. His last words were an appeal to the audience: "Being AMERICANS, you SHOULD join." He concluded, and the debate was over, with Cambridge High and Latin School having the better of the oral controversy, unofficially.

Sometime, a return debate will be held and then an official decision will be rendered.

The speakers and the order in which they spoke are as follows:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN (affirmative)	BOSTON LATIN (negative)
(1) William J. Flynn	(2) Aaron B. Gilmartin
(3) David A. Nathans	(4) Maurice S. Levenson
(5) James S. Jennison	(6) Harry R. Kemelman
REBUTTAL	
(8) William J. Flynn	(7) Harry R. Kemelman
	W. J. F.

DEBATING NOTES

For the first time in our school history, Cambridge High and Latin School's Debating Team orated over the radio.

Boston Latin School claims to be the debating champion of its city. It should feel happy that Cambridge Latin isn't in Boston, for our school gave Boston Latin something to think about in debating.

Mr. Edward C. Donahue, our coach, also a graduate of Boston Latin School, forgot his student days at Boston Latin and tried hard to defeat his alma mater. Mr. Donahue has yet to lose a debate at Cambridge Latin School. He was perhaps the most fiery debater that Harvard University has ever boasted of, and Cambridge Latin is proud to claim him as her coach.

Our debating team has started off on the right foot, and you should back it up!

Any questions or suggestions pertaining to debating will receive prompt attention in this department.

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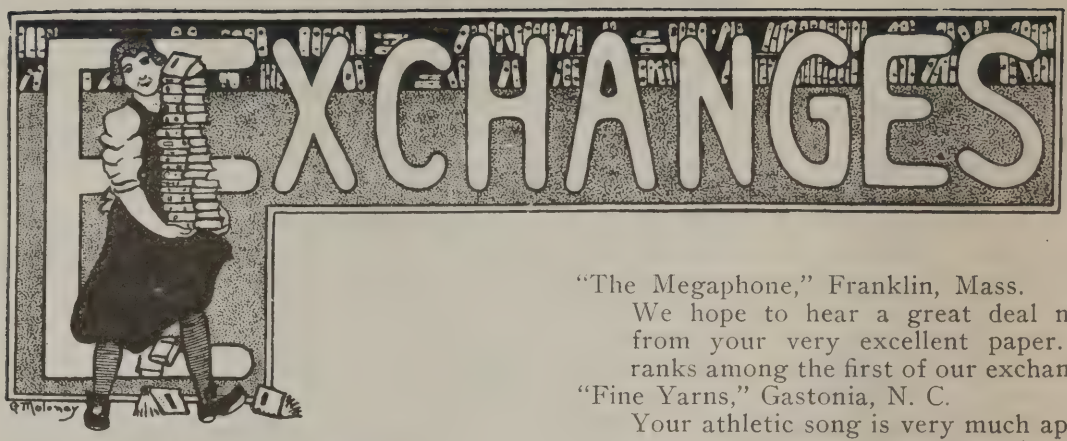

"The Item," Dorchester, Mass.
Very good material displayed in your literary department.

"The Northeastern News," Boston, Mass.
Promising substance in your editorials. We especially admire your "Intercollegiate Comment" column.

"The Lagamore," Brookline, Mass.
You place a great deal of emphasis on athletics. Take care that they do not monopolize your columns to the detriment of other interests. Quite a wonderful honor roll!

"The Spectator," Bridgeport, Conn.
We like your paper immensely. The editorials, the news items, the cartooning, "Fashions"—all are irreproachable.

"The Orange and Blue," Union City, N. J.
You lack an exchange department. It's really very interesting work. You ought to attempt it.

"The Clarion," Arlington, Mass.
Your departments are quite complete. The question box is a tribute to the cleverness of "Dr. Rosenberger."

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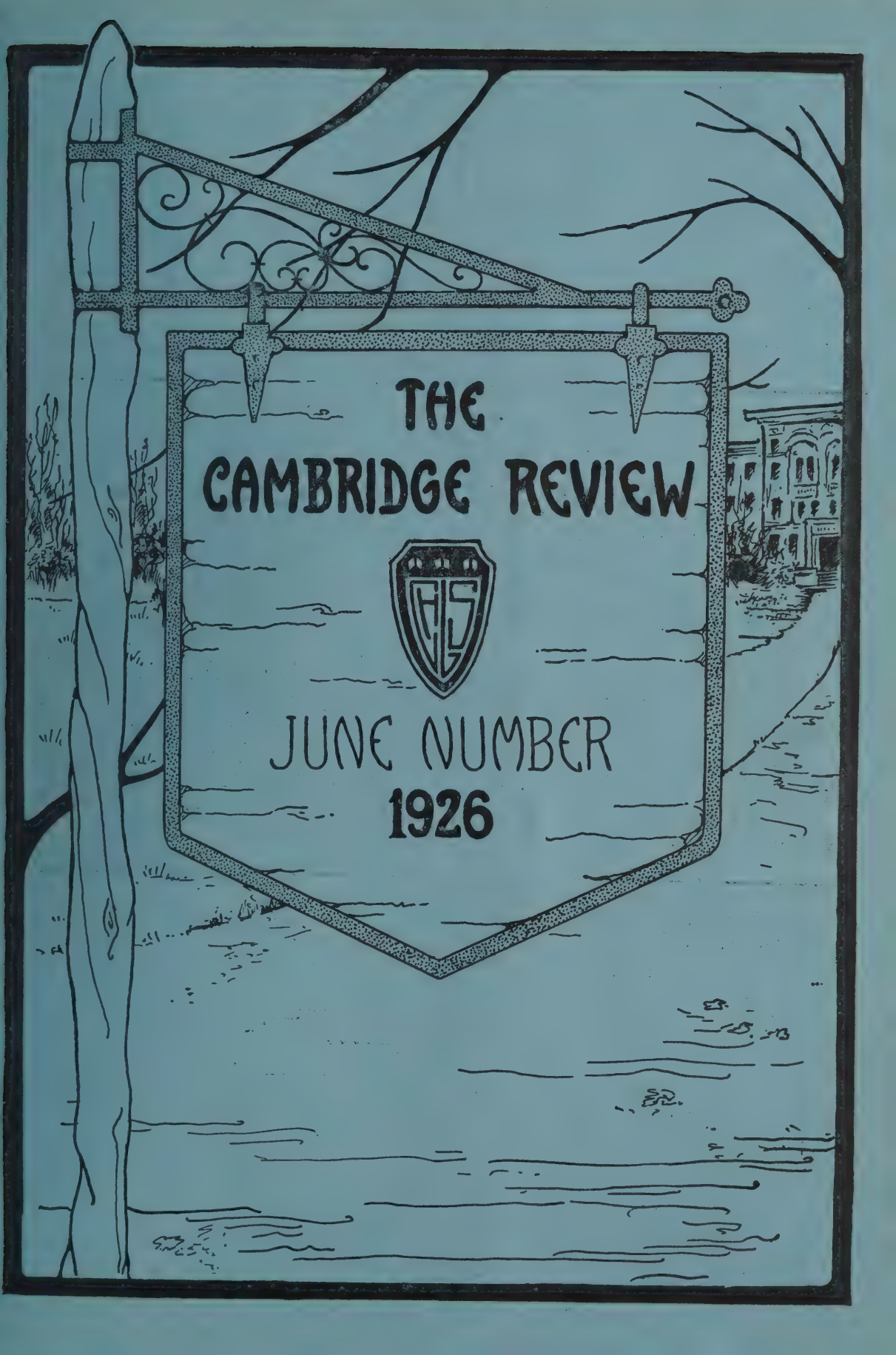
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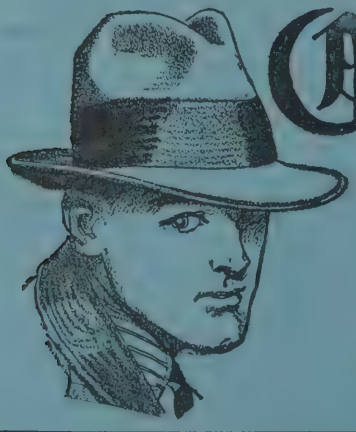

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Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second-class matter

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Volume 40 Number 5

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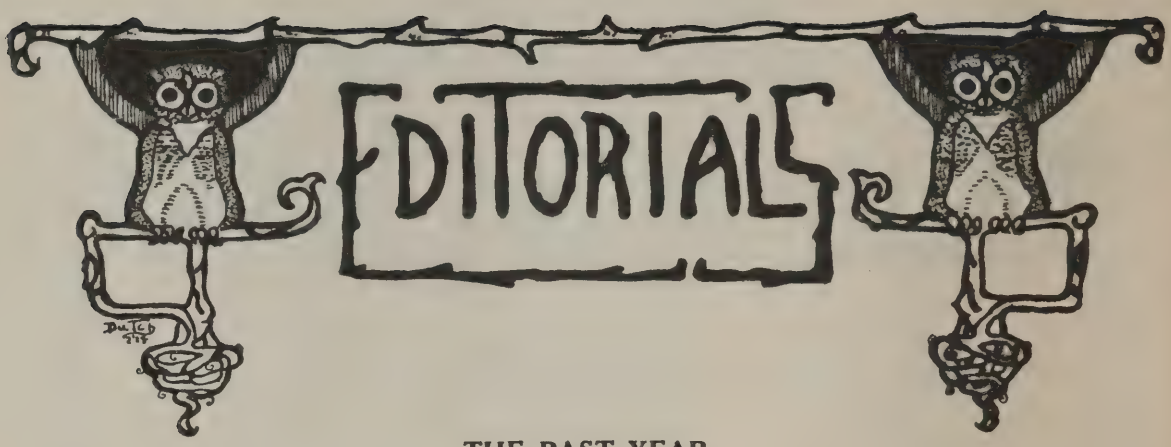


THE PAST YEAR

When we come to the end of a year we should always look back to review the events which stand out above the routine matters. The year 1926 is particularly rich with pleasant incidents and achievements. The athletics were largely successful. The football team, despite many handicaps, finished its season by holding the Champion of the league to a scoreless tie. The hockey team was tied, with two of its competitors, for championship honors. The cross-country and the track teams were undefeated in their dual meets. The crew and swimming team have struggled along through many hardships to comfortable standings. It is too early to account for the baseball team, but we have high hopes; and so with the tennis team.

The chess team won the Championship for the second consecutive year; and the debating team gained a popular decision over Boston Latin School. The girls' basketball team was victorious in its contests.

The activities within our own school were very well carried on. The Senior Drama was excellent. The performances were worthy of the masterly supervision and unusual histronic talent employed. The Liberty Prize Speaking Contest and the Durrell Debate furnished splendid expositions of the unusual ability of the students for declamation and argument. The Senior Social and the Junior Prom were brilliant affairs.

To sum it all up, we have passed through a memorable year. The scholastic honors in all the classes were great and many. But with all this "patting ourselves on the shoulders," we may lose sight of the fact that without the aid and guidance of Mr. Cleveland, the masters, deans, teachers and coaches, we would have gained nothing, accomplished nothing. It is a great debt which we owe to them, a debt which we should try hard to repay.

Now we must consider the thing which marred the perfection of the accomplishments during the past year. It seems that there was only one thing. That ever present nemesis, lack of what we call "school spirit"! It is that which keeps our athletic teams from complete success. It retards our progress along all lines. We have the necessary ability, the necessary leadership to do great things. WE HAVE NOT THE SUPPORT.

How to have this "spirit"? Each student must feel a strong personal desire to have the various undertakings of the student body succeed. We must begin by feeling some affection for the School, for its name, its traditions. Not as a body, but individually we must do our utmost to benefit the School. We must not seek to help our own positions first. It must be the SCHOOL FIRST, OURSELVES NEXT. Only on this principle is it possible to accomplish. anything as a School. No class can afford to let a very small group do its work. No School can exist except as a "Closed Institution" which does not have an active body of unselfish, conscientious students. Not a few students but the ENTIRE BODY OF STUDENTS!

Think it over, undergraduates! It depends on you whether or not the Cambridge High and Latin School rises to the pinnacle of greatness or continues to sink into a disgraceful lethargy.

AN OPEN LETTER

June 4, 1926.

Dear Frosh:—

Thought I'd write a line or two to let you know a few things I learned while in school. You've passed through your first year and are somewhat acquainted with the dear old school—the building, the faculty, the student life. But in your first year you don't get to know all about this place; it is impossible, and fortunate.

Let me tell you what you'll find in the next three (?) years. In your Sophomore year, you'll have Miss Murray and Mr. Bliss for Dean and Master respectively. You'll like them both. They're just and helpful and no student could want more than that. You'll run across different teachers—different teachers will run over you! Perhaps you'll be lucky enough to get a room on the second floor for your home room. The second floor is nearer to heaven than the first, even if it is farther from the street doors. By the middle of your second year you'll find that there are only two (possibly three) drinking fountains for you and your twenty-five hundred or so colleagues. The Sahara desert is wetter than C.H.L.S. if you're thirsty. You will continue to learn unpleasant truths about the gymnasium conditions. I hope you avoid the rooms where broken seats are plentiful or where window shades are reminiscent of the Class of '90. You might even be active in the campaign for a new high school building in Cambridge.

Those aren't all the things you'll learn in your second year, not at all. I'll let the rest of them surprise you though. Only murderers condemned to die are sure of what's coming; and they don't enjoy it. Junior year is where you begin to take hold of things along the extra curricula line. Know what that means? Took me a long time to find out too. It means activities outside of regular school work. For instance, you may make an athletic team (of course you can try things in your first two years, too. Gee! It'd be great if the underclassmen did take an active interest in these things!) you may be appointed to the Review Staff; you can join some of the many clubs—Literary, French, Debating, etc. Then there's your Class Prom (a dance, you know) in May, and other social gatherings.

Your Senior year is the banner period of your school life. The Senior is the lord of all he surveys, leastwise he thinks he is even if the teachers do disagree with him. The Senior is the student who makes the school known in the outside world. He is the backbone of its activities. In a few cases he has curvature of the spine; but we don't mention them. I don't like to give too much away about Senior life. You just find out for yourself what a lot of fun it is. There are socials, assemblies, elections, a year book, O, lots of things! By the end of the year you'll know nearly all the faculty (likewise they'll know you.) You'll have met Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Bramhall, and Miss McElroy; and if you can find a better headmaster, Senior master and dean, you've got to try another planet than Old Mother Earth. O, then there's the Nurse! You'll undoubtedly meet Miss Kenney. She's a brick! Don't broadcast that I called her that; she might not like the choice of words. It's more forceful than one that the English department would have you use, however.

Well, Frosh, I've indulged my desire for verbosity to such an extent that you must be on the verge of exhaustion. See you again sometime.

Your friend,
Joe Senior.

THE LAST ISSUE

This is the last number of the fortieth volume of the *"Cambridge Review"*. The Staff sincerely hopes that its labors have not been futile. We have striven to publish a memorable volume in the long list of editions which have come from the Staffs of former years. While we well know that it is impossible to please everyone in such a task, we earnestly hope that we have found favor in the eyes of our subscribers. We have enjoyed the support of a great many interested readers and have had a more successful year than we dared hope for. Next year's Staff has our cordial good wishes. It is our sincere desire that the student body increase the support which they have given to us, so that in 1927 the *"Cambridge Review"* may be unequalled in quality.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

George Washington's birthday was celebrated by a party given by the members of the Home Economics Club. The kitchen was tastefully decorated in red, white and blue, and even the refreshments pleased the eye as well as the palate by appearing in those patriotic colors. If a stranger had happened to peek into the kitchen, he would have seen young ladies happily romping and playing at games. Later we paraded to the hall where we were entertained by various members. Thelma Ringer, Mary Nixen, and Mabel White strived to please their audience. Judging from appearances, they met with great success.

An unusual program was given in April by Mrs. Elsie K. Chamberlain, who gave a style show. Needless to say, many girls thronged to the hall because all junior and senior girls were invited. The talk was "Hats and Heads," and proved to be exceedingly interesting. She showed us several pictures, which received many smiles, and scores of pretty hats and dresses with which which to illustrate her views.

March 31, a demonstration was given by the girls taking home nursing.

The week of April 26 was "Beautiful Homes Week." Several girls attended the lectures at the Priscilla Proving Plant and learned how to equip a laundry and kitchen as well as how to buy household linen.

A trip and party have been planned for May and June.

PHILOSOPHY CLUB

The Philosophy Club, founded about two months ago, has accomplished much. The meetings have been well attended and the members have shown real interest in the club. At the first meeting the Club was organized. The second meeting was occupied by a lively and very instructive discussion of immortality. The third meeting was enhanced by quotations from the works of the great philosophers in respect to immortality. Mr. Derry gave several interesting impromptu speeches at these meetings. The fourth meeting was very interesting. Logic was explained, and Mr. Derry explained syllogisms by several humorous examples of specious arguments. The last meeting is to be used for a discussion of pertinent questions. The Club voted to give a book about the history of Philosophy to the Classical Library. We hope the book will be useful to future Philosophic meetings. We feel that we have accomplished much this year; we sincerely hope that the Philosophy Club will continue to grow and become a useful organization in C. H. L. S.

G. A. C.

HI-Y NOTES

On April ninth ten members of the Junior Hi-Y Club were voted into the Senior Club at the regular business meeting. The following two meetings were given over to initiation and induction ceremonies for the new members. The Co-ed party which came off on the thirtieth went over big as has been the case in former years. Phil Lawrence's orchestra furnished the music, and the lively time which was had by all was pronounced one of the best affairs of the school year. Officers for 1926-1927 were elected at the meeting on the evening of May seventh. The following were the choice of the club for next year's executive positions: President, "Law" Usher; Vice-President, "Mel" Dunbar; Secretary, "Don" Hayes; Treasurer, "Bill" Dallinger; and on the Executive Committee, "Charlie" Murray, "Bill" Sparks, and Fred Hamilton. Plans are being made for the annual conference and outing of the Cambridge Hi-Y Clubs at Camp Massapoag on May Twenty-ninth and thirtieth. The great rivalry between the Rindge and Latin Clubs will reach its pitch in the annual ball game at the Camp on May twenty-ninth. Of course, the Latin School Hi-Y expects to, and practically will, repeat the victory of last year.

It is interesting to note that there are five teachers in the school who graduated at the same time from the High and Latin School. They are Miss Sharkey of Room 10, Mr. Donovan of Room 72, Mr. Sheehan of Room 77, Mr. Sateriale of Room 2, and Mr. Danehy of Room 44.

For summer reading we strongly recommend:

The Private Life of Helen of Troy
by John Erskine,

The House Boat on the Styx
by John F. Bangs.

A Parody Outline of History
by Donald O. Stewart

THE HONEST MAN

A Comedy?

By S. Frothingham Ball

Dramatis Personae

Diogenes .....In Person
Socrates ..... Himself

Scene: The Elysian Fields.

Time: There's no time like the present.

(This Elysian Fields is quite a place. The scene painter evidently didn't quite understand what was expected of him. He has designed it, not as the Elysian Fields, but just plain Hades. A disreputable hobo comes rolling on the stage, and when I say "rolling" I don't mean perchance. He's sitting in a tub holding a flashlight, or maybe a candlestick, or, no, I remember now, it's a lantern. Aw, why couldn't you keep it to yourself? Yep, you guessed it. He's Diogenes. Another bum is seated on a rock in the middle of the stage. You couldn't really say he was dressed, but he holds a thing like a sheet twisted around him. Give it up? He's Socrates. Diogenes' tub rolls on, crashing into the bum and falilng to pieces. Dioge gets up and stretches.)

Diogenes: Pardon me, sir, but I'm still looking for an honest man. Could you direct me to one?

Socrates: It's about time that lantern of yours was extinguished. It's getting to be the sun's only rival. See this pool over here, this jewel adorning God's green footstool (prospectus on request)? (I forgot to say that there's supposed to be a pool on one side. There was too, a swell one, made of a big piece of mirror, but Bill, the stage shifter, tried to bounce it. It didn't bounce.) Well, gaze on your reflection in the pool. What's it like?

Diogenes: I could hardly pose as a collar ad, in fact, I broke my razor several eons ago.

Socrates: Yes, yes, but what about the left eye?

Diogenes: Oh, that? A vulgar person might say that it squinted, but, of course, it's merely a touch of spifflacotis. Speaking of operations, did I ever tell you about my appendix? Well . . . . .

Socrates: Somehow, I think I've heard that before. But tell me this, are you a one hundred per cent Athenian?

Diogenes: N-No, I'm afraid . . . . .

Socrates: That's what I thought; but (sternly) answer this one. Did you, or did you not, buy a lot in Florida?

Diogenes: Yes; but (apologetically) they said it was an Exclusive Development, and it wasn't till afterward I found that meant only the most aristocratic fish swam on it.

Socrates: It's about what I'd expect of you; but is that all you have to tell me?

Diogenes: Well, to be frank, no. I was something of a wallflower—not exactly popular, you know. Well, I felt that there was something wrong that even my best friend wouldn't tell me. (That's the insidious thing about it, they never do.)

Socrates: Don't keep me in suspense. What was the matter?

Diogenes: That's just it. Even my best friend wouldn't tell, so I never found out.

Socrates: Diogenes, don't you count that man honest who truthfully relates his bad points?

Diogenes: Yep.

Socrates: Then your search is ended, for are you not yourself the most honest of men?

Diogenes: Your Honor, I plead guilty on all counts; but before they take me away I want to make a statement for publication. I am an honset man; but the man who like me reveals his inmost weakness is more than one who merely shuns prevarication; he's more than one who simply tells the whole truth and nothing but the truth; he's more than an honest man . . . . .

Socrates: Well, spit it out.

Diogenes: He's more than that—he's a fool.

Finis

(At this point there were thirty-seven curtain calls, and cries of "Author" from the second gallery were heard. Since the Author had departed for parts unknown the persons who had called replaced their votive offerings of antiquated eggs, etc., and went home disgusted.)

NOTE: The Management will not be responsible for Time or other valuables lost while reading this play.

PROVING HIMSELF A MAN

Aza Atwood, '26

The wind howled loudly; the shutters banged; and all without was the chaos of a cold, stormy night. Alone on the bleak and barren shores of Cape Cod stood a station of the United States Coast Guard.

Jim Brooks, a husky member of the crew, walked briskly back and forth, keeping watch on this fearful night for those signals of plight which at any moment might demand the skill and courage of these brave men. Sill ringing in his ears were the last words of his sweetheart, Anne Carew, "Go, prove yourself other than a coward. I cannot become your wife until you can return a man." Then she had shut the door. It was up to him.

He had enlisted in the Coast Guard to become a man, and it was his strong determination that won for him a spot in the heart of each fellow member of this plucky crew.

The watch was a cold one. The wind blew through the "oils" which Jim wore for protection against the driving rain. The crashing of the waves as they roared against the beach seemed to be a challenge of the sea to even the Supreme Being to quell its turbulent waters.

Alas! Off in the distance he saw a faint light, so dim that it could scarcely be distinguished. Jim watched it for a moment. He turned toward the station, holding his hand over his face, numb from the force of the piercing rain. He threw open the door, rushed in, and yelled to the men, who, trying to forget conditions, were busying themselves in a "hot" game of poker.

"Make ready! Make ready!" he cried, and with a bound he was upstairs in the tower. The officer on watch was trying to pick up portions of a distress signal.

"They're in a bad way, Jim, about a mile out. Hurry!" Downstairs Jim rushed.

"Man the boats! Man the boats!" A minute later found all the men striving fiercely against the waves which held them back. Harder and harder grew their battle against the cruel sea. The courage of the men was quickly lessening but the encouraging words of Jim greatly inspired them to go on.

"Fight," he cried. "We cannot lose at this perilous moment. We cannot give up when death looms so near us all. Fight boys, fight! We'll win!"

At last they came upon the distressed schooner. Jim threw out the line which was quickly made fast. With unequalled speed, those on board the fast sinking boat were transferred to the small craft. The ship sank in one of the worst storms of the sea.

The next morning found Jim Brooks a feverish hero of the preceding night. As he lay on his cot in the hospital, he gazed into that beautiful face which he had craved for one long year to see.

"Jim, dear," said Anne, "I love you. I could not have known you when I made such a terrible mistake. You have proven yourself a man! Dear boy, forgive me!"

There was an unbroken silence of complete understanding and happiness.

MELANCHOLY

Black? Yea, blacker than the shades of—
well,
This place we fear we cannot tell—
But Goddess fair we know her now,
And thoughtfully our heads we bow;
For, time and tide have taught us much
Of worldly ways (if there be such),
And now we fully see the light.
We know that we were wrong not right;
There's something tells us all's not well,
We hear the churchbell's parting knell.
Examinations came and went.
Whither are our hopes all bent?
Did we pass or did we fail?
Oh! Goddess Melancholy, hail!
For long will we with you abide?
Will you be ever at our side?
Oh! Agony, our thoughts run wild,
We can't but act just as a child.
The thoughts a frightful, looming mass
Oh! Did we fail or did we pass?
And now the answer clearly comes,
"You failed."

Paul J. McCann.

SHAKESPERE'S "ROMEO AND JULIET"

A New Version by Charles J. Mahady

The Capulets and Montagues, who between them had about all the jack in a slab called Verona, liked each other about as much as an Englishman likes to wake up to the strains of "The Wearin' of the Green." For years they had been hiring gunmen to croak each other and this warm friendship was passed along from father to son in both families.

Well, old man Capulet staged a blowout New Year's eve which would make a modern jazz party look like a New England prayer meeting. It was a swell hand out and the best jazz orchestra tuned the meanest saxophones in the country. Hooch flowed like Niagara Falls and this wow of an affair went off big. Everybody in Verona was on hand but friends Montague. They got no invite.

Now, old Montague had a son, entitled Romeo, who was as good-looking as $750 per week, a regular speed boy with the fair sex, and afraid of nothing. When this kid found out that the Capulet affair was a masquerade, he and a couple of old cronies of his, Benvalio and Mercutio, get themselves a few make-ups and breeze into the affair with no reason at all.

Romeo strutted out on the floor and commenced to shake a nasty hoof with one of the janes. Cleopatra had nothing on her in the toddling line. Our hero had danced with many a pulse-quickener in his day, but this baby was the berries and there wasn't any maybe about it.

The boy immediately begins to give her the oil about what a riot she is, when an egg named Tybalt, one of old Capulet's nephews, dances past and gets wise to Romeo's voice. He beats it for old Capulet and tells what he knows but the old boy refuses to bump our hero off as he doesn't want any rough stuff at the party. However, after the party it will be different.

All this time Romeo doesn't know who the dame is, that he went cuckoo over. Later he finds out that she rejoices in the name of Juliet and is the only daughter of old Capulet himself. This annoys the kid but after another look at her brain-staggering eyes, he decides to make her or die in the attempt. Juliet is also wised up to her boy friend's identity, but bravely she determines to stick by him.

Well, along about twelve, old man Capulet calls it a night and the party busts up. Romeo and his pals breeze out the back door and are just leaping the fence, when our hero spies friend Juliet on the balcony casting an arch smile at him.

Romeo, a bit dumb, tells his friends to beat it and he will see them later. With that he hauls off and shins up a drain pipe to the dame's window. By the time he climbs down again, Juliet has promised to be his fair blushing bride. So that was settled.

Next day they get hitched by a friar who is a regular guy. That same day Tybalt croaks Benvalio and Romeo gums the works by immediately turning around and croaking Tybalt. Romeo is pinched and is given twenty-four hours, 1440 minutes, to shake the dust of Verona off of his shoes for good and all.

About a week after Romeo is run out of the burg, Juliet's old gent frames a wedding between her and a guy called Paris. This nearly drives the poor kid crazy. In her trouble she goes to the friar who gives her a flask of hooch which she is to drink on the day she parades to the altar. The stuff will knock her out and they will think she's a goner and then bury her. The same night the friar will tip off Romeo who will come to rescue her and everything will be jake.

It all goes off smoothly until Romeo gets the news ahead of time from the papers and not knowing that all is on the level, he hustles to the cemetery and finds Paris there moaning over Juliet's grave. He bumps the goof off just to be nasty and then quaffing some carbonic acid, kicks the bucket himself while making a few goofy remarks.

In a few minutes, Juliet comes to and comes out of the tomb expecting to find Romeo. Instead she finds a stiff corpse as cold as January in the Atlantic. With a heart-rending shriek, she rams a hat pin into her heart and flops dead.

And, as Adam said to Eve after being bounced from Eden, "That's that!"

A GREAT ADVENTURE

December 31st, 1980.

Believing myself to be in complete possession of my senses, and feeling that the time has come when I must leave this life for the better one beyond, I shall set down, as accurately as possible, my strange adventure.

The Spring of 1926 seems to me, as I look back upon it, to have been one of infinite work and haste and studying. Hurrying toward graduation, we took no time to enjoy ourselves, but studied and worked to the very limit.

As a result of this excessive strain, I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown when July came—and vacation. So, without bidding farewell to my friends and relatives, I slipped away one night in my aeroplane. It was a superb machine, easy to manipulate, but of unequalled speed and endurance. I had named the machine Pegasus Trismegistus; for I had a great love for the classics and mythology. I carried with me supplies enough to last for months, and I only expected to be gone a day or so. On the machine I also had the powerful telescope on which I had been working in my spare time. When completed, it was to be the strongest and most powerful the world had ever known.

That night, July 4th, 1926—can I ever forget the date?—I added the finishing touches to the telescope, fastened it into place on the machine, and started off. I had just taken a drink of home made root beer, and my spirits were high—higher than they had been since those happy freshman days when life seemed all gay and glad. As I swung off into space, I noticed with awe how C. H. L. S. shone in the moonlight. Strange that this building, for so long the safe harbor of my waking hours, should be the last spot I saw on earth! I felt a thrill of joy and I put on all the speed that Pegasus Trismegistus was capable of.

The sudden increase in speed hurled the machine through the air at a terrific rate. I became unconscious. From that moment I knew nothing until I found myself sitting amid the wreckage of Pegasus Trismagistus in a strange world. The machine was past repair and only offered shelter from the cold. Having an interest in science I explored my new surroundings. There was nothing much to see, barren rocks that were too hot for comfort in the sun, and too cold in the shade, and a few straggly trees, somewhat resembling our pines, but only two or three feet in height. There was no sign of man or beast. I took up my abode under the body of Pegasus Trismegistus, and there I have lived till this day.

My one comfort has been my telescope. Through it I have been able to see what was going on in the other planets. I found what I supposed to be the earth, and from its position, I believe myself to be on the Pole Star. I can see events clearly from here, but light comes so slowly from the earth that it is fifty-four years and six months before I see what is going on. I am sorry to say that, arriving as I did in 1926, I was eight or ten years too late to see the Civil War; but I have witnessed the war between Spain and the United States, and I have seen that most terrible war of all times among the nations of the world. Having brought a great deal of paper with me, I wrote down these events as I saw them, clearly and carefully. They should be of great value to mankind if they ever reach the earth.

After a while I began to focus my attention on dear old Cambridge and on C.H.L.S. As if it had been yesterday, I saw us go into the school as freshmen, I saw us studying and playing, and studying harder and harder as we neared our senior year.

For the past ten months, here on the lonely North Star, I have lived again that busy year 1925-1926. I worked again with my classmates for the "Review" and the Year Book. Again I struggled to write poetry about the members of our class. But this time—probably because distance lends enchantment—I found them easy to write about. They all seemed "sweet" and "clever". Again we had senior assembly; again we elected our class officers; and again we were proud of our athletics. I forgot that I was miles from home, that I was lonely and forsaken, half starved, and ready to die. I forgot that I was growing old—in fact, was old. I lived again the glorious days of my youth. I saw the Year

(Continued on page 12)

SOME POEMS

HAROLD DOW, '26

JUST SMILE AWHILE

A cheerful nod,
  A friendly smile,
You soon will find
  Is quite worth while.

Don't be so glum;
  Don't act so blue.
Just smile a while—
  It won't hurt you.

Your smiles will pay
  You dividends,
And make you rich
  With many friends.

Just try to smile;
  Forget your blues,
And soon your troubles
  You will lose.

A twinkling eye,
  A smiling face,
Will make this world
  A better place!

So, come, brace up,
  And try it—do;
Just smile awhile—
  It won't hurt you.

THE YES-AND-NO MAN

There is a man—a certain type—
  Right in our midst today,
Who always has two answers for
  Whatever you may say.

The Yes-and-No Man, he is called—
  His kind I'm sure you know—
Just ask him any question, and
  He'll tell you, "Yes, and no."

You say there'll be a thunder-storm
  Because it's been so hot.
"There may," he says, with dark despair—
  "But then, perhaps there'll not."

You ask him how a thing is done;
  And, after talking long:

(Continued on page 30)

PARTING

I pray you most wonderful maiden
With eyes that are laden with tears,
Would that you come along with me,
And stay with me through the long years.

My heart, love, is torn with deep anguish
To go far away without you;
But I know that forever and ever,
Your love for me, dear, remains true.

Oh, Fate was most cruel to divide us
When only you've just said, "I do;"
But all through my long dreary absence
The Lord will keep watch over you.

I'll try not to stay awfully long, so
Don't cry any more, little one.
I'll come to you after my duty
And great undertaking is done.

This rose, dear, I picked just this morning.
The dew is still on it you see.
Please keep it until I return—
A simple remembrance of me.

'Tis time that I went now my dearest;
Just kiss me again, and don't cry.
I'll return when my work is completed—
Goodbye, dear—my darling—goodbye.

MY GIRL

A bundle of sweetness;
  An unruly curl;
The soul of an angel—
  And that is my girl.

A small graceful body
  With poise that alarms.
A cute little way with
  A manner that charms.

A wonderful fragrance,
  Elusive and sweet.
Just a small turned-up nose,
  And two dainty feet.

Red lips quite inviting;
  Such innocent eyes—
To be in her presence
  Is true paradise.

A SENIOR'S TRIBUTE

C—for Cambridge Latin, long may it stand,
A—for our athletes, loyal and grand,
M—for our marks, 'tho not always so high,
B—for the bridge, to be crossed bye and bye,
R—for the rules, which we tried to obey,
I—for intelligence, we safely can say,
D—for Dramatics, our stage lovers' goal,
Helped by Miss Hartigan, a most willing soul.
G—is for goodness, found in most all, and
E—is for energy, when our back's to the wall.

H—is the height to which we aspire,
I—is for inspiration which we desire,
G—is the goal to which we all wend,
H—is for happiness when we've reached our end.

A—is for affability an asset you'll find,
N—is for nature, both good and kind,
D—for determination, which we ought to possess,
If we want to reach the highest success.

L—is the love for our masters we bear,
A—is for auld lang syne, bringing memories fair,
T—for our teachers, loyal and true,
I—for our idols, always someone else new,
N—is for news of our comrades so dear,
Who went on to success, when their work was done here.

And now that my poem, which I've tried to do well, is completed,
You'll notice four words that it spells,
All stand for the place where we struggled together,
O'er rough roads and smooth, and in all kinds of weather.
But our work there is done, Yes, we'll have to go on,
To seek our own places, in Life's new-breaking dawn. E. Mordecai.

JOHNNIE O' THE CHESS CLUB

WALTER McCLANE '29

Clouds upon clouds of dense, black smoke rolled about Johnnie as he manfully rushed through the smoke-filled area upon his heroic rescue. His lungs kept filling with smoke until all he could think about was smoke. He had blinding mirages of a cool place underneath a palm tree with a pitcher of lemonade beside him. He stumbled and fell against a door. A great hope surged into his breast. With renewed vigor he pulled himself up and threw open the door.

"My God!" he groaned, "she isn't here!"

Blindly he rushed toward the stairs, grasping for them until his eager hands reached them. Up, up, ever upward he went, until each moment became an eternity, each step a torture, and each breath a groan. A blast of unbearable heat swept over him. He braced himself and gritted between his teeth, "I won't give up now." Any minute he expected to feel the building crumble under his feet. At last he saw a clear sky above him. With one heart-rending effort he burst through the door and found kitty there, snarling over a mouse. He picked her up in his arms and cuddled her. There they stood, rescued and rescuer. Johnnie was a C. H. L. S. man in Pittsburgh. He had just accomplished the heroic task of climbing up the stairs of a fifteen story Pittsburgh office building after his cat.

A GREAT ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 10)

Book come out, and it was hailed with delight by the class. Everyone said it was excellent, and that the editors had done well. I felt that our Herculean labors had not all been in vain.

Today I have eaten my last morsel of food. I shall go back to earth, but not as I came. I shall make a package of all my writings; and, with my telescope, I shall hurl them off into space. As for myself, I shall jump off too. I shall never see the faces of my dear classmates again. Within an hour I shall be dead, and it is time; for seventy years is long enough to live.

This is the true account of my great adventure. I have not regretted it except as my telescope will never benefit mankind. I believe myself to be in complete possession of my mind, and I swear that these facts are true. This manuscript I shall throw to earth in a steel box from the ruins of the plane. May it reach its destination.

Signed: Dorothy Hager.

Horrors Upon Horrors. Extra Evening Edition

Giants slaughter Cubs. Nine Die on bases.
Tigers torn to pieces by Senators.
Pirates Destroy Crippled Party.

Do not worry so much about your teachers. Those that you suspect of plotting against you are not thinking of you at all.

Miss H.: "The report of your conduct will bring your father's gray hair with sorrow to the grave."

James H.: "Oh, no. My father wears a wig."

Socrates being asked the way to fame, said: "Study to be what you wish to seem."

The Perfect City

Why laugh at Cambridge? Cambridge has more

Art than Paris (Me.)
More Egyptians than Egypt (Mass.)
More people than London (O.)
More waterways than Venice (La.)
More age than China (Me.)
More cathedrals than Britain (N. C.)

Let's have a week called "In Loco Parentis".

Too Much for Elizabeth

Elizabeth, quite small, was dining with her mother, and the mother always trying to impress facts on Elizabeth said, "These little sardines are sometimes eaten by larger fish".

"Yes," Elizabeth said, "but how do the larger fish get the cans open?"

Poor Uncle!

Fond Uncle: "Well, that was nice, wasn't it? You like having a ride on uncle's knee, eh?"

Small Nephew: "Not so bad—but I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday."

How Many Tubes?

Jeanette (a city cousin): "Just think, Marie, my husband got Hamburg and Java on the radio last night."

Marie (a country cousin): "Now, my dear, don't think I'll ever believe that they can deliver groceries on that fool contraption."

Hot Off the Campus

Mother: "Larry writes that he will be home from college tomorrow."

Father: "What is it this time—suspension, flunked exams, student strike, or just a vacation?"

It was a hot day and the traffic policeman was having a busy time. In the midst of it he saw an elderly woman looking across at him, so he held up a bus, four cars, a motorcycle or two, and two loaded trucks. The woman sidled up to him and the officer bent his head to hear her request.

"It's all right," she said. "I only thought you would like to know that the number on your collar is the number of my favorite hymn."

Oh, of Course

Husband (on his honeymoon): "I want rooms for myself and wife."

Hotel Clerk: "Suite?"

Husband: Of course she is—perfectly lovely, the sweetest girl in the world."

A Meaty Name

One Sunday, after reading the Bible story about Noah and his sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth, going into the ark, little Elizabeth was asked to give it out in her own words. All went well until she came to the son's names, then she said, "I can only remember one son's name."

"Well, what was that?" her teacher asked.

"Steak," promptly replied Elizabeth.

Teacher: "You are a very poor scribe, Joe. I just don't know what to do about it."

Joe: "You don't need to worry about me. It don't matter. I'm going to be a doctor, anyway."

Stuttering Blacksmith—S-s-s-s strike it q-q-q-q-quick!

Nervous Assistant—W-w-w-w where sh-shall I s-s-s-s-strike it?

Stuttering Blacksmith — N-n-n-n never m-m-m-m-mind now, it's c-c-c-c-cold.

How's For?

How's for displaying as much vim at the opening bell as at the final one.

Dumbells

He: "Darling, why are you so sad."

She (gulping down a sob): "Oh, dear, I was just thinking that this will be our last evening together until tomorrow night."

Housewife: "I should think you would be ashamed to beg in this neighborhood."

Tramp: "Don't apologize for it, ma'am, I've seen worse."

Heard in English

Teacher: Where did Silas Marner live?

Pupil: In Lantern Slide.

Miss K to Hilliard, who is not paying attention: "Hilliard, what example are you on?"

Hilliard: "I'm on the twenty-second, what one are you on?"

He: What's the difference between a pig skin and a skinned pig?

Another he: I don't know.

He: You'd make a wonderful football player.

Alphabetical Telephone Conversation

L O, that U?
S, it's I.
How R U?
O I M O K.
G, that S fine.
Why do Y ask?
O I thought U and I could take a ride in my S X.
O I am delighted.
Can U take T with me this P. M.?
Sure thing, that will be E Z.
C U at S V.

Why aren't there more Packards?
Because the sixes are all single.

Miss Crook: What proof have we that Johnson was near sighted?

Bright pupil: His wife.

Miss Morse: What does X equal?

K. Johnson: Why X equals nothing.

Miss Morse (becoming rather exasperated): What does X equal?

K. (thoughtfully): X equals nothing.

Miss Morse to class: Correct answer, please.

Class: Zero.

Maloney: "I rise for information."

J. Trainor: "I am very glad to hear it, for no boy needs it more.

"Who can give me a sentence using 'diadem'?"

"People who drink alcohol diadem sight sooner than those that don't."

Some advice

To those who have trouble in spelling words with "ei" and "ie" in them, the rule is simple, write your i and e exactly alike and put the dot just between them.

Lost, a good many diplomas. Finder please return to Cambridge High and Latin School sometime before June 10.

Marks may right themselves, but usually not in the life time of the marker.

She: "There is one time of the year when I really enjoy work."

Second she: "When's that?"

She: "For two or three days after coming back after vacation."

Poetry and Reality

Young Man:—"Dearest, nobody will ever know how much I love you."

Voice from behind the settee: "Oh, won't they? Dad will know all right, unless I get a dollar!"

Cheap Trip

Jim: "What makes you think Bill Morgan is economical?"

Joe: "Well, his wife wanted to see the world, and he gave her a map."

No Place for Him

She listened as he talked.

"I am rich," he said. "If you marry me, my money, my motor cars, my yacht, everything will be yours."

"How lovely!" she exclaimed. Then her brow clouded. "But what will you do?" she asked.

He dashed into the police station at midnight, explaining that his wife had been missing since eight o'clock that morning, and asking that search be made for her.

"Her description," said the sergeant. "Height?"

"I—I don't know!"

"Weight?"

The husband shook his head vaguely.

"Color of eyes?"

"Er—average, I expect."

"Do you know how she was dressed?"

"I expect she wore her coat and hat. She took the dog with her."

"What kind of dog?"

"Brindle bull terrier, weight 14½ pounds, four dark blotches on his body, shading from gray to white. Round, blackish spot over the left eye, white stub tail, three white legs and right front leg brindled, all but the toes. A small nick in the left ear, a silver link collar, with—"

"That'll do!" gasped the sergeant. "We'll find the dog!"

Evidence

"That man cheats," said a golfer, as he entered the clubhouse. "He lost his ball in the rough and played another ball without losing a stroke."

"How do you know he didn't find his ball?" asked a friend.

"Because I've got it in my pocket."

Let's All Go

Bishop (on a visit to Sunday School): "In Africa there are large tracts of land in which there are tens of thousands of little boys who run around without any shoes, and who have no Sunday Schools to go to. Now what should we save up our money for?"

Children (in chorus): "To go to Africa. sir!"

Almost Correct

Teacher: "Now, boys, can any of you say what is meant by posthumous works?"

Bright boy: "Yes, sir; I can."

Teacher: "Well, now, tell me what it means."

Bright boy: "Sir, posthumous works are books which a man writes after he is dead."

A Gael was traveling on a local train and was observed to get off at each station, go to the ticket office and get aboard again. Queried as to why and wherefore, he said:

"Weel, I've just had the opeenion of a London doctor, who says I've only a short time to live, so I thocht it prudent and reasonable to buy my ticket only fra station to station."

"Father, I need a new riding habit."

"Can't afford it."

"But, father, what am I going to do without a riding habit?"

"Get the walking habit!"

"What are you doing up there,—building a bird-house?"

"No, foolish, I'm erecting a service station for flying fish."

Would some one please inform Mr. MacDonald where the whistle comes from in his first period class.

Teacher: "How many zones are there?"

Bright young thing: "Five."

Teacher: "Name them."

B. Y. T.: "Temperate zone, intemperate canal, horrid, and o.

A Definition

An argument is an effort of two people to keep each other from finding out the truth.

Miss P.: "What is the future of 'I give.'"
R. P.: "You take."

A philosophers' club has been organized, why not start a pessimists' or optimists' club?

And Then He Went Back to Sleep

Rip Van Winkle awoke and made his way cautiously down Cambridge street. Meeting a student, he asked, "Have they painted the school one color?"
"No."
"Have they got new clocks and an elevator?"
"No."
"Abolished seventh periods."
"No."
"Everybody paid his dues and for his year book?"
"No."
"Miss Hardy stopped taking names?"
"No."
"Everybody doing his home work and getting honors?"
"Well, no."
Rip Van Winkle yawned. "Oh blessed be sleep", and went home.

Invitation to an auto parade:
"Come and smell the autos pass our house."

A lady told Horace Walpole on one occasion that she was going to church.
He said: "I never go there myself". And then added, "Not that I see any harm in it."

Why Study?

The more you study, the more you know.
The more you know, the more you forget.
The more you forget, the less you know,
So why study?
The less you study, the less you know.
The less you know, the less you forget.
The less you forget, the more you know.
So why study?

Sign on Road to Boston

"Boston 16 miles. Follow white and black arrows. If you cannot read inquire at the blacksmith's shop."

"As the brave explorers wound up the river."
This explains what made the river run.

The family tree produces the most nuts.

Cannibal: "Tomorrow, infidel, I dine on your liver."
Captive: "Oh, have a heart, man."

Wrack your brains to see the jokes, we wracked ours to make them up.

Let Us Be Thankful

That June is coming.
That the Freshmen will be sophomores next year.
That College Boards come only once a year.
That we have survived five marking periods.

It was a family boast that twenty members of the family fought on Lexington Green until they found that only nineteen fought there.

A Loving Child

Pupil (to schoolmaster): "Would you mind how you make out my report card, my parents suffer dreadfully from nerves."

Ida: "You don't mean to say that Alec called you old and homely?"
Margy: "Not exactly, but he said if we rode home in the subway I might not get a seat."

After a Prom

George: "I want to complain of that order you sent to us."
Caterer: "What was the matter?"
Georgie: "There was a little ice cream in the salt."

The capacity of getting into trouble and the ability of getting out are rarely combined in the same person, we notice here.

Miss F.: "The more question that Clapp asks the fewer answers he remembers."

Eliz. D.: "Frances told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."
Eliz. R.: "She's a horrid thing. I told her not to tell you."
Eliz. D.: "I told her that I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did."

You've got to have a few more of those popular songs and their authors!
"Those Dear Delightful Women," The G.A.A.
"All Alone", by Beaumont Herman.
"Let Me Down Easy", by John Groden and Bob Daley.
"Don't Wake Me Up", by James Clapp.
"The Prisoner's Song", by the under classmen after graduation.
"Horses", by Helen Donovan.

Some girls have a hard time deciding what color to wear, but think of the problem that the chameleon has every day.

College is an institution where a disinterested person acquires in four years what an interested one could in a fourth of the time.

Ralph: "Dorothy plays and sings and recites."
Rogers: "Has she any other defects?"

Don't forget to get your visitor's card when you come into the building next year, if you come back that way.

Flynn: "How did you ever get that umbrella?"
Mahady: "Why, I got this umbrella in a very peculiar way. I bought it."

To all those who didn't get your names in the Class Notes this year, it's your own fault, but send in some about yourselves next year.

French

Aspiring sophomore: "I'd give anything if I had Miss B.'s savoir faire.
Freshman: "Oh, I'd much rather have an American made car."

An Indication

"How do you know that Phil's music is improving?"
"The neighbors are getting more friendly."

He: "You won't go to the movies with me? Oh, well, there are others."
She: "I know it. I'm going to the movies with one of them."

The Freshmen needn't act so conceited because they're almost Sophomores, or the Seniors either. They are almost Freshmen.

The bashful high school shopper: "I want a couple of pounds of beef please, and oblige me to wrap them up so that they look like violets."

Harry: "Why is that string around your finger?"
Cliff: "Just to remind me to see the dentist."

A Fair Question

Small school boy: "Pa."
Pa: "Yes."
Small boy: "The teacher said that we were here to help others."
Pa: "True."
Small boy: "Well, what are the others here for?"

Young Man: "How old is your sister, son?"
Small Boy: "She's so old it'll cost you a quarter to find out."

Nephew: "Tell us about the time you were frozen to death at the North Pole, Uncle Jack."
Niece: "No, Uncle Jack, please tell us about the time you were killed by wild Indians."

Teacher: "Who discovered America?"
Small Boy: "Ohio."
Teacher: "No, Columbus discovered America."
Small Boy: "Yes'm; but Columbus was only his first name."

ALUMNI NOTES

'17

Leland Littlefield, who graduated from Harvard last year, has recently returned from Florida, where he has been during the winter.

'19

Roger Wallace is a Senior at Harvard.

Robert Woolbert, who is a graduate of the University of Illinois, is now studying at the Harvard Graduate School.

'20

Richard Chamberlain is in the Harvard Business School. He is a second year student.

'21

The engagement of Helen Hitchcock to Mr. Charles Parker Harris of New York, who graduated from Harvard in the class of 1925, was recently announced.

Ruth Boland is teaching in the Kelly School.

Walter "Doc" Gautreau is continuing to play fine baseball for the Braves. He is second baseman.

"Sonny" Foley, who last year graduated from Boston College, is going to coach the Rindge Freshman Baseball Team.

'22

Leah Rubin married Mr. Max Rosenthal of Malden.

Luther MacNair is a Senior at Harvard.

William Brooks is also a Senior at Harvard.

'23

Laurie McGregor is teaching school in Medford.

"Bill" Campbell is a Junior at Harvard.

Helen MacNabb is a Junior at Radcliffe.

Catherine Usher is a Junior at Wellesley College.

'24

Harold Rosenwald, who is a member of the class of 1928 at Harvard, has just been admitted to Group One of the Dean's List.

Jessie Wilkins is attending the Catherine Gibbs' Secretarial School.

Anna Dee and Evelyn Sharkey are at the Lowell Normal School.

'25

Frances Mason has a position in the Widener Library of Harvard College.

Regina Grenier is attending Tufts College.

Frances Shea, Lillian McKeever and Florence Britt are attending the Salem Normal School.

That's Different

"I is—" began Amos.

"I am, not I is," corrected the teacher promptly.

"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," Amos went on.

And Why Not?

"Now, Willie, give me a sentence containing the word chagrin."

"Aw, why don't chagrin once in a while?"

Gentle Hint

Mrs. Brown: "May I offer you some refreshments?"

Mrs. Smith: "Not for the moment, thanks. Perhaps just before I go."

Mrs. Brown: "O, do let me get it now!"

Heard in English

Miss Flanders: "What poet is indebted to Cademon?"

Miss S: "Milton's Paradise Lost. But I have forgotten who wrote it."

A New Disease

Jim: "I heard you were sick last week."

Pete: "Yes, I had the new disease called 'the clothing sickness.'"

Jim: "The clothing sickness."

Pete: "I had a coat on my tongue and my breath came in short pants."

In Latin 4

Mr. D.: "What is the modern name for Neapolis?"

Clapp: "Minneapolis."

ANNUAL DURRELL DEBATE

All arrangements for the annual Durrell Cup Debate were completed on April 15, 1926, and trials were held on April 23rd in Room 59. Mr. Donahue, our coach, first explained to the candidates a few things about the debate. Then William J. Flynn, '26, President of the Debating Council, took the chair and presided for the rest of the afternoon. He called upon candidate after candidate until all had been called upon. He then dismissed the candidates while the judges, Miss Mary P. Bligh and Miss Grace A. Coyle, made out their ballots and sealed them. These ballots were turned over to Mr. Cleveland on the next school day and on the next Friday, Mr. Donahue announced that the following had been chosen:

Team A	Team B
James Jennison, '26	William Flynn, '26
Fred'k Meuse, '26	Margaret Lewis, '28
Hymen Buller, '27	Joseph Maloney, '26

The alternates selected were David A. Nathans, Haskell C. Freedman, Melvin B. Dunbar, and William M. Hogan.

The two teams met on April 30, 1926, in the Review Office and decided to debate upon the following subject:—"Resolved: That the United States Should Grant the Filipinos Immediate Independence."

As this issue of the "Review" went to press before the debate took place, little more could have been said about the debate, except that the debate was a success in all respects.

NEXT YEAR'S PROSPECTS

Through graduation, the school will lose a group of capable debaters. The class of 1926 possessed much debating wealth. Such debaters as Flynn, Jennison, Nathans, Freedman, Good, Maloney and Meuse would undoubtedly defeat any high school debating team. Other Senior debaters worthy of mention are Callahan, Adelson, Chaffee, and Andelman. Thus it can be readily seen that our next debating team will have to start all over again. In the class of 1927, such debaters as Buller, Fishman, Appollinio, Tierney, and M. Andelman are found. In the class of 1928, Margaret Lewis, George Foley, Milton Talent, John Hughes, and Charles McLaughlin are very good debaters, while the Freshman Class can boast of only one debater, William Hogan.

DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club continues to hold lively sessions. Mr. Donahue is pleased with the work of the club this year and hopes the club will continue its good work.

Elections will be held soon to determine who the club officers for next year will be.

Perhaps the most important step taken this year was the adoption of the club constitution, which was drawn up by a committee composed of Haskell Freedman, William Flynn, and James Jennison.

DEBATING NOTES

The editor wishes to thank the following teachers for their kind coöperation in debating: Miss Coyle, Miss Friel, Miss Bligh, Miss Quinn, Miss Mullen, Mr. Harrington, Miss Smith, Miss Hagerty, Miss Dodge, Miss Watson, Miss Flanders, Mr. Cain, Miss Ford, Miss Hardy, and last, but by no means least, Mr. Donahue, our coach, and Miss Hartigan.

The following received medals for excellence in underclass debating: William M. Hogan, '29, George H. Foley, '28, and Milton Talent, '28. Books were given to Margaret Lewis, '28, and John Hughes, '28, for honorable mention.

The debating council held its last meeting recently. The officers are William Flynn, President, and Samuel Fishman, Secretary.

And so, debating closes its program for another year. May Cambridge Latin School accomplish more in future years.

THE "REVIEW STAFF"—(Last row, left to right), C. Mahady, J. Maloney, W. Flynn, B. Herman, H. Dow, A. Thompson; (second row), A. Berry, M. Gerould, C. Currier, Miss Hardy, A. Wood, D. Hager, M. Margetson; (front row), E. Bresnan, M. Beauchamp, J. S. Jennison, D. A. Nathans, C. Martin.

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM—(Standing), A. Thompson, C. Murray, J. Trainor, F. Meuse, W. Toomey; (seated), P. Beshgetur, J. Maloney (Captain), H. Adelson

FOOTBALL TEAM—(Top row), Mr. Sheehan, R. Hilliard, H. Barber, E. Murray, L. Gibson, C. Crowley, J. Crowley, J. Tierney, T. Davis, Mr. MacDonald (Coach), J. McLaughlin, (Asst. Mgr.); (Middle Row), W. Hayes, A. Popoli, C. Cook, H. McCusker, G. Sullivan, H. Freedman, E. Reardon, T. Walsh, J. Koreywo, S. Shea; (Front row), S. Mazrimas, F. Hamilton, F. Harlow, J. Waldman (Manager), E. French, T. O'Connell

HOCKEY TEAM—(Top row), F. Meuse, L. Horan, F. Mahoney, L. MacDonald (coach)
(Front row), E. Kerr, F. Harlow, L. Gibson, F. McGowan, W. Davy

ARGENTINA BOLIVIA COLUMBIA CHILE PERU COSTA RICA VENEZUELA PANAMA
MEXICO CUBA
NICARAGUA
Las Españolas
PARAGUAY HONDURAS ECUADOR GUATEMALA SALVADOR ESPAÑA PORTO RICO

NUESTRA BIBLIOTÉCA ESPAÑOLA

¡ Han visitado Vds. a nuestra bibliotéca española? Lo siguiente les informará a ellos que no han tenido la oportunidad de visitarla de lo que consta.

Se estableció hace pocos años con el propósito de ayudar a los estudiantes que quieren hablar y escribir mejor el español. Está situada en el primer piso al oeste del aúla numero 23 y da a "Broadway." Durante las horas de la escuela está encargada de bibliotécarios, eligidos de los estudiantes de español que están dispuestos a darnos su tiempo libre.

Se usa mucho por los estudiantes, pero, en vista del número de alumnos en las clases de español, pocos son los que usan la biblioteca. Cuando la facultad ha sido tan buena dándonosla, ¡ Por qué no nos aprovechamos más de ella?

A quien lea esto, la cosa mas interesante será, sin duda, lo que contenga la biblioteca.

En el centro hay una mesa grande en que están muchos periódicos y revistas españolas. Entre los cuales se encuentran:— "REVISTA SOCIAL", "EL HOGAR", "REVISTA DEL MUNDO", "INTER-AMERICA", "TRIBUNA", "EL BOULETIN PANAMERICANO". Cerca de éste mesa hay sillas para los estudiantes y una silla grande para el bibliotécario.

En las paredes, a lar izquierda, hay vistas de las banderas de las repúblicas hispanoamericanos, de lugares, personas y cosas de espana, America Central, Sud America, Mejíco y las Antillas.

En un rincón hay un gabinete lleno de curios de los paises de habla español; une gorra pequeña llamada "boina" que usan todos los muchachos del norte de España; zapatos de madera, que se usan en vez de zapatos de goma; alpagartas, especie de zapatos baratos, llevados por los vriados y los campesínos; una escoba; un brasero, que sirve para calentar las casas; castañuelas; panderos; abanícos; ollas, etc.

En los estantes hay libros de viajar, de georgrafía, de arte, de música, de historia, de gramática, de correspondencia, cuentos castellanos, novelas espanolas, escritas por autores tan eminentes como Alarcón, Galdós, Valdés, Valera, Ibañez, y Marmol.

Profesores bondadosos de la escuela nor han dado la mayoría de estos libros y se los agredecemos mucho. Debido al amento en el uso de libros por los estudiantes el número actual no basta. Les suplicanos a Vds., los profesores, que nos presten más libros de lectura fácil porque los estudiantes los necesitamos para seguir nuestro trabajo con mayor provecho.

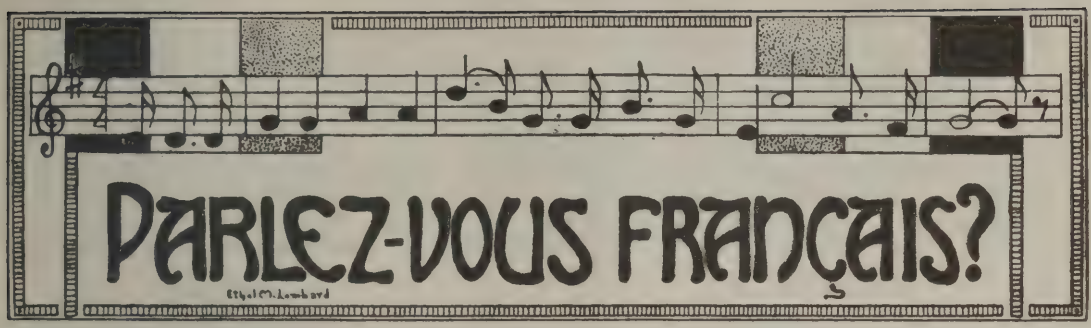
Stanley Navarro, 1926.

POR QUÉHEMOS LLAMADO NUESTRA SOCIEDAD "ED CLUB CERVANTINO"

Hemos llamado nuestra sociedad "El Club Cervantino". Y por qué? El adjetivo "Cervantino" se deriva del nombre de Cervantes. Como ya saben Uds. muy bien, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra fué, no sólo un soldado intrépido sino, lo que más es, un ilustre escritor. Fué el más grande genio de su siglo, y sus obras, escritas en la paz y en el retiro, han sido y serán la gloria de su nación, y el deleite del género humano. La obra maestra de este insigne escritor es "Don Quijote de la Mancha".

Entre todos los testimonios públicos de estima que se han dado de tiempo en tiempo

(Continued on page 23)



De temps en temps pendant l'année passée on a reçu des messages de la part d'une de nos anciennes élèves, Barbara Kelley de la classe de 1925. Depuis dix mois elle habite Neuilly, tout près de Paris, où elle s'amuse bien à connaitre les beautés et les monuments de cette ville historique.

Deux cartes postales, l'une de l'Abbaye de St. Denis l'autre du cimetière de Perè Lachaise vous montreront qu'elle nous rappelle souvent.

le 15 mars

Chere Mademoiselle:

Merci mille fois pour votre pensée si gentille a Noël. J'espère que tout va bien avec vous et vos élèves. Je crois que je fais du progrès dans toutes mes études. Je serai ici jusqu'au mois de mai et sprès cela, peut-etre je voyagerai un peu avant de décider à retourner en Amérique.

Mes amitiés à vous comme toujours.

le 1 avril

Chère Miss Mc'Intire:

Cette êglise est une des plue belles de toutes qui sont près de Paris à ce que je crois. Les vitraux sont si beaux! et les tombeaux sont tellement intéresants—celui de Marie Antoinette est vraiment pitoyable! Il y en a beaucoup ici; de Marie de Medícis, Henri II, Charles II, Clovis, Marguerite de Valois et même plus. Où est-ce que c'est "d'avantage"? Je Pars d'ici en 4 semaines pour l'Italie.

Affectueusement,
Barbara Kelley.

La cinquième séance du cercle Français avait lieu le 16 avril à deux heures à la Salle d'Assemblée.

Monsieur le président était absent et Monsieur Scully le remplacait. Les rapports de la trésoirière et de la secrétaire étaient lus.

Quand l'ordre du jour était fini, il y avait une pièce donnée par quelques uns des membres du Cercle Français, sous la direction de Monsieur Scully. C'estait une histoire trés amusante d'une voleur qui avait eu l'intention de voler la boutique d'un bijoutier, mais il avait fini par achêtant quelques bijoux. Les acteurs principaux. Germaine Boutin et Rêné Morize étaient trés divertissants. Nous donnons tous nos sincères remerciments à Monsieur Scully qui l'a préparée pour nous.

Hestor Hocking.

SPANISH—Continued from page 22)

a la memoria de Cervantes, ningúno es más legítimo ni más eminente que el de la Real Academia Española, la cual publicó, con esmero y suntuosidad, la obra del "Quijote" por ser el texto más puro y más clásico de la lengua castellana.

Para nosotros es, entonces, un gran privilegio aquello de poder nombrar nuestra sociedad "El Club Cervantino"—una ligera prueba de nuestra estima de, y agradecimiento por, la obra magnífica de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

El Club Cervantino invita a todos los estudiantes de español a asister a la próxima reuniún del Club, la cual tendrá lugar en la Sala de Actos, el viernes, 25 de Mayo. Habrá un drama, "La Mañana de Sol" por Los Hermanos Quintero, música y juegos.

BASKETBALL

The results of the basketball games have been excellent. We played twice with Medford, once out there and once here. Our Sophomores won both times and our Freshmen won once. We did not play Newton at all. Our Freshmen lost to Waltham Freshmen. After our interclass games were over, a school team was picked. It was as follows:

Forwards

Lorraine Langley, Captain
Anna Wettergreen

Substitutes

Edith Hanson Alice Adams

Guards

Alice Conant Bertha Peiger

Substitute

Virginia Britt

Centers

Elizabeth Cummings Leila Campbell

Substitutes

Margaret Sheridan Eleanor Schaffer
Catherine Corcoran

Manager

Mary Stubbs

One Saturday afternoon in April a game was played between our school team and an alumnae team. We won with a score of 18-9.

BASEBALL

Baseball practice takes place once a week for each class. Come down and support your team. We are going to play with Medford early in June, and we shall probably play games with other schools as well Of course there will be interclass games.

SWIMMING

Come down to the Y. M. C. A. on Saturday morning and support your class team. If you can swim, come down and practice. To be on her class team, a girl must be present five out of nine possible Saturday mornings.

TENNIS

This spring a tennis tournament is taking place among the girls as well as among the boys. It is open to any girl in the school whether she is a G. A. A. member or not. Many exciting contests are taking place every afternoon at Jarvis Field. Come up and watch the girls play.

The Annual Field Day will take place at Russell Field soon. It is hoped that many G. A. A. members will be present. It is sure to be an interesting occasion to everyone. Both boys and girls from all the schools will participate.

On Monday, April 26th, there was a special program with a meeting of the G. A. A. in the hall, open to the school. The awards for the basketball teams and individual players were given out. Never before has this been done on such a large scale. The number of girls who have participated in basketball games this season shows that there is a great interest in this sport.

THE EXHIBITION

On Thursday, April 29th, the Annual Exhibition was held in the Gym. Freshman and Sophomore boys and girls participated and the girls of the Junior and Senior basketball teams were ushers. The affair was a great success, as it has been before. This exhibition gave the parents a chance to see for themselves what their children are learning in the Gym classes. There were two basket-

(Continued on page 30)

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 6—NEWTON 4

Cambridge High and Latin's ball team opened the season by trouncing the strong Newton team, 6-4. Although Newton outhit Latin school, the steady work of the Cantabs in the pinches more than offset this. That Cambridge Latin was there in the pinches was proved in the eighth inning, when Newton had three men on bases with only one out. Shaw, the next batter for Newton, hit one that looked good for three bases, but Lawrence Horan, the Latin second baseman, jumped into the air, pulled the ball down with one hand and touched second base for a double play, retiring the side. That play took the heart out of the Newton boys and killed whatever chance they had of winning.

Cambridge Latin had previously played four practice games. It played English High two 5 to 5 ties. Malden High was beaten 6-2 and Brighton High was humbled 4-1. Newton High scored in the opening stanza. Spain opened with a single. McPherson flied out and Spain scored on Captain MacCullough's single. Gilligan was safe on a field's choice and so was Proctor. Cook attempted to catch McCullough at third and the ball went into left field, MacCullough scoring.

In the last half of the first McGowan of Cambridge Latin drew a walk. Horan sacrificed and Jack Cote spanked a double to left field, scoring McGowan. In the second inning Latin scored another run. From the fifth inning on Latin school had everything its own way. Jack Cote played a wonderful game at short for Latin School. He was also the only Latin player to get two hits. Horan played a good game for Latin School at second base accepting nine chances without a slip. Captain MacCullough and Gilligan played best for Newton.

The Score

Cambridge Latin

	ab	bh	po	a	e
McGowan, lf	2	1	4	0	0
Horan, 2b	4	1	9	0	0
*McFadgen	0	0	0	0	0
Cote, ss	4	2	1	3	0
Gibson, 1b	4	1	5	1	0
Temple, 3b	3	0	0	0	2
Cook, c	4	1	6	1	0
Harlow, cf	2	0	2	1	0
Dente, rf	4	0	0	0	0
Kerr,	0	0	0	0	0
McKinnon	3	1	1	4	1
Total	30	7	27	11	3

*Ran for Horan.

Newton

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Spain, 2b	4	1	3	1	1
McPherson, rf, cf	2	0	1	0	0
Stubbs, rf	2	0	0	0	0
MacCullough, lf	4	2	1	0	0
Gilligan, cf, c	4	2	3	0	0
Proctor, ss	4	0	0	3	0
Shaw, 1b	4	1	10	0	0
Monahan, c	2	1	6	0	1
Holbrook, 3b	2	1	0	1	1
McCleary, p	3	0	0	4	0
Pichard, p	1	1	0	1	0
Total	32	9	24	10	3

EVERETT DEFEATS LATIN 3-2

Everett High won in 11 innings from Cambridge High and Latin 3-2, errors in the final frame giving the game to Everett.

The game was a real pitchers' battle between Keefe of Everett and Towle, who was pitching his first game for Latin School. Keefe allowed seven hits while the Everett team got only six hits from Towle.

Two of Everett's three runs were the direct result of misplays. The game was won in the eleventh when, after Dragone and Tobey had been put out. Graffam hit a hot one to Horan, the Cantab second baseman, the ball rolling between the fielder's legs to right field, and Graffam reached second. DeMott then crashed one to left center and ran around the bases to third but overslid, and was credited with a double. Patsy Dente came near making a sensational catch on the ball to save the game.

Latin scored on a pass, a sacrifice, and a hit in the first; and again in third on a wild throw that put Dente on first, and a double by Cote.

A wild throw and a single by Dragone gave Everett a run in the second. Another wild throw, followed by a long sacrifice helped Everett to tie things up in the sixth.

Gibson, Davis, and Dente played well for Latin School, while Rice, DeMott, and Keefe excelled for Everett.

The Score

Cambridge Latin

	ab	bh	po	a	e
McGowan, 3b	5	1	3	3	0
Horan, 2b	4	1	2	3	1
Cote, 1b	3	1	2	4	2
Gibson, lf	5	1	12	0	1
Temple, lf	4	0	3	0	0
Cook, c	4	0	6	0	0
Davis, rf	5	2	0	0	0
Towle, p	4	0	0	4	0
Dente, cf	4	1	5	1	0
Totals	38	7	33	15	4

Everett

	ab	bh	po	a	e
McLeish, lf	5	0	2	0	0
Fisher, ss	2	0	1	0	0
Bleiler, ss	3	0	2	4	0
Rice, cf	4	1	3	0	0
Sparkman, 1b	4	0	10	0	0
Dragone, rf	4	2	2	1	0
Tobey, 2b	5	1	4	3	0
Graffman, 3b	5	0	3	4	2
De Mott, c	4	1	6	1	0
Keefe, p	4	0	0	3	0
Totals	40	6	33	16	4

Everett	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1—3
Cambridge	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 14—RINDGE 0

Cambridge Latin won the second straight game in the Suburban League and the first in the Cambridge City League series, defeating Rindge Tech 14-0. McCusker, twirling for Latin School, allowed but three hits in seven innings. McKinnon pitched the last two innings for Latin.

Anderson started on the Rindge mound and did not do such a bad job of it, although he received very poor support from his team-mates. Al Harlow, who relieved him in the eighth inning, was hammered for nine hits and ten runs in the last two innings.

Frank McGowan and "Rip" Cook were the heavy hitters for Latin School, each getting three hits. The Latin School infield played its usual good game, making two fast double plays.

The feature play of the game was a three base hit made by "Patsy" Dente, who had taken Harlow's place in center field.

Scott, who got two of Rindge's four hits, played the best baseball for Rindge.

The Score

Cambridge Latin

	ab	bh	po	a	e
McGowan, 3b	5	3	1	1	2
Moran, 2d	6	2	2	3	0
Cote, ss	5	1	3	3	0
Gibson, 1b	6	2	6	1	0
Tierney, 1b	0	0	2	0	0
Temple, lf	5	1	2	0	0
McFadgen, lf	0	0	0	0	0
Cook, c	6	3	6	1	0
Finestein, c	0	0	0	0	1
Davis, rf	3	0	2	0	0
Kerr, rf	2	0	1	0	0
Dente, cf	1	1	1	0	0
Harlow, cf	4	2	0	0	0
McCusker, p	2	0	1	1	0
McKinnon, p	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	47	15	27	10	3

Rindge

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Coffey, 1b	4	1	7	0	0
Moore, 3b	3	0	3	0	1
Keefe, c	3	1	6	1	1
Trodden, cf	4	0	1	0	1
Scott, ss	4	2	1	2	2
Davidson, 2b	3	0	3	1	0
Sullivan, rf	1	0	0	1	0

Harlow, p	1	0	0	0	0
Burke, lf	3	0	4	1	0
Anderson, p	4	0	2	3	0
Totals	30	4	27	9	5

Cambridge Latin ...2 0 0 0 1 1 0 2 8—14

INTERCLASS TRACK MEET

After the track candidates had been working out for two weeks, an interclass meet was held. The Seniors gained an overwhelming victory in this contest. The individual stars were "Happy" Houlihan, "Charlie" Good, and Joe Maloney, each scoring nine points apiece. The 100-yard dash was run in five beats; the winners of each beat were picked to run in the finals. The final beat was won by Charlie Good, Houlihan, second, and Perry third. In the 220-yard dash Houlihan turned the tables and defeated Good, Langone finished third. The 440-yard run seemed to be sort of a brotherly affair, Joe and Bernie Maloney finished in a tie for a first place. Alec Cohen finished third in this event. In the half-mile run Joe Trainor and Joe Maloney ran a good race finishing in a dead beat for first place. The mile run was one of the best races of the afternoon. It was a battle between Peter Beshgetur and Joe Trainor for first place. In the final dash Beshgetur managed to nose out Trainor for first place. Charlie Murray finished in third place again in this event as he had in the half-mile. In the field events the shot putting of Joe Langone and the high jumping of McCullum were the outstanding features. The points in the shot put were divided among Langone, Brewer, and Popoli. McCullum won the high jump. Whitely was second and Cohen, Brigham, and Hynes were all tied for third place. The final score was: Seniors 59 9/10 points, Juniors 20, Sophomores 16 1/10, and Freshmen 4.

BOSTON COLLEGE INTERSCHOLASTIC TRACK MEET

The Cambridge Latin Track team finished eighth in this meet. This is a very good place considering the fact that fifty high and prep schools were entered in this meet. Latin School's points were scored by "Joe" Maloney and "Fred" Meuse. In the half-mile, Maloney was defeated by Kelley of Arlington High by a few inches; Meuse finished third in the same event. The time of the half-mile was 2 minutes, 4 and 4/5 seconds, which broke the former record.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 57—EVERETT 20

The Cambridge Latin track team defeated Everett by the overwhelming score of 57-20. The Latin team won six out of eight possible first places, and also the relay race.

In the 100 yard dash Spicer of Everett defeated Brewer of Latin School for first place in a fast race. Houlihan of Cambridge finished third in this event. In the 220 yard dash Brewer of Latin School won first place. Houlihan of Latin was second, while Dearing of Everett came in third. In the 440 yard dash Maloney of Latin School won over Meuse, his teammate, by a narrow margin. Green of Everett was third. Latin School won all three places in the half-mile run. Joe Maloney finished first, Fred Meuse second, and Joe Trainor third. In the mile run Hatcher of Everett led the field for the first three laps, but on the last lap both Joe Trainor and Charlie Murray of Latin School overtook him. Trainor won the race and Murray finished second.

Although Peterson of Everett won first place in the shot put, Joe Langone and Ed Murray won second and third places. McCallum of Latin won the high jump and finished third in the broad jump. Latin school also won the broad jump, Houlihan winning first place.

The relay team made up of Fred Meuse, Joe Langone, "Happy" Houlihan, and Joe Maloney defeated Everett by over a quarter of a lap.

The high scorer of the meet was Joe Maloney with 11¼ points. Houlihan also turned in a good day's work with 10¼ points.

Mr. Sheehan, coach of the team, was very pleased with the team's showing in the first dual meet, and he feels sure that they will have a good season.

POMFET DEFEATS LATIN SCHOOL

Latin School's first and second crews were defeated by Pomfret in two close races. The Latin crews made a very good showing considering the fact that they had not had

(Continued on page 30)

"The Pingry Record", Elizabeth, N. J.
An abundance of news items. Watch your editorials and develop a literary department.

"The Green and Gold", Monterey, Cal.
Literary style is lacking. Don't allow athletics to dominate your paper.

"The Morse Mentor", Bath, Maine.
Your powers are very evenly distributed; they need only to be supported by a good English style.

"The Rindge Register", Cambridge, Mass.
A well-written, comprehensive publication. Nothing like backing your own town!

"The Orange and Black", Dearborn, Michigan.
Your book review should be a great success, especially under able direction. "Greges Felices" is a very fascinating advertisement for your supper. The editorial on "sponging", if it takes the desired effect, should improve conditions.

"The North China Star", Tientsin, China.
This little paper seems to be rather a mercantile publication. How we happen to receive it is a mystery. It flaunts quite long articles pertaining to the shipping, etc., at and near Tientsin.

"The Emersonian", Washington, D. C.
Some rather subtle humor. On the whole, rather well balanced. You possess real talent in your cartoonist.

"The Pilot", Philadelphia, Penn.
This is a Junior High publication; but it would be well for some of our supposedly superior exchanges to pattern themselves after it.

"The Green and White", Manila, P. I.
A truly marvelous paper. We congratulate you. We wonder why almost all our far-away exchanges are the best?

"The Genevan", Geneva, Nebraska.
Quite newsy! The "Oracle" is rather good.

"Chips", Richmond, Vermont.
Very good, but nothing extraordinary in any department.

"The Journal", Wilkes-Barre, Penn.
A strong literary department. Your exchanges need considerable enlargement.

A criticism from California:

"For the first time in the history of the school we have received an exchange from the Atlantic seaboard. It is the 'Cambridge Review', etc. This type of periodical is a novelty to the west. It combines news, editorials, jokes, and short stories. An attractive cover and some rather classical material are its distinguishing features. The editorials are well written and well arranged. The exchanges are well written and comprehensive, covering most of the United States.

Now just how much of this is "applesauce", we are not prepared to say, but we believe that it may be stated with some degree of accuracy that the school quoted above is not able to judge what a truly superior paper should be. Therefore, we are not becoming over-bloated in the upper extremity of our anatomy.

We gratefully acknowledge:
"The Gabberwock", Boston, Mass.
"The Green and Gold", Monterey, Cal.
"The Bowdoin Orient", Brunswick, Me.
"New York University Alumnus"
"The Orange and Black", Dearborn, Mich.
"The Ore Digger", Golden, Cal.
"The Chronicle", Haverhill, Mass.

(Continued on page 30)

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EXCHANGES—(Continued from page 28)

"Palmetto and Pine", St. Petersburg, Fla.
"The Northeastern News", Boston, Mass.
"The Record", Newburyport, Mass.
"The Sagamore", Brookline, Mass.
"St. John's Concordia", Danvers, Mass.
"The Nautilus", Greenville, S. C.
"The Orange and Black", Shickley, Neb.
"The Orange and Blue", Union City, N. J.
"The Hebronian", Hebron, Maine.
"The Clarion", Arlington, Mass.
"B. U. News", Boston, Mass.
"The Spectator", Bridgeport, Conn.
"The Grotonian", Groton, Mass.
"The Recorder", Syracuse, N. Y.
"The Tblus", Abington, Mass.
"Fine Yarns", Gastonia, N. C.
"The Dunbar Observer", Washington, D.C.
"The Recorder", Winchester, Mass.
"The Enterprise", Belmont, Mass.
"The Red and White", Rochester, N. H.
"The Gleaner", Providence, R. I.
"The Trumpeter", East Palestine, Ohio.
"Kayhitems", Ketchikan, Alaska.
"Our Dumb Animals", Boston, Mass.
"The Trail Blazer", Idianola, Neb.

TENNIS

The newly organized C. H. L. S. Tennis Team opened its season on May 14 against Winchester High on the Palmer Playground Courts at Winchester. The result was a close victory for Winchester, three matches to two. A. H. Rice, Jr., was a double winner for Cambridge Latin. Ross played a strong, steady game against Captain Cohen of Cambridge, winning in straight sets, and was also a big factor in his doubles victory. The first doubles match also produced some very lively tennis. The summary:

Singles

Ross, (W), defeated Cohen, (C), 6-1, 6-2;
Rice, (C), defeated Carleton, (W), 6-4, 6-1;
Smith, (W), defeated Macbeth, (C), 8-6, 6-3.

Doubles

Cohen and Rice, (C), defeated
Smith and Carleton, (W), 9-7, 6-4;
Wadsworth and Ross, (W), defeated
Biggar and Pertzoff, (C), 6-2, 6-2.

CHESS TEAM

The C. H. L. S. chess team has won the championship of the Inter-scholastic League for two years in succession. It is undefeated during these last two seasons having won ten matches and drawn one in 1925, and won eight and drawn one in 1926. Somerville secured a draw in 1925 and Brookline in 1926.

The team was composed of: M. Andelman, P. Pertyoff, S. Andelman, S. Benedict, A. Rice, N. Long, S. Fishman, W. Pierce.

THE YES-AND-NO MAN

(Continued from page 11)

"I'm pretty sure I'm right," he says—
"Although, I may be wrong."

You ask him if he minds the heat,
Or if he likes the snow;
And everytime, he always says
With doubt, "Well, yes, and no."

He surely is a pessimist
In everything he says.
He seems to have no worthy points—
But then, perhaps he has!

POMFRET—(Continued from page 27)

any practice in four-oar shells. In the first crew's race, the Latin School crew were defeated by only a half length. The first crew was made up of Captain Parker, stroke; Dansie No. 1, Gruby, No. 2; and Finlayson, No. 3.

Pomfret's second crew defeated Latin School's by one length. Brooks, Hawll, Crowell and Powers rowed for the second crew.

John Manning coxed the first crew, while Sullivan was cox for the second crew.

G. A. A. PICNIC

Every year Miss Brown graciously invites the G. A. A. out to Kendall Green, her summer home, for a picnic. The date this year will probably be Saturday, June 15th. This is one of the most enjoyable occasions of the year for G. A. A. members. There are games and relay races in the morning, lunch at noon, and a baseball game in the afternoon. Past G. A. A. members are also invited to the picnic.

G. A. A.—(Continued from page 24)

ball games, the Freshman boys versus the Sophomore boys, and the Freshman girls versus the Sophomore girls. The exhibition closed with cheers for Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Smith, Miss Grant, Miss Brown, Miss McLaughlin, and Mr. O'Leary.

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